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AMERICAN MISGIVINGS

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O such themes — equalities! O divine average! — WALT WHITMAN

I

THE World War brought us many strange revelations, perhaps none more unexpected than the discovery that intrinsic values inhere in the supposedly purely ornamental aspects of our intellectual life. Before the spring of 1917, our meteorologists had been for years pursuing their innocent vocation, unnoticed and unsung. They had sent up their kites from obscure little hills by day and by night; they had charted the layers of air-currents above our indifferent heads; they had made pictures of clouds and studies of storm motions, with an ardor that seemed to require no appreciation from us. We had tolerated them on the theory that curiosity is in itself a valuable asset, and that, having once given this particular aspect of it a professional status, we must philosophically accept the lean with the fat.

When we had joined the Allies, these quaint enthusiasts were found to be the only persons in the world who knew enough to advise our aviators and to protect them from the terrors of the celestial deep. From previously unheeded laboratories the meteorologists were proudly brought forth into the

light of day. They were asked to serve on important committees, and to spend much of their time imparting to thousands of eager students the knowledge they had acquired through years of patient study. Prophets are seldom so honored in their own country.

Another group of searchers for the truth, the psychologists, had likewise borne their years of indifference from the multitude, and of active opposition from the ignorant. They had spent such money as was available from vested funds, and such leisure as university duties allowed them, to pursue the study of mankind. Their particular penchant was the mind of man; its qualities, its capabilities, its methods of functioning. They had gone up and down the scale of creation in their search for light. Every type of reaction to the universe of which the brain-substance seemed capable was tabulated and analyzed. These activities were tolerated, though the knowing shrugged their shoulders at such fatuous endeavors.

Then upon America fell the task of selecting and preparing, within the

short space of a few weeks or, at most, months, millions of men for a great diversity of duties requiring varied and different abilities. It was instantly clear that the selection could be done neither by rule of thumb nor by any haphazard game of counting out, however rapid and easily administered such a method might be. Those who knew something of the delicate art of choosing a man for a job must come to the help of a nation facing a desperate emergency under conditions of the greatest stress.

As it happened, we were better able than any other of the allied nations to undertake this responsibility, for the methods of measuring human abilities, initiated by Cattell in America and Binet in France, had been carried to a higher degree of perfection in this country, and tested out on a far greater scale, than in any other country in the world. The intelligence-rating in our army was the fruit of 'preparedness' on the part of the American psychologists. In the first weeks of the war they threw themselves into the work of preparing tests to be given on a gigantic scale; and as soon as the drafted men were in the cantonments, and the assistance psychology could render was recognized by those in authority, their work of making the tests and grading the enlisted men was begun. During the anxious and strenuous months of 1917 and 1918, when the army was being built up for its fateful activities in France, the psychologists were rapidly putting in the hands of the army officers data concerning the mental alertness of the enlisted men, to be used as an aid in the assignment of each individual to the task to which he was best suited.

The tests did their important service during the days of war, but they have left in our hands, for the days of peace, data the value of which is just beginning to be realized.

II

The army intelligence tests were given to 1,726,966 of our officers and men, in the years 1917 and 1918. The tests were of two types: the Alpha examination for those who could read and write English readily; and the Beta examination for the illiterate, the non-English speaking, and for those who could read and write English, but without facility. The first, which comprised a series of eight markedly different tests, although it required almost no writing on the part of the subject, did demand ability in using written and oral instruction. The second type was, in effect, the first translated into pictorial form, in which written and oral instructions were replaced by pantomime and demonstration. Individual examinations were given to those making a very low score on one or both of the standard examinations.

The object of the tests was to sift out the mental defectives not qualified for military service; to classify soldiers according to their mental capacity for proper assignment in the army; to discover men of superior ability, for report to their officers; and to select men with marked special skill. The tests were carefully devised and given; in the early stages of critical study of the data, each record was checked, so far as possible, by comparison with the actual performance of the individual tested, and by the practical judgment of his officers on his ability. The results have been carefully analyzed, so that we have in the totals a significant psychological picture of the young manhood of the country.

What is the kind of intelligence these tests were devised to grade? Our newspapers and magazines have been flooded lately by popular so-called intelligence tests — a mixture of catch-questions, inquiries about facts not worth knowing, and upheavings of the dust-bins of

general information. They are, of course, utterly valueless as a measure of mental ability as well as of discrimination in the accumulation of details. The army intelligence tests were distinctly not of this type. They were, in the first place, not tests of verbal or literary proficiency; for as high a grade could be attained by the non-English-speaking individual as by one readily conversant with the language. They did not measure educational acquirement or general information; for the illiterate was at no disadvantage with the most erudite university graduate. Nor were they tests of rapidity of mental processes; for though the time was strictly limited, control-tests given with double time showed only a slight improvement in the records of the lower grades of mind. This was doubtless due to the fact that the tests were not primarily tests of memory, in which associations could be slowly summoned to mind, but tests of intelligence, which was once for all capable or incapable of recognizing the situations which the questions presented. Nor was there discrepancy due to the two types of examination; for those who took high rank in the Alpha examination took equally high rank in the Beta, and those who took a low rating in the Alpha did the same in the other.

The intelligence the examinations were primarily designed to test was capacity to see things in relation, ability to grasp situations as a whole, and power to reason. These are innate qualities, independent of circumstance, yet characterizing the individual's every reaction to his environment. The men were grouped, according to their standing in the tests, in five grades, from A to E. A and B represented superior intelligence, the two being recommended for officer rank; the C group was average intelligence, varying from fair non-commissioned-officer type to average soldier; and D and E indicated inferior

to very inferior intelligence, in some cases fit for certain kinds of low-grade service, in others only for dismissal from the army. Men of the superior grades were found in all ranks, officers and privates, the educated and the uneducated, but the individuals stood out markedly from their fellows.

In terms of mental age, — a classification used by the psychologists, based on studies of the capacities of schoolchildren of different ages, the range of the drafted men was from eighteen years or over, the superior grade, down to a mental age of below nine years, the inferior grade. In civil life a moron, or high-grade feeble-minded person, has been defined as any adult with a mental age of from seven to twelve years. If this definition can be interpreted as meaning any adult below the mental age of thirteen, almost half of the white draft, 47.3 per cent, would have been classed as morons. It is clear that a very much larger proportion of low-grade intelligence must exist in our population than has been heretofore suspected. The totals from all the tests give the following percentages of the different levels of mental ability found in our white drafted army: superior men, 12 per cent; average men, 66 per cent; and inferior men, 22 per cent. Probably this is, roughly, the average of the community as a whole; for the men of superior ability, kept out of the draft for work in essential industries, and officers not included in the total, were offset by the feeble-minded and the defective rejected by the draft boards and never sent to the cantonments.

There are several reasons why the results of these examinations possess particular authority and significance. In the first place, they worked. When the grading was used with care and discrimination, a man's actual performance corresponded closely to the prob-

abilities forecast by the examination record. The officers found it a rapid method of ranking men according to ability to do the tasks required in army service, so that fewer men wasted time attempting work beyond their capacity or burning their hearts out at inferior duties. The army authorities have recognized the value of the tests as an adjunct of the service, and the examinations continue in use in the permanent military organization.

The tests were applied on so huge a scale, and with so complete an elimination of personal slant on the part of the examiners, that the data are of unprecedented and enormous value — almost in a class by themselves. Even making every allowance for errors in individual tests, the numbers are so great as to give assurance that incidental errors balance one another. We can therefore feel justified in using, for the wiser organization of our democracy, the new insight into the mental make-up of our people which the tests have brought. We must ask ourselves how far these revelations of our intellectual quality as a nation affect our judgment of the value or futility of the different governmental expedients — representation, the initiative, referendum, and recall, direct election of senators, education for citizenship, restriction of immigration and naturalization — with which we have been experimenting; and from what mistaken courses in the use of these devices of our national life they may rescue us.

III

One interesting use that the army organizers made of the ratings from the intelligence tests was in apportioning the proper percentages of men of the different mental grades to each company according to its type of service — aviation, machine-gun, engineer, signal corps, or work-battalion. The dis-

covery of the proportions that yielded the best results was a matter of practical experiment; and a fine middle-ground had to be chosen, between putting in an undue number of inferior men, making the company heavy and unmalleable, and wasting ability by mixing in more of the superior men than were needed to leaven the lump.

Our industrial concerns might well take a leaf from the experience of the army experts, and seek out that admixture of men of the different grades, both in small groups and in large, on technical jobs and on crude manual processes, which is most certain to make the perfect working unit. A railroad would require a proportion of the various abilities quite different from that most effective in a coal-mine; and a university might find it difficult to function with as many inferior men on the faculty as could be profitably utilized in a cotton-mill. A street-cleaning squad could use to advantage a high order of moral excellence, but it could do its work with a very much smaller percentage of individuals of superior mental ability than could a laboratory of inventors, wherein new and intricate machinery is being devised.

From the point of view of our national problem, the developing of democratic institutions and forms of government, what are the proportions of citizens of the varied mental abilities which promise to bring most certainly and speedily, the desired end of universal justice and happiness? Would democracy flourish best in a community made up entirely of D men, or in one made up entirely of A men? Is true democracy attainable only when natural equality is coexistent with political equality? The assumption in any discussion based on questions of this character is that intelligence is of positive value, a yardstick by which human worth is to be measured. Is this a just

estimate of the importance of intelligence in community life, or would its absence create only a momentary inconvenience?

So many of our criminals and perverts, our socially maladjusted, have been found to be feeble-minded, that the general public has comfortably assumed that lack of brains is the root of all evil. More careful and exhaustive study has shown, however, that, although feeble-mindedness does, indeed, play a large and important part in many types of delinquency, it is not the sole, or perhaps the determining, factor in crimes against society. Defects of will, uncontrolled impulses, wayward desires, consuming egotism bring at least as many to disaster as does defective intelligence. We do not know the distribution of moral qualities in relation to intellectual, but we are safe in assuming that they are not the perquisite of any particular level of intelligence. May we therefore conclude that we can get along without good minds if we can only cultivate good wills? We might desire both, but which can we least afford to do without?

On any throw, the dice seem to be loaded for intelligence. Feeble-mindedness is not a desirable quality in itself, and its possession does not exclude the possibility of additional defects of will, so that one disability may in reality be two. Given brains, there is a chance that the will may be fortified, since moral excellence depends in part on judgment, and that in turn on mental alertness; but without intelligence no nature is proof against the chance sowings of noxious weeds. In whatever measures we take to reduce the number of the mentally inferior, we cannot hope that the strain of defective mentality will soon die out of the race; for the number of feeble-minded in the United States undoubtedly runs into the millions. The general level of intelligence

will be in no danger, either in our lifetime or in that of our children, of rising unduly high.

During the war the men of superior intelligence proved of transcendent importance. They were the brains of the army. The average men were as helpless without them as frogs without their cerebrums. But do days of peace have the same need of these abilities?

If the theory of evolution holds any truth, it strengthens in us a conviction that intellectual capacity has developed by some selective process working on the occasional superior types which were the offspring of earlier inferior forms. Man has not always possessed his present insight and powers. The geniuses of his race have discovered, at different periods of development, how to plant seeds, to domesticate animals, to control disease, to master the air. As man, under the guidance of these gifted ones, has acquired a partial control over his environment, he has spread across the continents in ever-increasing numbers. He has built cities, and railroads to connect them, and ships to sail the Seven Seas. He has invented gunpowder and poison-gas, chained the waterfall, and forced the air to carry his messages. His world is a very different one from that in which the Java Man first saw the light of day. Is the lower type of man, the D grade of intelligence, our modern Java Man, able to cope with this Frankenstein that the genius of the race has created?

The high-grade feeble-minded can be trained to simple motions, repetitions, imitations, activities that require no complicated mental processes, and are able, under proper supervision, to live a useful and harmless life in a simple community. Indeed, those born on farms seldom come to schools for the defective, or appear in the annals of the state, save as they are born and die. But our farms are rapidly ceasing to be

a possible refuge for the lower grades of intelligence. Not only is our civilization no longer a rural one, but the agricultural pursuits are themselves becoming more elaborate. The elimination of crude hand-labor, its replacement by complicated farm-machinery, the increase of urban contacts, and an intensified community life in the country districts, reduce the usefulness of the farm as a recourse for the intelligences unable to cope with the complexities of modern society.

In cities the inferior-minded are speedily recognized as a problem, and often as a handicap and a menace. Some psychiatrists affirm that our civilization is based on the labor of these unfortunates, as other civilizations have been based on the labor of slaves: that our sewers are dug by them, our railroads built by them; that they perform the mechanical processes in our factories, load and unload our ships, pick our cotton, mine our coal. The problems presented by their presence in our midst is, however, no less difficult than that presented by the slave; for they contribute more than their quota to our juvenile courts, our reform schools, our jails and houses of prostitution. They are the drifters from job to job; the first to be dropped from employment, the last to be taken on; the patrons of municipal lodging-houses; the loafers on the street-corners, as well as the patient plodders at the unskilled tasks. In the future, the inferior type is certain to be far more of a perplexity; for we cannot expect a less complex civilization until the race is born again. But what are the present prospects of reducing the 22 per cent of inferior intelligences already in our population?

IV

The army intelligence tests have been analyzed on the basis of country of

origin of the foreign-born. Some data of quite appalling significance are assembled. The white draft, as a whole, had 22 per cent of inferior men: those of the draft who were born in Poland had 70 per cent; in Italy, 63, in Russia, 60. Of all the foreign-born, 46 per cent were of this very low grade of intelligence, with an almost negligible number of superior individuals.

We could argue that from these inferior strains might emerge, in some future age, a race of superior capacity; for from some such undeveloped types must have evolved the best strains of our day. But our problem as Americans is immediate. We cannot make our decisions in terms of geological eras when we discuss the referendum, universal suffrage, the segregation of the unfit, and the reduction of tubercular infection throughout the country. We must have a population to which these words convey some meaning, if we are to share alike in the privileges and responsibilities of democracy. In the light of recent revelations as to the country of origin of those now pressing for entrance into the United States, these statistics are like the handwriting on the wall. Our melting-pot may fuse these elements with the others, but the resulting metal does not promise to be one to stand heavy strains.

We cannot draw comfort from the thought that residence in this country will alter the mental characteristics of the immigrant and transmute the lead into fine gold. An analysis of the draft on the basis of length of stay in this country does not bear out any such assumption. The tables show a very slight difference in favor of those who had been here longer; but the difference is so slight as to lead the examiners to suggest that it may be an artifact of the method of examination itself.

There is no doubt that to throw our gates open to these groups is to add to

our racial stocks the poorest that Europe has to give. The eastern European comes to us with a slant toward revolution, a hatred of whatever power there may be, engendered by centuries of finding that every power was inimical. His admission to a country engaged in the hazardous task of working out a self-governing community might seem somewhat of a risk. Given a high grade of intelligence, however, the danger is negligible; for education can train in the ideals of democracy, and each national group would have opportunity and ability to make characteristic contributions to a solution of the complexities of democratic society.

But what chance of this is there with the inferior grade of intelligence? Such individuals form the material of unrest, the stuff of which mobs are made, the tools of demagogues; for they are peculiarly liable to the emotional uncontrol which has been found to characterize so many of the criminals who come before our courts. They are persons who not only do not think, but are unable to think; who cannot help in the solution of our problems, but, instead, become a drag on the progress of civilization. In a crude society they have a place, may even serve a use. In a society so complex as that which we are developing, they are a menace which may compass our destruction.

We might well eliminate the D and E intelligences which are not home-grown by stiffening the exclusion laws and more adequately backing our medical-port officers in their efforts to keep down our intake of defectives. If our legislative intelligence is not sharp enough to realize that we might keep out many of the persons of average ability, to our ultimate advantage, there can certainly be no two opinions about the exclusion of the inferior mind. It is not only the individual whom we exclude, but that ever-widening circle of

his descendants, whose blood may be destined to mingle with and deteriorate the best we have. Theoretically the inferior-minded are ineligible for admission to our country. How liberally this provision is interpreted, and how ineffective is the exclusion practised, may be surmised from the proportions of this type found among the foreign-born in the draft.

A democracy is the most difficult form of government to perfect, because it demands of each citizen so much understanding and coöperation. Its achievement halts because of the imperfection of its component members. However much the forms of democracy may be clung to, when the majority of the citizens of a country are of a low grade of intelligence, an oligarchy is inevitable. Contrast the so-called democracy of Mexico with the so-called monarchies of England and Holland, whose nationals in our army ranked in intelligence above those of any other nation in the draft, and far above the average for America as a whole. An enthusiast for education might see in this disparity evidence that the sole impediment to the coming in of a true democracy is illiteracy. Let all the potential citizens learn to read and write, and the difficulties will vanish. But the differences in the liberties of men in these contrasted countries lie deeper than any difference in the dissemination of education; they run back to the gray substance in the brain-cases of the people themselves.

If the building-up of democratic institutions in a population composed in large part of inferior men presents difficulties, what would be the case in a world of superior men? Would the citizens of such a country be high-strung, nervous, exacting, unwilling to do, and perhaps incapable of doing, heavy physical labor — the flower of civilization without the roots and leaves?

Australia and New Zealand have a population more homogeneous, on a higher level economically, and, judging from similar communities in our own country,—for example, Oregon, Washington, and Montana, whose citizens were tested in the draft,—of a higher general level of intelligence than is found, perhaps, anywhere else in the world; and yet their pleasant lands are not free from problems. Their very homogeneity and equality develop sharp jealousies and antagonisms between labor and capital, which threaten to destroy them both. Stagnation seizes many of their industries, and internal dissension dries up the sources of their wealth. In the life of the family in New Zealand, the labor of the woman who has a home to manage is so unrelieved, the aid that the community brings to the reduction of her burden so slight, that late marriages and small families are becoming the rule and not the exception. A country in which the men will not adjust themselves to doing the exacting tasks of a developing civilization, and the women will not bear children, is a country which is doomed. Can it ever hold the 'Islands of the Blessed' in the South Seas, against the pressure of a fecund race of fierce industry and diversified talents, such as the Japanese, for instance?

We may well doubt whether a civilization composed wholly of inferior, or wholly of superior men and women would be a complete success. The subject cannot, unfortunately, be put to experimental proof, because the laboratory would have to be the world, and men are not so tractable as guinea-pigs. There is nothing left for us save to observe the proportions of mind of the different classes in that democracy which seems to serve best the interests of all its citizens, and take those proportions as the working basis for a balanced community. Given our own country's

present distribution of mental abilities,—12 per cent of the best type and 22 per cent of the poorest, the average lying between,—what adaptation of governmental organization would be helpful in bringing about the most successful functioning of the groups?

V

What do we mean when we say that a country is not ready for self-government? Do we mean that the citizens are illiterate, that they have not studied history, or been taught how to cast a ballot? or do we mean that they have not yet evolved sufficient intelligence to grapple with the problems incident to the administration of a democracy? In the first interpretation, we could name a date for the coming in of freedom. Fifteen years of schooling and a little practice in running the machinery of government would make a nation ready to manage its own affairs. In the second interpretation, we might feel that generations must elapse, and even then nothing entitled to the name of self-government would characterize the type of political organization which such people might devise.

What are the qualities essential in human beings for the running of a democracy? The difficulties of administration are inherently great. So many men, so many minds; such conflicts of wills and wants; such need for endless patience and tolerance to make compatible the inevitable incompatibility of political equality and natural inequality! To work out these never-ending problems of the adjustments of man to man demands mental abilities of a high order, inventiveness, inexhaustible ingenuity. So far as we can judge, it promises best in communities where there is homogeneity of language and of ideals, and at least a fair average of intelligence. What prospect of suc-

cess is there here in America, with the average of intelligence of the citizens already so much lower than we could have expected, and with an unceasing influx of potential citizens who are destined to bring the average still lower?

The ideal of our constitution-builders was that of a representative government. There has been of late years a wave, perhaps past its crest, of desire for more direct government through the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. In theory, these forms promise the purest and surest democracy, a method of making the voice of the people heard and the will of the people immediately effective. In fact, they have everywhere disappointed the high hopes of those who advocated their adoption as an advance in the art of freedom. They have not worked for progress. It is difficult to say why, though indifference, inborn conservatism, ignorance of the issue, and reluctance on the part of the voter to make the effort to understand the issue, have all been given as explanations for their failure. The recall has made self-respecting men unwilling to take positions from which any disgruntled faction could recall them, and in which their effectiveness would be limited by the constant need of conciliating the malcontents.

The trade-union movement, itself an experiment in democracy, has had to give up the high hope with which it hailed the expedites of the initiative and the referendum, and admit the non-fulfillment of their original promise of good.

Is it not possible that the failure of these devices of democracy is due, not to any imperfection inherent in the devices themselves, but to a fundamental inferiority in the average intelligence of the voters, which makes them unable to use the methods wisely?

How can we expect a man with a mental age of less than ten years to deal intelligently with the complicated questions submitted to the voters in a referendum? Has not the impossible been demanded of a nation, nearly half of whose population is under the mental age of thirteen? How can such men and women determine the relative values of the sales tax and the surtax, or display a discriminating preference for a tariff on lemons over a tariff on wheat?

Our forefathers, who were a canny lot of men, in spite of the handicap of being behind our times, organized a representative government because they felt that there was one thing that every man could do intelligently — select leaders to represent him. Man shares with many lower forms of animal life a desire to follow leaders. The elk, the buffalo, the wild geese, the sheep, the creatures that hunt or feed in flocks or herds, follow leaders who are, so far as we can judge, the most intelligent, the best equipped, and the speediest in reaction-time of all the group. If we could develop as sound a sense of the type of leader we need as seems to come intuitively to the lower animals, our worst difficulties might be overcome. Can we be trained to recognize and choose the best to lead us? Can we learn not to weary, as did the Athenians of old, of hearing Aristides called 'the Just,' and refrain from selecting a good mixer in his stead?

The psychologists have not as yet offered us tests to detect in the individual an ability to recognize wisdom in others. We do see in children, however, an almost eerie understanding of the character and capacities of parents and teachers. Their failure to use the same unerring instinct in adult life may be due to the fact that the opportunities to observe those to whom they must look for guidance in later years

are not so great as in childhood. Perhaps the problem of the future is to bring about more frequent and intimate contacts between the potential leaders of our democracy and their sovereigns, the voters. We must teach our children to look for the qualities that characterize the able, and to reject the cheap attractions of the demagogue. They must see and hear in our schools the persons of ability and character in the community.

Our tendency in this country is to deplore our selection of leaders, to throw up our hands in despair at the choices of the electorate, and make no effort to create new standards of choice. In so far as we can, we must imitate in the large cities the safeguard of firsthand information as to the qualities and abilities of those to whom we plan to entrust our common interests, which was possible in the early days of the Republic. It may be that the final test of our civilization and the assurance of the continuation of our democracy will be our capacity to recognize and follow the true leaders of our race.

If we can train our electorate to choose honest men of the superior type to represent them, we can count on protection from our worst dangers. The very basis of representative government is the opportunity for knowledge of the many-sided problems of government possible to the representative, but impossible to the individual voter. From the conflicts of minds and ideals in representative groups, truth, and finally wisdom, may emerge.

The A and B man may appear from any social group in the community; the only point the C or D man need consider is, that it is to the interest of all to be represented by those possessing the highest abilities. He is choosing, not a master, but a servant. He must learn that his best servant is not the politician who gives him a turkey on Thanks-

giving, but the representative who insists on clean streets and the prompt collection of garbage. The average man can learn this in time; the inferior man may not be able to grasp a situation presenting so many complications. Indeed, we may have to admit that the lower-grade man is material unusable in a democracy, and to eliminate him from the electorate, as we have the criminal, the insane, the idiot, and the alien.

The direct election of senators was hailed as a great step forward. As a matter of fact, the senators so chosen show no distinct rise in quality. The men sent to the Senate by the older method had their defects, and the system its dangers; but the innovation is at least of problematical value. We try one type of city charter; then, in desperation, we try another; but, in the end, we are about where we were at the beginning—inefficiency appearing where we should have efficiency, and dishonesty where honesty is the prime requisite. Is it possible that we might be brought to recognize political offices as technical jobs, requiring a technical training which could be determined by examination? Then, if we still wished to exercise our prerogative of choice, we could elect, from a list submitted by the examiners, the officers of our preference.

We have shown an eagerness to naturalize the newcomers to our shores as promptly as possible, and an inclination to make the way easy and discrimination difficult. Is this the part of true wisdom? Should not the goal of membership in the great Republic be attainable only through special effort and distinct merit? How much do we augment our collective wisdom by adding inferior minds to it? Has not the time come to withhold the privilege and responsibility of citizenship from the majority of the newer immigrants, whose quality shows so marked a falling-off from that

of the immigrants of fifty years ago, and whose intelligence is so far below that of the ordinary American, and bestow it only upon carefully selected members of the group?

VI

What light do the intelligence tests throw on our educational problems? The tests here are of a peculiar cogency, for they are tests of intelligence, which is a measure of educability. We are committed in a democracy to the fundamental thesis that each citizen must have opportunity to get as much education as he can or will take. Nothing is, however, more obvious than that the differences in ability to take education are as extreme as the differences in intelligence itself. The A man's meat may be the C man's poison. What would feed the D man's mind might starve the B man. A common-school education for all alike is a practical possibility, but it must be so organized that the A minds pass forward rapidly; that the C mind is spared stagnation because of slow advance, by a broadening and enriching of the curriculum at each intellectual level; and that the D mind does not suffer humiliating contrast with its more competent fellows, but is educated in those ways best suited to its particular capacities.

The subjects basic to a civilized community life must be given alike to all: the three R's, some knowledge of the ideals of a form of government such as ours, and the duties and responsibilities of citizenship therein. But beyond the earlier stages of education, is not the community entitled to a pretty rigorous process of selection? The wisdom of a civilization old and experienced in the ways of human nature was evidenced in the Chinese method of determining their Mandarin class by the elaborate system of examination of the literati. Foolish as many of the criteria

seem to-day, those individuals who survived the ordeal were the fittest in intellectual quality and staying power. In any country is not education necessarily a process of establishing a group trained for greater responsibilities than the average? In each generation such a selection is made. The imperative need in a democracy is, not that this training be given to all, but that the opportunity for such selective discipline be available to the qualified, wherever and whenever they appear.

The higher education is the most costly and elaborate of all the types, and the public, which pays the bills, may feel justified in excluding from any attempt at mastering its intricacies those who have already shown themselves incapable of taking advantage of it. Educational processes are helpless in the face of native incapacity. Not more than a pint can be poured into a pint receptacle; the rest sinks into the ground and is lost. Professional training is becoming more and not less expensive, and the community has the right to decide to whom this higher education is to be given. We cannot afford to invest our largest sums in our second-rate men. For our own sakes we must select our best for the types of training that demand a high order of ability.

The data from the army tests concerning the negro present the first concrete material, on a large scale, by which we can check up the partisan asseverations of the friends and critics of the race. Of the entire negro draft 80 per cent were in the D grade, 89 per cent under the mental age of thirteen. Compare this with the white draft, 22 per cent of the D grade and 47 per cent under the mental age of thirteen. The differences are sufficiently startling to convince us that, in the education of the negro race, we are confronted by an educational problem of a very special kind. Emphasis must necessarily be

laid on the development of the primary schools, on the training in activities, habits, occupations which do not demand the more evolved faculties. In the South particularly, where in some of the states the percentage of D men among the negroes of the draft ran over 90 per cent, the education of the whites and colored in separate schools may have justification other than that created by race-prejudice. Of course, the ideal line of cleavage is on the basis of the individual child's ability, irrespective of color; but the problem of the education of the larger group in the two races presents marked contrasts. A public-school system, preparing for life young people of a race, 50 per cent of whom never reach a mental age of ten, is a system yet to be perfected, if indeed we have so far recognized the urgency of the need for adequate grappling with the problem.

Vocational guidance started as a more or less haphazard effort to direct schoolchildren to jobs and to special training opportunities, acting both as an encourager of education, and as a bureau of information about factories, employment-offices, and work-certificates. It has rapidly developed from that, to a study of the child's abilities, and advice based on such knowledge. The achievement of the army officers in adjusting, with the help of the intelligence-rating, millions of men, in a minimum of time, to tasks which brought victory to the American arms is indicative of the possibilities in vocational guidance.

Vocational guidance depends on an intelligence-rating of both the individual and the job, and a competent matching of the two. Personal preferences, family limitations, community facilities, character, are all variants to be considered, but the rock-bottom determining factor is the ability of the individual, the mental capacity, which

holds priority over every other element involved. To send the grade D boy to make a Widal test is as cruel as to set the grade A boy to breaking coal, and as wasteful of the resources of a world all too poorly furnished with outstanding ability.

The average man belongs to that group which gives significance to the history of the race. He conserves the achievements of the past, keeps our machinery of the everyday life going, does the work that the superior man will not and the inferior man cannot do, and by his steadiness, his patience, and his control, keeps the world from tearing itself to pieces. But he cannot better his fate without the help of the men of superior ability. To them he must look for leadership, for an understanding of the way out of the dark and tragic stages in our evolving civilization. They are the men who invent our machinery, make possible the telephone, the wireless, the electric light, the steamship, the airplane; who wipe out disease, write the great literature of the world, organize our industries and our methods of distribution, make the laws, write the constitutions, guide the revolts for freedom, destroy superstitions, read the mystery of the rocks, study the motions of the stars, interpret the evolution of man. They are the members of our race who have led us up from barbarism and keep us from sinking back into it. There is nothing of the wisdom of the ages which can be offered to them, no opportunity for advancing them, which does not bring rich dividends of added prosperity and happiness to the rest of us.

One happy finding of the army tests was the very large proportion of the A and B men who had had the advantages of higher education. This does not attenuate the deprivation of the hundreds who had not, — our country is so much the poorer for that, — but it does show

how difficult it is to keep real ability from coming into its own.

Our civilization halts, and our unsolved problems pile up in the lean generations; then the powers that watch over us smile upon us, and fill our cradles with wonder-children, as in 1809, that *annus mirabilis*, and the world leaps forward again. The highest wisdom demands that we cherish those in

our midst who show even a flickering of the divine flame, and guard against the dying-down of the sacred fire because of our preoccupation with matters of less importance. In a democracy, our major hope, as well as our major responsibility, must always lie in the discovery and development of those among us who are endowed with the capacity to inspire us, and the ability to lead us to a fuller life.

BOSWELL TAKES A WIFE

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I

IN the little village of Adamtown, not far from Auchinleck, there lived, in the year 1767, a widow by the name of Blair. Her daughter Kate, the heir to the fortune which had been left by the late Mr. Blair, was eighteen years of age, and described, after the manner of the period, as being sensible, cheerful and pious, and of a countenance which, though not beautiful, was 'agreeable.' During her minority her relative, the Laird of Auchinleck, had been one of her guardians; and of a Sunday she sat dutifully in the Master's pew of the little church on the estate.

In the eyes of the young Boswell, just home from his travels, this Scots cousin of his was the finest woman he had ever seen; and her charms were in no way injured by the fact that she possessed great wealth. What a Mistress of Auchinleck she would make! Her picture would adorn the family gallery — 'Catherine, wife of James Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck.' Her children would be

as clever as their father (or his friend, the Reverend William Temple) and as charming as their mother. Here, at any rate, was a flame of whom one's father might approve. She would, the boy explained, add her lands to the ancestral estates, and he, as her husband, might have, at once, 'a pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place.'

'I wish you had her,' said the father laconically.

To her estate James accordingly repaired, and began his suit. He so far succeeded as to prevail upon Mrs. Blair to come and make a visit at Auchinleck, and to bring Kate with her. The visit lasted four days, and there, amid the romantic groves of the family seat, he adored her like a divinity. She was henceforward the 'Princess,' and before the month of June was out, James rather prematurely referred to her as 'my charming bride.'

When Temple came to Edinburgh to visit the young advocate, he was told

that he must ride across country to Adamtown, on a romantic errand, and inspect the goddess. He should have his 'consultation guineas' for such expert advice as he, a lifelong friend, knowing the full story of James's foibles, might care to give.

One of the most highly characteristic of Boswellian documents is a sheet of instructions, which the young fellow wrote out for his friend and entitled 'Instructions for Mr. Temple, on his Tour to Auchinleck and Adamtown.' It is well known, but we cannot afford to forego the information which it contains; and a portion of it may be reprinted, as given by its first editor. The sheet has been, unfortunately, separated from the manuscript of which it was originally a part, and its present location is unknown.

He will set out in the fly on Monday morning, and reach Glasgow by noon. Put up at Graham's, and ask for the horses bespoken by Mr. Boswell. Take tickets for the Friday's fly. Eat some cold victuals. Set out for Kingswell, to which you have good road; arrived there, get a guide to put you through the muir to Loudoun; from thence Thomas knows the road to Auchinleck, where the worthy overseer, Mr. James Bruce, will receive you. Be easy with him, and you will like him much; expect but moderate entertainment, as the family is not at home.

Tuesday. — See the house; look at the front; choose your room; advise as to pavilions. Have James Bruce to conduct you to the cab-house; to the old castle; to where I am to make the superb grotto; up the river to Broomsholm; the natural bridge; the grotto; the grotto-walk down to the Gothic bridge; anything else he pleases.

Wednesday. — Breakfast at eight; set out at nine; Thomas will bring you to Adamtown a little after eleven. Send up your name; if possible, put up your horses there; they can have cut grass; if not, Thomas will take them to Mountain, a place a mile off, and come back and wait dinner. Give Miss Blair my letter. Salute her and her mother;

ask to walk. See the place fully; think what improvements should be made. Talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate. Tell you are my very old and intimate friend. Praise me for my good qualities — you know them; but talk also how odd, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, 'Pray don't you imagine there is something of madness in that family?' Talk of my various travels — German princes, Voltaire, and Rousseau. Talk of my father; my strong desire to have my own house. Observe her well. See how amiable! Judge if she would be happy with your friend. Think of me as the 'great man' at Adamtown — quite classical, too! Study the mother. Remember well what passes. Stay tea. At six, order horses, and go to New Mills, two miles from Loudoun; but if they press you to stay all night, do it. Be a man of as much ease as possible. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on. Take notes; perhaps you now fix me for life.

Whether the young clergyman took notes enough to satisfy the future biographer, and whether he showed a subtle skill in uniting an indulgent account of Boswell's inconstancy and impetuosity with a eulogy of his good qualities, I very much doubt. The rôle of ambassador in affairs of the heart has ever been fraught with peril; moreover, Temple was a somewhat stiff and solemn young man, with a personal — and professional — disapproval of Boswell's propensity to intrigue. *He* was neither odd nor vivacious; and though he loved his friend for his eccentric charm, it may be doubted whether he quite succeeded in communicating it.

One incident of Temple's visit was peculiarly alarming. At Adamtown he met a merchant named Fullarton, recently returned from the East Indies, — the whole episode reads like a chapter out of *Roderick Random*, — who is thereafter called 'the Nabob.' His presence there dismayed Boswell, and caused him to cry out, 'The mare, the

purse, the chocolate, where are they now? . . . I am certainly not deeply in love,' he added, 'for I am entertained with this dilemma like another chapter in my adventures, though I own to you that I have a more serious attachment to her than I ever had to anybody; for "here every flower is united."

Boswell had, in truth, got himself into the emotional rapids. The speed at which he was traveling was thrilling, and the constant change of scene and mood afforded him infinite entertainment; but the point toward which he was plunging he could not clearly foresee. To begin with the least of his difficulties, he was still in correspondence with both Zélide and the Italian Signora. The former let him know that she talked of him without either resentment or attachment; the latter wrote 'with all the warmth of Italian affection.' Kate Blair was better suited to him and to Auchinleck, to be sure; but the vivacious Dutchwoman and the passionate Italian offered a life of novelty and excitement. One of the Signora's letters, indeed, moved him to tears. And so he fluttered, in thought, from flower to flower, and tasted the sweets of each; but he returned ever and anon to the heiress.

His was an embarrassment of riches. We are dealing now with the most dissipated period in a life which was never conspicuous for self-restraint. It may be questioned whether it is right to bring to bear against a man the information that is privately conveyed in a letter to his most intimate friend; or whether, even after the lapse of a century and a half, a writer is justified in setting down in cold print the facts that he has read in documents that ought never to have been preserved. The public is harsh, and the critics are harsher, if not actually hypocritical, in dealing with erring mortals who are no longer here to defend themselves or to destroy

the evidence against them. 'The important thing,' it has been said, 'is not to get caught'; and the adage is as true of the mighty dead as it is of the living. And yet the man who has chanced upon new facts in the biography of a great writer may perhaps be pardoned for giving them to the world; for unless he actually destroys the evidence which he has found (which of course he has no manner of right to do), he must reckon with the certainty that some later investigator will turn it up and put it into print. The scholar is not responsible for the original recording of the facts; he merely reports what he has found; it is not his office to apportion a great man's meed of praise or infamy. Such a practice has at least the approval of Johnson. When, years later, Boswell proposed to print the autobiography of Sir Robert Sibbald, which he thought 'the most natural and candid account of himself that ever was given by any man,' Mrs. Thrale objected, and gave the usual reason: 'To discover such weakness exposes a man when he is gone.' 'Nay,' said Johnson, 'it is an honest picture of human nature.'

The fact, then, is that Boswell had sought out the company of other 'charmers,' notably that of a brunette, whom he habitually describes as his 'black friend,' and who was known to his friends as 'the Moffat woman,' because he had met her at the town of that name. Her real name is, fortunately, unknown to us. Temple was eager to get his friend married off, in order to rescue him from this artful female.

I startle [Boswell said to Temple] when you talk of *keeping another man's wife*. Yet that was literally my scheme, though my imagination represented it just as being fond of a pretty, lively, black little lady, who, to oblige me, staid in Edinburgh, and I very genteely paid her expenses. You will see by my letter to her that I shall have a house and a servant-maid upon my hands.

Nevertheless, he could not break the disgraceful bond. Perhaps he had neither the will nor the inclination to do so; in any case, he could not at the moment, for the woman was about to bear him a child. In December she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Sally. Boswell makes one reference to her, in a letter to Temple, and then is silent forever. Of Sally we hear no more.

All this happened in the midst of the negotiations for the hand of the Princess Kate. One can but wonder whether the heiress heard any rumor of the irregularity of her lover's life at the moment when his devotion to her was supposed to be all-absorbing. It is certain that she did hear gossip of another kind. Boswell had been rash in talking about his 'Princess' and her 'wary mother,' and had even spoken of their wish to make a good thing out of any future alliance. This he referred to metaphorically (and indiscreetly) as their system of *salmon-fishing*. Gossip came to the ears of Mrs. Blair, and the Princess, not unnaturally, left Boswell's letters unanswered.

Boswell, too, heard gossip. Miss Blair was, a friend told him, a well-known jilt. Yet the situation never became so strained as to result in a quarrel. The ladies were, indeed, 'wary.' Why should they not be so? James was decidedly a good catch, a clever and entertaining young fellow enough, if only, to use his own words, he could restrain his flightiness. It was not necessary, the ladies thought, to break with him; but only to administer a snub. He was allowed to think that the Nabob was winning the day. New rivals appeared. Boswell fretted and fussed. He wrote more letters. At last a temporizing reply was sent by the Princess. Her calmness brought him once more to a state of subjection, in which he was convinced that he was at last genuinely in love.

Then, suddenly, Miss Blair burst like a star on Edinburgh, the guest of Lord Kames, the intimate friend and companion of her cousin, Jenny Maxwell, the young Duchess of Gordon. Boswell flew to her at once. She was capricious. At first, she seemed glad to see him there. Again, she was distant and reserved. Probably the duchess had opinions of the suitor which were not within influence. Yet the two were together often. Boswell accompanied the young ladies to the theatre to witness a performance of *Othello*, and in the jealous Moor he saw the very likeness of himself. How many a lover has been emboldened by the mimic scene! At this moment he put his arm about her waist, and fancied that she leaned toward him. He watched her tears, and often spoke to her of the torment that they saw before them. Still he thought her distant.

At last the young duchess went away from Edinburgh, and Boswell was glad of it. He went again to his Princess. The story of his interview is as vivid as anything in the *Life of Johnson*.

I found her alone, and she did not seem distant. I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temple, was her answer? 'No; I really,' said she, 'have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' (Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.)

BOSWELL.—Do you indeed? Well, I cannot help it. I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

PRINCESS.—I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

B.—Very well. But do you like no man better than me?

P.—No.

B. — Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

P. — I don't know what is possible.

(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

B. — I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy. If you cannot love me, I must, if possible, endeavour to forget you. What would you have me do?

P. — I really don't know what you should do.

B. — It is certainly possible that you *may* love me, and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?

P. — Yes.

B. — And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

P. — Yes, I will.

B. — Well, you are very good. (Often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes.)

P. — I may tell you as a cousin what I would not tell to another man.

B. — You may, indeed. You are very fond of Auchinleck — that is one good circumstance.

P. — I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.

B. — I have told you how fond I am of you. But unless you like me sincerely, I have too much spirit to ask you to live with me, as I know that you do not like me. If I could have you this moment for my wife, I would not.

P. — I should not like to put myself in your offer, though.

B. — Remember, you are both my cousin and my mistress; you must make me suffer as little as possible. As it may happen that I may engage your affections, I should think myself a most dishonourable man, if I were not now in earnest; and, remember, I depend upon your sincerity; and, whatever happens, you and I shall never have any quarrel.

P. — Never.

B. — And I may come and see you as much as I please?

P. — Yes.

O reader, is not this scene worthy of the great Trollope? More modern in tone than Fielding or Fanny Burney? Do you not hear the very language of the eighteenth century more distinctly than in the words of the Narcissas and Sophias who crowd the pages of its fictions? Somehow, I cannot but like the black-eyed Kate. She was a coquette, of course, — much more of a coquette than Zélide — but I should think all young ladies would be grateful to her for her retort to our hero: 'I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.'

Of the art of a man who could thus set down the very words of his courtship in a letter to a friend, not much can be said; for most readers will be thinking rather of the breach of decorum than of the perfection of the art. It would certainly be difficult to discover a passage in any work of fiction which sets forth more vividly the uncertain emotions which surge over a young pair who are discussing the very vital question whether or not they wish to get married. It is all very droll, of course. But then our Boswell was one of the drollest men who ever lived. 'Curious' was his own word for the scene: —

My worthy friend, what sort of a scene was this? It was most curious. She said she would submit to her husband in most things. She said that to see one loving her would go far to make her love that person; but she could not talk anyhow positively, for she never had felt the uneasy anxiety of love. We were an hour and a half together, and seemed pleased all the time. I think she behaved with spirit and propriety. I admire her more than ever. . . . She has the justest ideas. She said she knew me now. She could laugh me out of my ill-humour. She could give Lord Auchinleck a lesson how to manage me. Temple, what does the girl mean?

What *did* she mean? It was clear only that she was leading him a chase — he knew not whither. The thought

of his rivals dismayed him continually. There was, in particular, a young Member of Parliament, who was also a knight and an officer in the Guards, Sir Alexander Gilmour, said to be worth £1600 a year. What chance was there with such a competitor? Boswell, who realized that it would be 'a noble match,' began to feel that the game was up.

And then, suddenly, who should appear in Edinburgh but the Nabob! He was himself no happy suitor, but had concluded, from his own experiences with Kate, that she intended to take Boswell. This he himself explained to Boswell when they met. For meet they did. James, it would appear, scraped acquaintance with Mr. Fullarton by way of discovering how he stood with the charmer. The Nabob was all friendliness, and together they joked about the situation in which they found themselves. Together they went and called upon Miss Blair. They were surprised to find that, though she behaved exceedingly well, her reserve was more than ordinary. When they left her, they cried aloud with one accord, 'Upon my soul, a fine woman!'

In a burst of friendly admiration, Boswell proposed that they should sup together at the house of one of his numerous cousins, and talk matters over. Perhaps, between them, they could get something accomplished. 'I do believe, Mr. Fullarton,' said Boswell 'you and I are in the same situation here. Is it possible to be upon honour, and generous in an affair of this kind?'

They agreed that it was possible. After supper, they adjourned to a tavern, where we may be certain that they drank the lady's health, and canvassed the situation. Boswell repeated to Fullarton his friend Dempster's opinion that all Miss Blair's connections were in an absolute confederacy to lay hold of every man who had a thousand pounds a year, and repeated his own

mot about the salmon-fishing. 'You have hit it,' cried the ingenuous Nabob; 'we're all kept in play; but I am positive you are the fish, and Sir Alexander is only a mock salmon to force you to jump more expeditiously at the bait.'

The new allies sat together till two in the morning, by which time they had agreed that both should offer themselves once more to Miss Blair, *privatum et seriatim*. Boswell was to offer first.

In the morning — or, rather, later in the morning — he presented himself once more before the Princess. She received him, and made tea for him. It was well for Boswell that he had come first, for the lady was feeling gracious, though she had apparently decided to put an end to the affair. She begged Mr. Boswell not to be angry, though she must be honest with him.

'What, then,' said Boswell; 'have I no chance?'

'No,' said she.

He asked her to repeat the rejection 'upon her word and upon honour,' and she did so.

She would not tell me [he adds] whether she was engaged to the knight. She said she would not satisfy an idle curiosity. But I own I had no doubt of it. What amazed me was that she and I were as easy and as good friends as ever. I told her I have great animal spirits, and bear it wonderfully well. But this is really hard. I am thrown upon the wide world again. I don't know what will become of me.

It was, I have said, well for Boswell that he had gone first to try his fortune. The other victim got short shrift. Alas, poor Nabob! With his appearance on the scene a light must have dawned upon Miss Blair. Despite the 'serious and submissive manner' in which the Nabob came, she had grown suspicious; for, as he confided to Boswell, she would give him no satisfaction, and treated him with a degree of coldness that over-powered him quite.

II

Well, our Boswell was destined to learn the true nature of a coquette. Zélide had never treated him like this. Perhaps, after all, he had made a mistake. Meanwhile, his mind was diverted by a visit to London, where he was delighted to find that he was at last, in truth, 'a great man.' His *Account of Corsica* had appeared, and had brought him no small amount of fame. He now had his reward for his audacity in visiting the island. A crisis in the fortunes of Paoli and the Corsicans was rapidly approaching; the future of Corsica was becoming a matter of international significance and public interest. Boswell's book was bought and read. Among other readers was Zélide. She wrote Boswell about the reception of the book in Holland, told him that two Dutch translations were under way, and proposed herself to render the book into French.

Boswell was delighted. Zélide was a woman worth knowing! Correspondence with her flourished once more. 'Upon my soul, Temple, I must have her!' he wrote in March. 'She is so sensible, so accomplished, and knows me so well, and likes me so much, that I do not see how I can be unhappy with her.' He had persuaded his godfather, Sir John Pringle, who had seen Zélide on the Continent, that she was perfectly adapted to him, and wrote to his father begging permission to go over to Utrecht and propose. He had already broached the matter to Zélide, and she had suggested that they meet without having pledged themselves in any way, and see whether they would dare to risk an engagement — if not, they might still be friends for life. 'My dear friend,' she wrote a little later, 'it is prejudice that has kept you so much at a distance from me. If we meet, I am sure that prejudice will be removed.'

But Temple, being a clergyman and English, disapproved of the foreign woman. 'What would you think of the fine, healthy, amiable Miss Dick, with whom you dined so agreeably?' Boswell asked Temple, parenthetically. And then he sent Zélide's next letter to his father that the Laird might see for himself what a lady she was.

How do we know but she is an inestimable prize? [he wrote to Temple in April]. Surely it is worth while to go to Holland to see a fair conclusion, one way or other, of what has hovered in my mind for years. I have written to her, and told her all my perplexity. I have put in the plainest light what conduct I absolutely require of her; and what my father will require. I have bid her be my wife at present, and comfort me with a letter in which she shall shew at once her wisdom, her spirit, and her regard for me. You shall see it. I tell you, man, she knows and values me as you do. After reading the enclosed letters, I am sure you will be better disposed towards my charming Zélide.

How arrogant is man! Zélide took offense at last, and sent to Boswell an 'acid epistle,' the flashing wit of which, he complained to Temple, scorched him. She was a lady, brilliant enough, to be sure, but likely to become a termagant at forty — and already she was near thirty. Suddenly a fear attacked him that his father would consent to his proposal to go over to Utrecht and woo. But luckily Lord Auchinleck was firm. He would have no Dutchwomen at Auchinleck; and so his son now gladly obeyed his behest to let the woman alone. 'Worthy man!' cried the boy, 'this will be a solace to him upon his circuit.'

As for Zélide [he wrote to Temple] I have written to her that we are agreed. 'My pride,' say I, 'and your vanity would never agree. It would be like the scene in our burlesque comedy, *The Rehearsal*: "I am the bold thunder," cries one; "the quick lightning I," cries another. *Et voilà notre ménage.*'

But she and I will allways be good correspondents.

This final renunciation occurred in May, 1768, more than four years after the establishment of their intimacy at Utrecht.

How Boswell weathered it out till summer, it is not easy to say; he was now, to use his own words, 'thrown upon the world again.' But a man who unites with an extreme susceptibility a fixed determination to marry cannot be long bereaved. In the course of a visit to his cousins, the Montgomerys of Lainshaw, he met the 'finest creature that ever was formed,' and named her at once *la belle Irlandaise*. She was an Irish cousin of Margaret Montgomery, and so no time need be lost in preliminaries. She had a sweet countenance, full of sensibility, and was 'formed like a Grecian nymph'; her age was sixteen. Her father (who had an estate of £1000 a year and 'above £10,000 in ready money') was an Irish counselor-at-law, and as worthy a man as Boswell had ever met. Father, mother, and aunt were all in Scotland with *la belle Irlandaise*, whose name was Mary Anne. Father, mother, and aunt all approved of James. 'Mr. Boswell,' said the aunt to him, 'I tell you seriously there will be no fear of this succeeding, but from your own inconstancy.' It was arranged that Boswell should visit Ireland in March, and, furthermore, that in the meantime he should correspond—with the father.

The thought of a visit to Ireland added a glow to wooing; the theatre of his adventures was widening once more. The *Account of Coreica* was being printed in Ireland, — a so-called 'third edition,' — and its success had given the father and mother — Boswell seems habitually to have encountered 'wary' parents — an opportunity of flattering the suitor.

But what of Mary Anne? A study of

this young lady in her native land does not seem in any way to have diminished her charms. During this period no letters were written to Temple, so that we miss the opportunity to follow every shift in the lover's mood. But the confidences reposed in Sir Alexander Dick are no less frank, though much less voluminous.

'I must not forget *la belle Irlandaise*, who is really as amiable as I told you I thought her. Only figure me dancing a jig (or strathspey) with her to the tune of Carrickfergus, played by an Irish piper.'

This, I regret to say, is the last of Boswell's utterances about the Irish beauty. What it was that cooled the ardor of the young people, we do not know; we must await the discovery of other letters written in the early summer of 1769. Perhaps the parents put an end to the affair. Be this as it may, before the month of June was out, Boswell was engaged to be married to his cousin, Margaret Montgomery, who had accompanied him on the Irish expedition.

Could anything be more unexpected? Hitherto, in Boswell's correspondence, Margaret had been a mere lay figure; not once is she mentioned in connection with love. She was a quiet and admirable person, of whom Boswell's elders must have approved. They must have deemed her an eminently safe person — was she not a cousin? She was not a foreign woman, who would introduce a strange note into the society of Auchinleck; she was not wealthy, but she would do. It was really essential to get James married off. Since his return from the Continent, his life had been growing ever looser. There was need of a steady, feminine hand. Therefore, it would seem, they took care to throw him with Margaret, trusting in the effect of propinquity. Even before the expedition to Ireland, Boswell speaks to Sir

Alexander of Miss Montgomery as sitting by him while he writes. Sir Alexander himself lent his influence to the plans that the family were working out. He told Boswell that he would find his cousin's conversation 'nutritive,' and the word pleased the young man. 'Indeed it is such as nourished me,' he replied, 'and like sweet milk tempers and smooths my agitated mind.'

Mrs. Boswell was one of those kindly, long-suffering women whose lives are a quiet blessing to men; unhonored by the world, but eternally dear to a few who are privileged to be near them. Through a long wedded life, through years in which bitterness must have been her portion, she was a devoted wife to Boswell. He loved her, and after her death never ceased, in his own garrulous fashion, to lament her loss.

But her husband's ways were not her ways. His enthusiasms she could not share. It is to be feared that his restless hero-hunting was to her a source of shame. At the very best, it could have seemed no better to her than the eccentric taste of a man who collects exotic animals as pets. 'She disapproved,' says Boswell, 'of my inviting Mr. M—sh, a man of ability but of violent manners, to make one in a genteel party at our house one evening. "He is," said she, "like fire and water, useful but not to be brought into company."

Mrs. Boswell was not interested in making social experiments, in mixing different kinds. She would never have seated Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes at the same table. In a word, she never really understood what her husband was about, and never assisted him in developing that very strange variety of genius which Nature had bestowed upon him.

Just at the end of Boswell's Commonplace Book there is a sheet headed, 'Uxoriana.' It is one of the most

pathetic pages ever traced by his cheerful pen, for it is his attempt to Boswellize his wife. Its pathos, to my mind, consists in its brevity — there are but four anecdotes set down, and they are dull. There was in the lady nothing to Boswellize. Did he ever, I wonder, in the long dull evenings at Edinburgh and Auchinleck, let his mind wander back to the Utrecht days, and to a young woman who had told him that she did not have the talent to become a balterm in his life?

From morning to night, I admired the charming Mary Anne. Upon my honour, I never was so much in love. I never was before in a situation to which there was not some objection; but *here ev'ry flower is united*, and not a thorn to be found. But how shall I manage it? They were in a hurry, and are gone home to Ireland. They were sorry they could not come to see Auchinleck, of which they had heard a great deal. Mary Anne wished much to be in the grotto. It is a pity they did not come. This Princely Seat would have had some effect. . . . I was allowed to walk a great deal with Miss. I repeated my fervent passion to her again and again. She was pleased, and I could swear that her little heart beat. I carved the first letter of her name on a tree. I cut off a lock of her hair, *male pertinaci*. She promised not to forget me, nor to marry a lord before March.

Temple was not the only friend who heard of the passion for Miss Mary Anne. The whole story was confided to Sir Alexander and Lady Dick. The latter had reached the cynical conclusion, shared perhaps by the reader, that Boswell was eager to marry money. Of this sordid motive Boswell speaks in a letter to Sir Alexander, a paragraph of which is here printed for the first time. The reader may make what he can of it.

The Irish heiress whom I went to see at Lainshaw turned out to be the finest creature that ever I beheld, a perfect Arcadian shepherdess, not seventeen; so that, instead

of solid plans of fortune-hunting, I thought of nothing but the enchanting reveries of gallantry. It was quite a fairy tale. I know that, if I were to tell this to Lady Dick, she would not believe a word of it, but would maintain that I am disinguing, even to myself, my old passion for gold. The truth, however, is that I am in love as much as ever man was, and if I played Carrickfergus once before, I play it a hundred times now. I was lately at Adamtown, and had a long talk with Heiress Kate by the side of her wood. She told me that the knight Sir Sawney was never to rule her territories. But alas, what could I say to her while my heart was beyond the sea? So much for love!

A very dangerous relapse, however, in favor of the Princess now occurred. Sir Alexander Gilmour (or Sir Sawney, as Boswell had nicknamed him) had made off, and the wary mother, it seems, was not unwilling that James should again be received as a suitor. Once more, therefore, did he walk 'whole hours' with Miss Blair, and once again did he kneel before her. Letters were written in the old manner, designed to melt down Kate's coldness. And then 'came a kind letter from my amiable Aunt Boyd in Ireland, and all the charms of sweet Marianne revived.'

This was in December. In the spring, somewhat later than had originally been intended, the proposed visit to Ireland was made. Boswell had, as a companion, his cousin Margaret Montgomery, the particular friend of Mary Anne; at Margaret's home in Lainshaw, it will be recalled, he had first met *la belle Irlandaise*. It is odd that Boswell should have said so little of this visit. It is not mentioned in the *Life of John-*

son. Indeed, practically nothing has been known hitherto of Boswell's visit to that remarkable island; but the discovery of a letter to Sir Alexander Dick, written from Donaghadee, on May 29, 1769, lights up the whole of this obscure period in Boswell's life.

In Ireland Boswell ran true to form. He was careful to meet the Lord Lieutenant. Why should one cross the Irish Sea and fail to meet the most prominent man in the nation? But how to approach a lord lieutenant? As a friend of Corsica. Nothing more natural. By this device he had obtained an interview with William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, three years before, when he had called on the great man, dressed in Corsican costume, and pleaded for his foreign friends. He now found the Irish naturally well disposed toward the Corsicans.

The Lord Lieutenant was remarkably good to me [he writes]. And I assure you I have not met a firmer and keener Corsican. I believe something considerable will be raised in this kingdom for the brave islanders. I am indefatigable in fanning the generous fire. I have lately received a noble, spirited letter from Paoli. This I have shewn to numbers, and it has had an admirable effect.

Boswell liked the country as well as the people. He thought Dublin 'a noble city,' and the life there 'magnificent.' He visited a number of country seats, and saw some rich and well-cultivated land. He planned, before his return, to visit Lough Neagh and the Giants' Causeway. He would like, he said, to come back and see a 'great deal more of Hibernia.'

STUDIES IN PATRIOTISM

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

AN author of merited fame, for whose masterpieces the present writer entertains a certain wistful admiration, has published, as an item of literary interest, a formidable list of the works that he consulted in the course of writing one of his most successful tales—a novel dealing with bygone ships and the owners of them; men who sought adventure and worthy aggrandizement in far countries and the islands of the sea. The interest of such a revelation was indisputable, yet one had to decide whether the precedent could be tolerated, bearing in mind the well-known facility with which literary men follow one another, like sheep through a gate. The present writer decided it to be a matter of taste, not to be argued about. A matter, moreover, quite out of his own way, since his books deal with things and persons so colloquial and immediate that the conventional author's study is a strange place to him, and he regards with apprehension a workroom lined with books.

But it gave him an idea. Just as there must inevitably be a fascination in reading the names of books consulted in the building of a work of art, in studying the shores and cradles on which the vessel was raised and which floated away from her as she slid down the ways at her launching, so there must be a certain glamour in the recollection of persons and moods partly responsible for the growth of a tale. I say 'partly,' because it has always seemed to me

that men do not rightly understand how a story grows. It is assumed here that a story ought to grow piece by piece, the design well thought out and pondered, every section and drawer and sliding panel a smooth, hand-fitted affair, bearing the trade-finish of a craftsman, rather than that it should be hastily fabricated and glued together and flung on the market, with the varnish sticky and the hinges out of alignment. This is what I understand by the old Latin tag, that 'Art is long.' It does not mean that the artist has a right to be lazy. It implies that there should be a period between the action and the presentation of it. So, to resume, there are persons and moods only partly responsible for the growth of a tale, because those persons and moods have what one may call a merely catalytic action upon the author's mind. Here you have the secret which torments the plain people who want so much to know all about the thing 'as it actually happened.' No one has ever discovered why these folk read novels at all, since the information they crave is so ably purveyed in the daily press.

There are, of course, authors still alive, who honestly believe they are 'drawing from life' in their fictions, unaware that, in so far as they are correct, they diminish the value of their work. They have mistaken their vocation, and should go at once into the photographic business, where such claims are considered, and paid for at the market rate.

Moods and persons, then, whose advent is instrumental in precipitating in the author's mind those soluble and shadowy elements which are the basis of a work of art: the moods and persons pass, and are possibly forgotten; or they may return and evoke yet other moods and persons, shadows of shadows, in whose communion the artist can see the faint beginnings of another tale. A professional analogist might easily depict the business as a species of transcendental procreation; a sort of manure-bed of dead and decomposing memories, out of which proceeds the fantastic fecundity of the imagination.

Something of this stirred in the mind of the present writer some five years ago, as he sat in the Garden of the White Tower at Saloniki, drinking lemonade and meditating, while a casual companion talked amusingly of his adventures in the *Ægean*. It was necessary to cultivate one's own soul in those days, and to seek spiritual support in the contemplation of eternal principles; for, as a nation, or a corporation of nations, at war, we were apparently in a bad way. Our armies seemed to get nowhere. Our navies were, by a process of attrition, disappearing either beneath the waves or into the fogs of censorship. We were, indeed, in danger of being defeated by our own censors, who, for example, proclaimed our own Macedonian front 'quiet,' while all the time the shattered battalions were being carried past us to the hospital ships in the harbor. We were getting nowhere; and our enemies, as was evident from their insistent and powerful wireless messages, were feeling extremely fit.

Moreover, we had just witnessed an event which pessimists attributed to our own incompetence against an alert enemy. The city had been destroyed by fire. From where we sat, coils of smoke could be seen rising above the ruins, and the earth shook at intervals, as

naval parties fired charges beneath perilous masses of still-standing masonry. We were drinking lemonade, because there was no malt liquor or any means of transporting it. The waiter who loitered near us had already endeavored to negotiate the purchase from us of our old garments, such merchandise having suddenly assumed the value and scarcity of bales of oriental purple. With a glint in his Hellenic eye, he had informed us that all the Jews were burned out and were offering great sums for clothing. He was puzzled at our calm reception of this news, not having lived in England, where such functions are tacitly left in Israelitish hands.

The immediate disaster, however, was only a sample of the broad general fact that we were not getting along. We were not rising to the occasion, to use a phrase whose meaning has been obscured by incessant abuse. What preoccupied the present writer, in spite of his companion's amusing remarks, was the grayness of the future. The war was going on, but it seemed more a matter of momentum than of vitality. An observant eye noted that the steam-pressure was dropping, as if the fire had gone out. Patriotism, as it was understood and felt in 1914, seemed to have shot its bolt. Here we were, English, French, Italian, Greeks, Serbs, and Russians, scarcely civil to each other at the Cercle Militaire, living our own lives apart, suspicious, critical, and ill-tempered. In our hasty construction of this huge and complicated war-machine, we had forgotten to put any oil on the countless working parts, and the heat of friction was absorbing all the power. And this was evocative of a still wider sweep of thought. Looking ahead a few years, ignoring whether we won or lost, — since, at the rate we were going, nobody would care at the last, — the question loomed up, what would be our

inspiration in those coming days? In other words, what should we write about?

The man of affairs may conceivably smile at the naïveté of a person who sat looking at a burning city, as Nero fiddled at Rome, in the midst of so huge a conflict, and thought it important what sort of novels would be written in ten years' time. But the man of affairs is reminded that literature is an integer of nationality. It is the gauge that registers for us the form and pressure of the time. One can imagine, for example, that, if that early Continental Congress had been provided, by some miraculous dispensation, with advance copies of Mr. Tarkington's *Turmoil*, E. W. Howe's *Story of a Country Town*, and Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*, there would have fallen a silence, while judgments were adjusted and short-sighted eyes brought into focus.

At the time, however, when the present writer sat listening to the dull thump of the dynamite charges, and watching the white clouds of brick-dust rising and spreading over the ruins, his interest centred in this question of Patriotism. The scene was a garden behind a collection of buildings devoted to pleasure. Seated about us were officers in all the uniforms of the Allies. Most of them bore on their breasts various ribbons. It was a regular joke in each army to disparage the decorations of the foreigner. The Britisher's amusement at the Croix de Guerre was only surpassed by the Frenchman's dry wit at the expense of the Military Cross. The medals of such folk as Russians and Greeks were too funny for words. The beautiful and romantic names of the Latin-Slavonic orders were the butt of wine-bibbers and sensualists.

This derision was a symptom of the formidable paralysis of soul creeping over us at that now-distant time. We no longer believed in each other's patri-

otism. And it was while thinking this over, that the present writer suddenly began to pay some sort of attention to his companion. This gentleman had been in action three hundred times, — in the Ægean, with enemy submarines and so forth, — and his activity had culminated in his ship being sent to the bottom by a mine. He was talking about a very mysterious case of a ship losing the rest of a convoy in one of those fogs that beset the mariner in among the Cyclades, or, as we used to call them in the old days, the Grecian Arches. She was a small ship, loaded with stores, owned by a local firm, but requisitioned by the Allies. And her master and mate were Englishmen. No, he did not know them personally. The mystery lay in the fact that this ship had been captured since by our forces in the Black Sea. She was taken into Custenje by a Rumanian gunboat, he had heard. And the skipper, one of those Englishmen, instead of asking to be returned to his own crowd, had bolted from Custenje and made his way back to Constantinople, where, my informant added, they had news that he was living with a woman. Now, what did I think about that?

Which was precisely what the present writer was unable to say. This question of patriotism had resolved itself so often into a mere case of desire for adventure, that he was weary of making a hasty decision. He had heard an exasperated shipmate say that he would take a master's job from the Germans to-morrow, if they offered him one, he was so sick of waiting for promotion. He had heard a seaman bawl at a naval officer that he, the seaman, had been better treated in a German jail than in a British transport. We had more condottieri than we imagined. He recalled a certain figure who had bulked largely in his early life — a man who had defaulted, and ruined half the

prominent citizens of the town, and then had run away to Constantinople, and become a Bey, or some such person. No, he would not do. He was earmarked for another tale anyhow, and he was too old for an adventure like this. For the tale would begin, of course, before that little ship quitted the convoy in the fog. Men don't bolt away into horrifying mine-fields on the off chance of meeting a foreign woman, to live with her. It was suspected that the woman was a secondary factor in the affair. And yet, admitting the breakdown of morale, the gradual wearing away of patriotism, it was a risky thing to assume that an Englishman would take so long a chance merely for money. But, in certain moods, seamen of any race will take prodigious chances for no particular motive at all; and it was this possibility, together with the mistiness of the outline of the tale, that made it a fascinating problem.

There was another angle. My companion, with his three hundred actions, revealed no feelings of indignation toward this possible traitor. In fact, the picture of romantic experiences evoked by the description of this silent, inarticulate renegade fleeing back to Constantinople, 'to live with a woman,' seemed to rouse in him a certain degree of envy. To him, surfeited with obscure actions, silken dalliance behind green jalousies in Pera or Stamboul appealed strongly. 'Lucky blighter!' were the words he let fall, smiling.

Lucky, and plucky, too, we agreed, since it was obvious that some fortitude and enterprise were implied in the whole adventure. Much loyalty was born of prudence, it had been observed. The more one looked into this question of patriotism, the more complex the fabric of it was seen to be. For instance, how many such, actual or potential, could one find, if a census were taken? Or, given the opportunity, how many of us

could stand the strain and nobly reject the subtle lure?

II

So one of us took away with him the germ of a tale, a study in patriotism born of a mood which sought to investigate the roots of a virtue. After the manner of germs, however, it remained invisible, propagating in darkness while time rolled on. The next scene lay off Gibraltar, where a sporting character in a submarine got himself entangled in the very middle of our convoy, and launched his last torpedo at us, and, fortunately for this narrative, missed by a good ten feet.

That, however, was a day's work for a day's pay. The interest concentrated upon Fritzie, one of our own company, a young gentleman of extensive scientific attainments, who had abandoned his post in the engine-room at an inopportune moment. Fritzie, which was the name wished on him by unscientific naval ratings because of his knowledge of German, was the product of advanced university culture, and represented for many of us a new and revised version of patriotism. He it was who translated for us each day the gnarled and cacophonous German wireless — translated it with unconcealed pleasure; for it transpired in conversation that he sincerely held the Germans to be our superiors, and he regarded their triumph as inevitable and desirable. This was an interesting variant of the popular view of the war, and it was extraordinary how tolerant most of us were, and how respectful in the face of a degree from a Northern University. Even the obvious fact that he had scuttled away to sea to avoid conscription was condoned. It was assumed that even a votary of Science would reveal at the appointed time that elusive yet indispensable character which is all most of us have, to confirm our faith in the soul

of man. We had freaks of all kinds in the forces, and our clumsy English charity covered them all so long as they stood the test at the critical moment. This the bachelor of science failed to do. At the signal for more revolutions, and at the sound of gun-fire, he abandoned everything and climbed into the neighborhood of the boats. It will thus be seen that a training in natural science may prove a safeguard against sentimental folly at the most unexpected times. He, too, it may be surmised, had looked ahead into the future, when popular opinion would be against war, and racial animosities so blurred that no one could make them out. A mere temporary embarrassment, caused by the contempt of men who knew nothing of science, was a cheap price to pay for a share in the good time coming. So he passed out of our view, and is probably forgotten by all save the present writer, who found in him yet another reagent to test the radio-active principle of patriotism.

For, in the meantime, the story had grown, had got itself a name; but for lack of a clear perception of that high note upon which we believe a piece of literature should end, it had lain more or less inert. You must get that, or your labor will be drudgery, and all your skill of no avail. This must not be confounded with what is called a 'happy ending,' though the happy ending is a shrill attempt at the high note. What was needed was a view of the main character as the episode closes. One had to take into account the changes in England as well as the changes in the men beyond the seas. To leave him behind those green jalousies in Pera or Stamboul was an attractive but improbable suggestion. He was not the sort of man whom the author of *Désenchantée* describes. To bring him home to England was just as embarrassing; for what kind of England would it be? To end him in

a fight would be simply a cheap evasion. So the inventor of a tale dealing with patriotism left the thing in abeyance, while he went on with another tale, for he had learned the folly of proceeding too fast in a fog, so to speak.

And in the meantime the war got itself to a conclusion on what may be called a high note. How high that note was, we seem to have forgotten for the moment! And, coincidently with that event, the present writer appeared once more in London, one of an orderly swarm of men seeking demobilization. Though they did not know it, they were getting something else besides demobilization. They were getting a glimpse into a new and perplexing England. They had been away, in Egypt and Syria and Macedonia, in Persia and India and East Africa, and the England whose image they had treasured in their hearts through those hot and dusty years was gone. Old fidelities, old bonds, old social orders had disappeared; a new generation, who had been at school when the war began, was in the streets now, and in the offices and factories, and they moved among their elders as easily as among cattle. This was the only England *they* had known; and the present writer was conscious of a vague desire among a few stranded derelicts like himself, to leave the young people undisturbed in their enjoyment.

He found this feeling less vague, one day, in a gentleman who came running across a ploughed field in Berkshire, to beg a ride into Basingstoke. He was in naval uniform of warrant rank, with the solidly built body and austere expression of feature, as if he were holding himself in with an effort, that seems to mark most warrant officers. He was welcomed, of course, and the hired car, in which the journey to a vast and lonely hospital had been made, proceeded toward the town.

The present writer has found that

the shortest way to obtain information from a stranger is to talk about one's self. What one says about one's self is often fanciful and sometimes fictitious; but the trick works none the less easily for that. The stranger, on the other hand, has no object save in pouring forth the truth in all sincerity. With most of us it is a master-passion to be right, and to have the approbation of men. As you may discover in the smoking-room at sea, or in the smoking-car ashore.

In this particular instance, however, as we bumped and swung along that bleak and wind-swept road into Basingstoke, very little trickery was required. He saw a uniform he knew, and he was beholden to the present writer for a convenient lift into town. It poured out of him. He was in the grip of a concentrated emotion, yet he had not lost his wits. His wits were all about him: in his indignant eyes, in the depressed corners of his scornful mouth, in the turned-out thumbs of his hairy and capable hands, in the set of his alert and bulging haunches. And when we had reached the station, and entrained for London, whither it seemed he was bound, and when, in the privacy of an otherwise empty compartment, he poured out his tale, one could not be surprised.

For he had experienced what some might call the Ultimate Disillusion. After three years on active service, during which time he had sent his savings home to his wife, he arrived in England to find her gone. Gone away with a stranger, to America, as far as he was able to make out. She had sold the furniture and told the neighbors she was going to join her husband in London, and settle there. What did I think of that? No letters for six months, and him getting anxious, of course; but he'd been moving about so much, between Dar-es-Salaam, Suez, Constantinople,

and Bizerta, that nobody on his ship had had any mail for ever so long. And that was that. He'd just been down to see his old mother; but she was n't so old for that matter, and here she was married again. There you were again. He'd been down to say good-bye. Because, if I thought he was going to stay in England — Go after her? What for? No! If I wanted to know, he had a very good thing in view. A friend of his had spoken to him about it the other day in London, and he'd put it off because he wanted to stay a bit in the old country. Now he wanted to get out of the old country as soon as he could. And never set eyes on it again. He breathed heavily and looked out at the quiet English fields with dull anger. Now, well, he would take that billet. He had his bonus and a couple of months' pay, and a bit o' prize money. Say four hundred pound. Enough and to spare. There were no expenses out where he was going. A friend of his was going harbor-master in a little place in the West Indies, and he had been asked to bring out a man to look after the oil-tanks. It was the very thing. A couple of hundred dollars a month, free quarters, and three months' leave after two years. And no white women for miles. He was finished, fed up, through. He'd take it!

And there was very little animus against the woman, either. His quarrel was with the whole business whereby he had been made an outcast in the new England. He made fragmentary remarks concerning the working-classes, who, he said, had 'been making big money' during the time of the war, and who were now behaving like canankerous children.

Two young women entered the train and began to smoke; and he stared up at a photograph of Windsor Castle, which was fastened under the baggage-rack, as if his emotions were rending

him beyond endurance. Well, it would n't be for long. Not for long.

That night, as we walked down Sloan Street toward the river, and turned westward along Cheyne Walk, he afforded yet deeper glimpses into his disturbed mentality. He drew, in short, broad strokes, the place as he figured it, in that West Indian station. And no allusion to the loneliness or the heat, to the exacerbating proximity to a debased population under an alien flag, could diminish his dream of what one could reasonably call a better world. He had faith in something, though he had lost his faith in the principles of his life. As we moved along under the long line of golden globes, and saw the broad stream in flood under the dark barriers of the bridges, and as we came abreast of patrician windows, where the old order moved on as if we in the street had never existed, he who had been preserving that old order with his body looked up, and his bold unflinching eye defied them to defeat him.

He had no suspicion, walking thus with a casual acquaintance toward his lodging off the King's Road, of his extraordinary value as a character in a novel. He knew nothing of novels, he said, and merely remembered a man who lost his memory by reading too many. So he could never realize how much of a caricature he himself was, and how he would have to be diluted and modified and strained before he could appear with propriety in a novel. He became monstrous in the intensity of his preoccupation with his own destiny. He saw himself — out there. He saw the sun setting behind long lines of purple mountains; the mist swathing the gray-green immensities of the eastern ranges; the jetty reflected in the motionless water; the light flashing from the point in an amber haze; himself walking in the gloom beneath the green domes of the Indian laurels; the gaunt

lines of the great oil-tanks on the hillside above the roofs; the glow of his cigar, as he sat in the screened porch and listened to the coon getting the supper; the incandescent eyes of great beetles crawling across the path; the divine peace of the tropic night, as he lay in his hammock and thought of the beneficent years in store. He saw all this. It was implied in an eloquent gesture toward the patrician windows. At Oakley Street he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked toward the glow of a brass cupola over in Battersea, as if he already stood on his verandah and saw the sullen radiance of a cane-fire in the distant valley.

So he, too, passed, having served his purpose in the scheme of art. It was, if he had only known, his apotheosis. Never again will he be so much alive, never again reach so near to authentic reality, as when he stood in the gathering twilight, between the bridges, looking southwesterly, and then turning with his eloquent gesture toward the world he had abandoned. Out there, behind the long roll of white surf, behind the green bluffs where the native fisherman paddles mysteriously in the shadow of the overhanging trees, where there are neither cash-registers nor social registers, he will achieve a certain mystical completeness. But even as he achieves, he will fade. He will become no more than a shadow reaching a little way across the world. And soon that, too, will fade, as fade the shadows of the trees at sunset. He will discover, as time goes on, an unexpected penalty. He will have no adequate proof of his own existence. He will doubt that distant time when he strove with life. And he will not even know that he lives on, in another form, not so glorious perhaps, but more credible; a character showing up sharp and clear some of the perplexing variations of the bygone idiosyncrasy — patriotism.

JACK THE ROBBER

BY A. H. SINGLETON

THE road which leads uphill from a picturesque little country town in one of the midland countries in Ireland would, if followed by many bye-roads and turnings, eventually bring the traveler to Dublin, some sixty miles away. At one time this road was shaded by the overhanging branches of large trees growing in the high hedgerows on either side; but near the town, these trees have been cut down to make room for the laborers' cottages which have lately sprung up around every town or village in Ireland.

On one evening late in October there was rejoicing in one of these cottages. Laurence Smith had for some time been in receipt of his old-age pension, but for some occult reason it had hitherto been denied to his wife. Now, however, it was no longer withheld; and on that eventful Saturday morning Smith had returned from his weekly visit to the post office with ten shillings in his hand; a sum which, to him and his wife, was positive riches. The good news had spread, and the neighbors crowded to their cottage to congratulate them on their good fortune.

'God be wid the good owld times!' said Michael Donovan, an old man who had been sitting smoking in silence and did not appear to take any notice of what was going on.

'Amen,' answered most of those present; and looked at him inquiringly.

'God be wid the good owld times!' he repeated, even more impressively. 'I mind the times when it wud n't be sittin' an' talkin' av nothin' at all, but

every man 'ud be tellin' stories — rale owld stories worth the listenin' to. They knowed a quare lot av stories in them days, but they's all forgot now. People does only be talkin' av the neighbors, or maybe th' weather an' th' crops, or th' cows an' pigs (God bless thim), but the rale owld ancient stories is forgot.'

'Do you remimberanny av them, Michael?' asked Mrs. Casey, a lean, eager-looking little woman, a grandmother, and, as she said of herself, 'near qualified for the pinshon.'

'Maybe I do, wan or two av them, but it's long since I heerdanny av them an' me mimory is n't what it were. We'd be goin' wancest or maybe twicest a week to aich other's houses after the childher was in bed, makin' "Caileys" we did be callin' thim; an' thin we'd sit be the fire an' tell them owld stories. But that was before th' famine year, an' th' bad toimes, an' th' agitation come an us, an' th' countrhy's niver been the same since.'

'An' why wud n't we do it agin?' asked Mrs. Casey excitedly. 'Sure, now, the min cud bring their pipes an' terbacca, an' the women their knittin', an' ivery wan wud take a turrn to tell a story, an' thim as had n'tanny story to tell wud n't be let to join the company.'

The idea was hailed with enthusiasm. Laurence Smith proposed that the meetings should take place at his house once a week, 'Herself' being too 'dawny' to lave the house in the cowld evenings; and that the first story should begin at once.

'As it were Mickey who made the first proposial to hould Caileys among ourselves, he has th' right to tell the first story; an' mind ye tell a good wan.'

When the whole party was ready, the youngsters sitting on the ground, looking up with eager expectation into the old man's face, Mickey began impressively, pleased at having so large an audience.

'This is th' owld story of Jack the Robber, which I heerd tell when I was a bit av a gossoon, no bigger nor you, Patsey Holohan.

'There was wance upon a time — an' a very long time ago it was, too — a gentleman that lived in a lonesome part av the country. He was terr'ble rich and had great estates, an' he had a steward who looked after the farmand the workmen for him. This steward was a decent quite man, but he had a son called Jack, an' he was the rale young vagabone, always up to some divvlement or other. He was the terr'blest thief iver ye seen, an' he had his father an' mother's hearts clane broke thryin' to put back the things he'd stale unbeknownst, to save him from gettin' cot.

'Now the Master had a gear wish for Jack, be raison av the quare thricks he did be playin', an' ses he to the steward: "What are you goin' to do wid Jack? Sure, it's at school he has a right to be these times."

"Well, yer Honor," ses the steward, "there's n' only the wan place to send him, an' that's where he'll larn the only thrade he's fit for."

"An' what's that?" ses the Masther.

"It's where he'll larn to be a proper thief that won't get cot; bekase there's nothin' in the wide worrld that ud keep him from thievin', an' he'd ha' been turned out av any other place long ago. I've been makin' inquiries," ses the steward, "an' I heerd tell av a grand thief to send him to; but his terrms is

very high. All the same, it would be betther to pay them nor to have him sint out av the countrhy."

'Well, the Masther thin tried to pershwade the steward to sind Jack to a reformatory, or some place where he'd be larnt a thrade, but he wud n't listen to rayson. So Jack was sint to the thief, to larn his thrade; an' at th' ind av three years, back he comes wid a letter from the master robber sayin' he was as perfect a thief as he could turn out, an' no fear av him gettin' cot. Well, the steward shows the letter to th' Masther, an' he said to send Jack up to him in th' mornin' an' he'd give him a job that 'ud show was he as good a robber as he said he was. "But, mind this," ses th' Masther, "if he does n't succeed, I'll have him up for thryin' to rob me, an' have him sint away out av the countrhy."

'Well, the steward wint home an' tould Jack that he'd have to mind himself, bekase th' Masther was determined to catch him if he could. When he said that, Jack began to laugh, an' ses he, "there is n't a job the Masther can set me that'll bate me, an' let him not be afeered."

'The next marnin', up goes me brave Jack to the big house, as bowld as brass, an' axes the Masther what was the job he had for him.

"I think I've a job that'll puzzle ye," ses the Masther. "It is to stale me best hunter out of his sthall to-night an' four min watchin' him. If you do it," ses he, "I'll give you five pounds; but if you get cot, I'll have ye up for thryin' to stale me harse."

"Och, sure, that's aisy enough," ses Jack. "Never fear but I'll bring you the harse in the marnin', an' do you be ready wid the gould," ses he.

'Wid that Jack goes home to lay his plans, an' the Masther goes to make his plans to catch Jack. The Masther gets four big, strong min that he thinks he

can thrust, an' tells them they must sit up wid the harse all night, an' an no account to lave him for a minit. Two was to be in the sthall an aich side of the harse, the way that whin wan was thryin' to get a bit av shlape, the three wud be awake watchin' Jack. The harse was to be fastened to the manger wid an iron chain wid a padlock an it, an' the biggest an' strongest av them was to keep the kay in his pocket; an' if they cot Jack, he'd give aich av them a pound in the marnin'.

'Well, you'd think that wid all that planmin' Jack would n't get a chanst of stalin' the harse, but he made his plans, too. First, he wint to the town an' he bought four bottles av the sstrongest whiskey he could get; an' when it was black night, an' the min quite in the sthable, he tuk a sup out av another bottle that he brought wid him near empty, the way they'd get the shmell an' him; an' he goes to the pigsty, which was convaynient to the sthable, where there was a valuable sow, an' a man did be watchin' her ivery night becase she was goin' to have young wans, an' he was afraid she would ait him if he was n't there when they was born. But this night he was in the sthable helpin' to mind the harse. Well, Jack crep' into the stye an' lies down beside the sow; an' then he takes another sup av the whiskey, an' puts the empty bottle down beside him; an' he takes his knife out av his pocket an' gives the sow a prod wid it, an' the sow lets a squeal out of her that rouses the min in the sthable.

"What's wrong wid the sow?" ses the man that minded the pigs. "I'd better go an' see. Do allav youse keep a good lookout for Jack."

'Wid that he goes to the stye, an' what did he see but Jack lyin' dead dhrunk beside the sow, an' the empty bottle in his hand. So he goes back to the sthable an' tells the others, an' all av

them wint out to look at Jack, an' him snorin' his best; but it was only pertendin' he was, an' he listenin' to ivery worrord they did be sayin'.

"There's not much fear av him annyhow," says the pig man. "It's the fine laugh we'll have at him when he wakes! But what'll we do wid him at all? We can't lave him here to be annoyin' the sow."

'So they settled to bring him into the sthable, where they'd have an eye an' him, an' give him up to the Masther in the marnin'.

'So they lifted Jack, an' brought him into the sthable, an' put him down in wan av the sthalls beside the harse. As they was carryin' him, the bottles in his pocket kep' rattlin' agin each other, an' the min laughed an' said it would be a grand thrick to play Jack, to drink all his whiskey on him, an' wud n't he be mad in the marnin' to see the fool he made av himself. So they set to work, an' it was n't long before they was all lyin' drunk, an' the bottles empty beside them.

'Jack waits till it were light, an' he feels in the man's pockets till he gets the kay of the padlock that was on the harse's head-collar, an' the kays of the door an' the yard; an' thin he goes to the harness-room, an' gets the harse's saddle an' bridle, an' away wid him for a ride in the cool av the marnin'.

'Well, the Masther comes out rale airly to see did the min get Jack, an' he finds the sthable door on the latch an' the four min lyin' dead drunk in the straw. An' was n't he in a proper rage! While he was standin' lookin' at thim, he hears the tramp av a harse's feet in the yard, an' there he sees me brave Jack facin' him.

"Good marnin', sir," ses Jack very polite. "I've brought the harse in afther his marnin's exercise; I did n't think anny av them chaps wud do much good wid him. I'll thrubble ye

for that five-poun' note if ye plaze, as soon as I've rubbed down the harse, an' give him his feed."

"Well, Jack," ses the Masther, "ye're oliverer even nor I expectid. If ye comes to me when ye've done up the harse, I'll give ye the money an' set ye another job, to see what sort av a hand ye'll make av it."

"Well, when Jack went to the Masther an' got the money, he axes what was the next job he had for him.

"Do you go to the field where the men is ploughin' to-morrow marnin', an' stale the two harses out av the plough, an' four men wid them," ses the Masther. "If ye does it, I'll give ye another five pound; but if they catches ye, I'll sind ye to jail for thryin' to rob me."

"All right," ses Jack; "if I goes an at this rate, I'll soon be a rich man."

The next marnin', before it was light, Jack wint to a place where there was a lot av rabbits, an' he felt in all the holes till he got a nest av young rabbits that was just ready to run about, an' puts them in his pocket. Well, a little before the time that the min would be beginnin' to plough, he goes to the field an' lays down in a clump of furze-bushes an the side av the hill, close to where the plough wud be passin', an' watches a good opporchunity. Well, the plough wint up the hill, an' it wint down the hill, till at last it come to near where Jack was lyin' consaled in the whin bushes; an' just as it were passin', he lets out wan av the little rabbits, but the min did n't take no notice av it. An' the plough goes up the hill, an' down the hill, till it comes agin close beside Jack; an' thin he lets out another little rabbit, an' there was the two av them playin' about in front av the plough, but still the min did n't pass any remarks. So the next time it come near him, did n't he let out the whole lot, an' there they was close be-

side the plough, an' not a sign av Jack anywhere.

"Ses wan av the min, "A couple av them would do me well for my dinner."

"So they would," ses another; an' wan man slips away afther the rabbits, an' then another chap thinks he'll catch a few for himself; till in the end was n't iv'ry wan av them runnin' afther the rabbits, an' forgettin' all about Jack. An' the little rabbits run down the hill, an' round the carner; an' then me brave Jack slips out av his hide-hole, an' in wan minit he had the traces cut an' was up an the back av wan av the horses an' th' other in his hand, an' away wid him into the yard; an' who should meet him at the gate but the Masther, who was coming out to see did the men catch Jack yet.

"That job did n't take long, sir," ses Jack. "I'll thrubble ye for that five pound, if convaynient. Ye'll have to set me somethin' harder nor that if ye wants to have me cot," ses Jack, wid a grin an him that driv the Masther mad.

"Well, I must think av wan," ses the Masther, thryin' to put a good face an it. "Come up in the marnin'," ses he, "an' I'll see what I can contrive, to circumvent ye."

"All right, sir," ses Jack; "but all the same I'd like well to see the color av the money first," ses he.

"Well, Jack gets the money; an' afther the Masther's breakfast the next marnin', he goes up to the big house to see the job he was to get.

"I've been thinkin', Jack, an' I've been consultin' wid the Mistress, an' the two av us is agreed that there's no thrustin' them greedy divvles. First they is afther the dhrink, an' next afther young rabbits to ait; so we'll thrust none but ourselves this time. Do you stale the sheet av the bed from undher the Mistress an' meself this night, an' if ye do, there'll be another fiver for

ye, an' if ye is cot, ye knows what'll happen ye."

"This time Jack was rale bet, an' thought for a long time, till he tuk a notion in his head, an' wint to the town to see what was happenin' there. He met a man who towld him av wan that died in the hospital that marnin', an' was in the dead house till his frinds came to fetch him to get buried.

"I'll risk it," ses Jack. So he goes to the hospital an' sees the porther, who was a frind av his, an' offers him five pounds for the loan av the dead man, an' ses he'll bring him safe back in the marnin', wid not a ha'porth on him.

'Well, the porther agrees to do it for the five pound, but Jack must be sure to bring him back before his frinds come to fetch him in the marnin'. An' Jack gets the lend av an ass-cart, an' went, as soon as it were dark, to fetch away the body. He gets some owl clothes av his own an' puts them an the dead man, an' ties a rope undher his arrms, an' thin he climbs up to the top av the big house, an' lets the body down the chimbly av the Masther's room. He listened till he heerd the boots strrike aginst the grate, an' thin he keeps a tight howlt av the ends av the rope.

"Well, whin the Masther heerd the boots strrikin' aginst the fender, he ses to the Misthress, "There's Jack; howld an' till I get a shot at him. I'll just hit him in the leg," ses he, "an' that'll stop him makin' aff."

"It were only just beginnin' to get light, an' the Masther could just see the legs av the man in the chimbly, so he aims a shot at them wid a small little pistol he had consaled undher the piller, an' Jack lets a screech, an' lets go av the rope, an' the dead man tumbles right down the chimbly into the room.

"What will we do now?" ses the Masther. "I'm afeerd," ses he, "I

hurted him worse nor I intinded." So up he gets, an' ses he to the Misthress, "Bedad, he's dead an me; an' if the polis hears av it, it's meself that will be tuk up, an' that 'ud be a poor job for a man like me, an' a magistrate, to be had up for murdher."

"I'll tell ye what we'll do," ses the Misthress. "The sarvints is none av them up yet, an' they shlape in th' other ind av the house. We'll just lift him our two selves an' carry him out an' lay him an th' road, an' not a wan will be the wiser."

'So the Misthress gets out av bed, an' puts a warm cloak over her; an' the Masther, he puts his coat an' throusers an him, an' they carries the dead man out av the house, an' lays him in the ditch be th' roadside.

'When Jack hears them both away, what does he do but gets down the chimbly an' has the two sheets aff the bed, an' away wid him to where he lift th' ass-cart wid the dead man's own clothes in it, an' has him back at th' hospital before the porther was found out. If the porther was n't glad to see Jack come back wid the body, who was?

'The Masther an' Misthress was that cold an' frightened, that they niver missed the sheets aff the bed till there comes a knock at the door, an' in walks me brave Jack, wid the sheets done up in a nate parcel undher his arm.

'The Masther an' Misthress was rale glad to see him, for they did n't want to kill him at all, only to give him a fright, an' maybe a small little shot in th' leg to tache him to mind himself. Well, the Masther ses, "You're too clivver a robber for this countrhy, Jack; you're only wastin' yer time here. Ameriky's the place for the likes av you." So he pays Jack's passage out to New York, an' what the ind av him was, not a know do I know.'

THE IRON MAN AND THE MIND

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

MEN go to machines under the same compulsions which have sent them into field and forest, ocean-lane, and battlefield, since ever the world began — their needs and their instincts.

Continuing attempts by the innovating animal, Man, to feed, clothe, and satisfy himself with the least effort, brought forth naturally, and in process, the application of machinery to production, at first haltingly, but latterly with a rush which finds this generation well on its way to as complete automatization as human nature is capable of sustaining. The limiting force resides, not so much in the ability of our most enterprising selectmen to mechanize the planet, as in their seemingly more restricted ability to make the job appear worth while to those who come to grips with machinery in action — the common folk.

Economic Man is an abstraction essential to scientific enquiry, though nowhere found in the flesh, and, where approximated, not pleasant to have as a neighbor. *Homo Sapiens* is Social Man and Political Man and Religious Man, as well as Economic Man. He loves, mates, breeds, fights for and labors for his wife, his home, his children. And presently he dies, in the hope of an extension of life beyond the grave, and is buried with honor by his kind. In his life he has many governors; among them the state is sovereign and the shop *parvenu*.

This composite mystery enters the

shop and takes his place beside the machine, to use a small but definite fraction of his powers in assisting it to produce and distribute goods. Call him Number 3141 if you choose; nevertheless, he differs from Number 3140 and 3142 and all other men living or dead. No one, from this time forward to eternity, ever will be cast in exactly the same mould as he. Labor is more than labor; each labor unit is also an individual, immeasurably dear to himself even in despair.

What the shop precisely wants, it cannot hire. It may want, though never wisely, mere hands and feet and backs; they do not exist detached from lusts, faiths, superstitions. It may want eyes, sensitive fingers, or specialized knowledge; they are not to be divorced from nerves and prejudices. Instead, the labor market presents men and women in infinite variety; but in each is incorporated something, be it little or much, which the shop cannot use. The shop picks and chooses, combs and examines, consults records; nevertheless, the chosen ones carry inside the gates that which may result in an appeal from its regimen to the anarchy of force, or to the authority of the state — the appeal to Demos or to Cæsar.

This mental luggage, largely superfluous from the standpoint of immediate industrial need, may be catalogued for analysis; but the catalogue, however extended, remains a convenient lie, since each element merges with all

the others and affects all the others. With this attainer established, the mental luggage of the man going to the machine may be listed briefly as instincts, emotions, traditions, beliefs, habits of thought and conduct — those qualities of mind and spirit which, in their interplay, not only establish the individuality of their possessor, but also govern his reactions to authority and to the responsibilities involved in home and social relationships.

These primary qualities of the mind have their roots in the dawn of life on this planet: in Creation, if you deny Darwin; in intertidal scum, if you accept Wells. But, whatever their origin, they are the fruits of race-experience through many generations; and under the lash of sex we shall pass them on, perhaps with minor changes, to our successors. Our contribution to the subconscious mind is not likely to be as rich and important as the press-agents of our braggart era declare. Indeed, we may influence the subconscious more than any preceding generation, and yet add but a mite to its store, so ancient is its origin and so vital its accumulations. The subconscious mind may be reckoned the reservoir of human experience; here is the cause of Man's rise to command on the planet; here the rough foundations of his social and political institutions; here the explanation, perhaps never to be unraveled, of his greeds, wars, sins, as well as of his virtues, loyalties, and visions.

Subtract the subconscious from high intelligence — the residue is not Man, with his hates and loves, urges and repressions; but a monstrosity of greed and reason. Subtract it from a person of low intelligence; and the result is a semblance of the bestial. Both asocial: the one, a menace through his efficiency; the other, a menace through his deficiency. Therefore, it is of the subconscious mind that one may say: 'This is

the reality of human existence. The truth about human affairs is not to be found altogether in what is written in the bond and certified to in the records. You must consult the instincts; you must go back to the wells of life. Peer into those misty, uncertain depths diligently enough, and you may get some hint, however faint, of the reality of the human spirit in travail or in joy.'

Comes now this heavy-laden, complex Ego to the machine. Pleasant, indeed, for both parties, if the management could separate the workman from such mental luggage as is superfluous inside, and check it at the door, to be reassumed upon return. How simple if the mental man could shuck his cravings as the physical man doffs his coat! Yet, until we know more of the meaning of life, it is perhaps just as well that Man is indivisible, and that the shop must take the useless with the useful, the bitter with the sweet. For it is the unknown and unassayable which gives life its zest, labor its hope, and industry its adventure.

No doubt, those mental traits and prepossessions which we group and label under the convenient title, 'subconscious,' at one time had clearer economic significance than they possess at present. However men compete for their livings, those attributes which make for survival tend to be passed on, while those less utilitarian are eliminated under the stern pressure of necessity. Every piece of subconscious luggage which the modern carries to the machine must at some time have been of conscious value to enough of his ancestors to fix that trait for survival. Else it must have been sunk without trace in the laborious business of keeping alive.

Labor is the price of life. The tree labors in growth; the field-mouse labors in each search for grain. Man differs from other animals in that he is con-

scious of his labors and articulate concerning them. Labor-pain stirs him to thought and expression; but he may be even more distressed by, though less conscious of, his indirect labor-strains. Industrial labor-pain, being easily recognized for what it is, can be alleviated or compensated for inside the shop; labor-strain, on the other hand, less simple of diagnosis, has a way of eluding direct action and spreading out and down, until, massed and complicated, it presents itself, not to the principals in their principal relation, but to society and the state — to the principals, that is, in their more remote relations as neighbors and citizens. Labor-pain, by and large, gives us labor-problems into which the state injects itself only as a last resort; while broad and continued labor-strain begets social and political problems, powerful cross-currents of opinion, which first agitate the homes of the humble, and in due course agitate the parliaments of the world.

With this distinction between labor-pain and labor-strain established, but remembering always that the twain are more easily separated on paper than in the flesh, let us examine the effect of automatic and semi-automatic machinery upon the minds of its attendants, the mill operatives.

Such machines make relatively small demands upon the wits of their companions; the operative's job is more passive, mentally, than active. Once his limited function is learned, once the man knows how to place standardized material in proper, predetermined fashion, he can earn his pay without further mental effort. He must be attentive, dot and carry one exactly so, because the machine is valuable, and failure to move when and as directed may cost his employer more in spoilage than the operative's yearly wage. The man is not driven, so much as paced; his usefulness depends upon his never fail-

ing the strident call of the Iron Man. He nurses his charge, feeds it, relieves it of produce, and perhaps makes slight repairs in a jam. But, if the case is serious, he calls a machinist, just as an infant's nurse calls for the physician in emergency.

I watched a man shove metal rings across six inches of space, to a guide from which they were taken automatically through the machine, emerging slotted some seconds later, without more human ado. That was his job from morning until night, his pay depending upon how many slotted rings passed inspection. Eyes concentrated on his little platform, one hand moving thus, the other so, in unending repetition, he missed not one revolution of the wheels, which were grinding out his life even as they ground out the goods. Economically he was part of the machine — an automatic feeder who chanced to be flesh-and-blood-and-mind. Presently, no doubt, he will be relieved of that particular job by a mechanical extension of that particular Iron Man, since the human was doing nothing that could not be done better by metal in motion.

Assembling of interchangeable machined parts proceeds, in efficient plants, with almost equally minute division of function. Your automobile frame, let us say, is hoisted so that it may acquire axles. Then it moves along a conveyer, before gangs of men, each of whom performs thereon a certain specified task for which just so much time is allowed, because the conveyer moves at a fixed rate of speed, and each gang is allotted a space alongside, and moves forward and back in that space as the conveyer works. One attaches the right front-wheel; another the left rear-wheel; a third tightens certain screws with a pneumatic wrench. Let a single human fail in his assignment, and rather than permit that delay to clog

the whole line of cars in process, the lagging unit is pulled out of line to await the next shift. Thus, within an hour from the time a naked frame starts down the assembly line, a shrewd and swiftly moving division of labor has completed thereon a finished motor-car, capable of moving to the loading docks under its own power. Its power-plant has been both painted and dried within the hour. To it have been given a body highly polished, curtains, cushions, tools, and, finally, a tag setting it apart for someone near or far — Doc Kennicott of Gopher Prairie, or the Gaekwar of Baroda.

In that swift progress hundreds of men have worked upon each car, combining into effectiveness the work of other thousands, whose produce is brought up by truck from storerooms and source-factories, and rushed into assigned positions. Each man performs the same task over and over: tightens identical nuts, lifts identical parts off a rack, and applies each one of them precisely to something like its predecessor to the thousandth of an inch. This accurate, monotonous toil goes on swiftly, amid hissing air-valves and paint-streams, roar of drying ovens, clatter of tools, thunder of trucks arriving and departing. As evidence of the organizing faculty in master minds, as a study in unity and synchronized power over divers beings and things, the action is impressive, in totality almost beautiful; but for its individual contributors it leaves something to be desired as an expression of the art of life. Not altogether for this, surely, is Man made.

Some of these operations involve much muscular effort, others little; but, whether little or much, each operative uses the same set of muscles for approximately the same length of time in each repetition of his assigned operation. Roustabouts enjoy far more of the lux-

ury of variety in toil than machine-tenders in automatized factories.

The operating of automatic and semi-automatic machinery evolves evidence tending to show that fatigue, instead of being simply weariness from muscles stretched too much or too often, is rather a pathological condition, due to the poisoning of the system through over-secretion of the endocrinial glands. Whatever the theorizing as to endocrinial glands, it is probably true that there is an excessive outpouring under nervous tension, when effort is prolonged beyond the normal fatigue limit, which outpouring causes pathological fatigue, indicated by preternatural activity. This theory, held by competent investigators, and advanced by them with reservations proper in a matter where exactness is difficult, seems to explain, as well as receive support from, many of the reactions of our industrial operatives to their labors.

In general, machine-production of goods involves less muscular and sensory strain than that put forward under the handicraft system. Fatigue in industrial workers must be ascribed more to monotony in movement and problem than to foot-pounds of energy expended. One may use merely his finger-tips feeding metal discs into a machine, and yet be as weary in the evening as if he had been swinging an axe. The lumberjack's weariness is an all-round fatigue, and he is ready for bed at sundown; while industrial workers seem moved to abnormal activity after working hours.

My fellow citizens, most of whom work in factories where the industrial function is minutely divided, and where machines set the pace, display astonishing energy in after-work pursuits. The married men reestablish their equilibrium by gardening prodigiously, and tinkering furiously around their homes — a socially satisfactory adjust-

ment. The homeless rush hither and thither by motor when they are flush; or wander aimlessly around the streets when they are broke. Books and quiet conversation are a bit too tame for men who feel that, while they get their living in the shop, they must live their lives outside the shop. This may be explained as Nature's effort to correct a nerve-distortion resulting from the exercise of certain muscles and faculties while all others are held out of use. Glandular secretions, roused by an over-stressed fraction of the anatomy, spread beyond that fraction to stimulate the rest of the man into heightened activity. These men are in a condition parallel to that in which many a business man finds himself after prolonged concentration upon a problem which defies satisfactory solution. He becomes too tired to sleep; works feverishly; and, unless he lets down, breaks down. Either type is apt to seek relief in stimulants, and to crave thrills temporarily blotting out the discontent that overlays their lives.

II

At the root of this discontent lies the difficulty of adjusting human beings to modern industry. Race-inheritance fits us for other, simpler pursuits. For unnumbered generations we white folks have been building up resistance to, and recovering from, the fatigue which follows muscle-labor. Except for the comparatively small fraction of our ancestors who went in for learning, trade, or the handicrafts, the life of the masses, until the Industrial Revolution began in England, about 1765, had been the slow life of soil and water — agriculture, hunting and fishing, with occasional relapses into war; occupations requiring intense physical exertion through short periods, and allowing frequent let-ups. Until so recently Man worked by the sun and the seasons

instead of by the calendar and the clock. Even the villein ploughing his lord's glebe could stop for a chat with his neighbor passing on the highway. Thrills a-plenty filled common lives; there were the touch-and-go of the chase, rustic ceremonies at seedtime and harvest, a chance to look in through the servant's door upon the festivities of the manor house; and always a close, if servile, relation with his boss. Bond the villein was, but his bond held both ways — upon master no less than upon man. The worker at least had the blessing of security in his job, now so uncertain: he could not be fired, even as he could not hire himself away.

That simple existence seems to be the kind of life for which the common man is constituted. Physically, he goes his best gait for a hundred yards, fells his third tree more accurately than he fells his thirtieth, ploughs his straightest furrow toward the rising sun. He needs a measure of monotony in toil; shifting at quick-step from this job to that bothers him: but the work which gives him most satisfaction, and which, all things considered, he does best, is that furnishing variety in detail with sameness in essentials. Were every tree placed exactly like every other tree, to be felled from a like stance in the one direction, with no nice problem of adjustment presenting itself to the common sense and skill of the axe-man, then our lumberjack would return to his shack, not only more fatigued in body than usual, but infinitely more weary in his mind. If a high-grade carpenter faced the prospect of building identical houses all the rest of his life, with never a chance to revel in a bit of improvisation, would he relish that prospect? Hardly. What he wants — what every man above the grade of moron craves in toil — is a chance to express his personality within the limits of a specialty in which he knows him-

self proficient. Even the scavenger is not without his craft-pride. Your carpenter desires no other trade; he would rather build a hen-coop than paint his own dwelling; but inside his trade he wants a bit of leeway to devise ways and means, and a living hope of quiet adventure. Not enough variety to upset him, but enough to stimulate the exercise of his full powers in security — such is the common man's ideal job.

Variety in minors compensates for the major monotony. In the beginning, and for aeons thereafter, when Man, in an environment niggardly in food and crowded with dangers, was 'getting set' in build and character, labor — the price of life — must have been a constant succession of adventures. Merely keeping alive involved prowling and stalking, sally, pounce, battle, flight. Power to put all into a single effort determined whether one returned to the home-lair or died miserably on the heath. Little by little, to satisfy accumulating economic wants and social ambitions, Man tied himself down to occupations more prosaic — to agriculture, to the tedious shaping of tools from stone, and the application of manual skill and fire to earth-materials. Ability to withstand monotony then acquired survival value; but there continued that zest for variety inside the frame of monotony, that zest for projecting his unique self upon his environment.

From the projection of these individualities upon matter through toil followed many of the subsequent changes in Man's estate. Simple tools, now standardized, must have measured the individuality of their originators and adapters, just as innovations in modern mechanics publish to a critical world the personal triumphs of those who dare to originate. The more play we allow this instinct for variation, the swifter economic evolution must be; and, con-

versely, when it has no play, innovation ceases. Civilization, on its material side, has been built little by little, through trial and error rather than design — by the personal energies of the world's artificers and organizers rather than by the plans of its statesmen.

Monotony in labor, then, is the price men pay for living together in order and security — one of the returns that society exacts from the individual in exchange for safety, comfort, and opportunity for advancement within the group. But monotony intensifies labor-strain; and unless the laborer can find release therefrom, through variations of physical and mental effort in the minutiae of the job, his weariness sits upon him like an incubus. Let him do this thing a little differently from that; let him use what ingenuity he has; and his Ego, somewhat different from all others under the sun, is compensated in a degree for the surrender of his freedom in the larger concerns of group-living, which surrender society demands and enforces through law and custom.

But, lacking this compensation of variety in toil, human nature finds the social order oppressive. This seems to me at least as definite a cause of the present resentment against the established order as those more frequently cited; and the situation is not altogether relieved by reflecting that, as long as the instinct toward variation is repressed by the machines themselves, its consequences will continue in some measure as long as machines are operated, no matter whether they are owned by private persons or by the state.

How long may a person's innovating tendencies be repressed without dulling his mind? Suppose our first-rate carpenter undertook a two-year stint laying identical floors in identical one-story houses. Would he be as good an

all-round craftsman, as good a stair-builder and roof-builder, at the end of his grind? Obviously not. He might grow more deft in what he had to do; but surely he would grow more clumsy in what he has no chance to do. He would emerge from that job less efficient for the all-round work of the community, less sure of himself, less secure in his home and his living, less interesting as a personality and less valuable as a neighbor and citizen. To what extent this decline in the individual might affect his descendants, and through them the race, is an interesting question reserved for future discussion.

This devolution of the individual is what Secretary Hoover notes when he says: 'The vast, repetitive processes are dulling the human mind.' And again: 'We must take account of the tendencies of our present repetitive industries to eliminate the creative instinct in their workers, to narrow their fields of craftsmanship, to discard entirely the contributions that could be had from their minds as well as from their hands. Indeed, if we are to secure the development of our people, we cannot permit the dulling of these sensibilities.'

So far as the great majority of the workers are concerned, modern industry presents this phenomenon — the dulling of the mind — on a scale unequaled in extent, and to a degree unequaled in intensity, by anything on record in history. Slavery of the galley was not more uninspiring, *per se*. Military orders may be more imperious than those of industry; but at least the military life provides change of scene and problem from time to time, some release from routine on pay, much companionship, and occasional thrills — all appealing to the common man because they fit in so neatly with the inherited memories lying at the back of his mind. Industrial efficiency calls for

the elimination of many of these boons — for close concentration upon the unvarying task, for suppression of variations in toil, for rigid control of the work-environment, for elimination of distracting excitements, for subordination of personalities, for the reduction of the common man to the status of automaton.

III

Who is this common man? He is the fellow who made up the ranks of the army as examined for the draft — an adult male, with an intelligence by test of from fourteen to sixteen years. He is a dependable being on the average, capable of taking care of himself and his family in ordinary times and not too complicated situations; fairly adaptable; amenable to law and social usages; requiring and accepting leadership in all pursuits calling for special knowledge or quick decision; fundamentally loyal to his country and its institutions; inherently conservative and provincial; shaking down after the first flush of youth into a steady, plodding citizen, more prone to excitement over little things than to thought over fundamentals; strongly sexed, but controlling his sex-calls more or less successfully with the aid of church and state, of which institutions he is ever the pillar and support. Not a complete portrait, but 't will serve!

This is he who, in the main, mans industry; and upon whom modern industry grinds. It grinds less upon those definitely above or below this level. More effective, more adaptable persons, keen in devising, sage in planning, and strong in pushing men and materials into action — these find in industry broad and lucrative outlets for their relatively stronger instincts toward dominance. Men of this sort find capital, invent machines, improve processes, route materials, organize shops,

produce goods in quantity, and sell them to the ends of the earth. No danger of repetitive processes and automatic machinery dulling these high-powered minds; on the contrary, these are as manna to their hungry souls. By reducing room for error in operations, by contracting the play of human fallibility in toil, by increasing man-power, the Iron Man has freed business of important limitations, relieving enterprises of what were once serious difficulties.

But the slack so gained is more apparent than real. Competition, never resting, drives them on ever and ever to more refined machines, better coöordination of effort; and presently they find in social unrest, plant obsolescence, high labor-turnover, and lowered morale, that they have merely substituted one sort of executive vexation for another. In the old days of more skill and less machines, the executive problem was to master materials; now the executive problem is to a much greater degree the handling of men.

Neither does the Iron Man get on the nerves of those below the average mentality. He is a consistent friend of the defective. Just as deafness is an advantage in certain industrial occupations, — our shops employ many mutes with satisfaction both ways, — so mental lacks may become assets for certain industrial purposes. Given enough sense to master simple routine occupations, and enough appreciation of duty or fear of relatives to come to the shop regularly, the below-average person can soon be adjusted industrially. And, when adjusted, the moron will be found immune to many of the pricks which irritate the normal man into seeing red, less fretted by monotony, less worn by rhythmic clatter. The less mind one has, the less it resents that invasion of personality which is inseparable from large-scale and mechanized enterprises.

I have heard industrial engineers and welfare-workers say that industrial efficiency, as it is working out in our day, puts a premium on mental deficiency.

Men who take more to the machines than do the morons are subjected to a rigid selective process by the Iron Man. The law of 'use or lose' begins its inexorable operation upon their minds as well as upon their muscles and nerves. Just as muscle or nerve, unused, refuses to yield its utility without a struggle, causing its possessor pain and inconvenience, so those mental qualities unused in toil continue to struggle for existence to the limit of their strength. It is easy to find in any industrial town the shop-sick man — upset, out of sorts, doubtful if he can stick it out. The man is out of harmony with himself; his mind is divided against itself. The weaker the Ego at the start, the shorter the struggle, and the more quickly does the individual become 'shop-broke.' Some refuse to wait so long, and get out, either fired for insubordination, which is more often an attack of 'nerves' than meanness, or going out voluntarily to search for jobs more to their liking. Sometimes they merely shift from one shop to another; every factory town has its disappointed rainbow-chasers, who never stay put, and who never learn that the Iron Man is about the same everywhere. Many, however, drift back to the farm and other less mechanized occupations.

Labor-turnover is heavy; that is where this labor-strain shows in the shop records. The workman and his boss may adjust, in one way or another, disputes on wages and shop-conditions; but of necessity they have difficulty in treating this intangible, indefinite, not always recognized or recognizable, work-neurosis arising from the cleavage between old and new, between the innovation — the Iron Man — and that ancient inheritance of the human —

the mind. So one man goes, and another, and another; their several departures, listed together, become evidence of so many loss-items to the shop. The expense of breaking in a single novice may be small; but multiplied many times, it becomes something to reckon with in quantity, and a definite economic back-lash. Let a key machine be idle even a few hours, and bang goes far more than sixpence!

So the leaders of industry are forced, from strictly economic motives, to consider the psychological aspects of toil. The remedies they apply are of infinite variety — shifting men from one job to another as an antidote for monotony and a cure for maladjustments; more rigid selection in employment, with growing emphasis on the mental as well as physical fitness of the novices for the jobs open; welfare-work in all its phases: housing-developments, grievance committees, shop-councils, employee representation, bonus and profit-sharing plans — all aimed at relieving in one way or another, either directly or by distraction of interest, the nerve-tension under which the average man suffers when he is brought into double harness with the Iron Man.

However, the best friend of both man and master, in this connection, is habit — simple, old-fashioned habit. If one does the same thing over and over, action tends to become automatic. Attention may be trained through use even to the point where the tender of the machine may do his work accurately without undue strain, while his mind busies itself elsewhere. The strain increases, of course, as the work is prolonged; but given reasonable time-limits, there is ground to believe that a man thoroughly shop-broken and well adjusted to his job may get a good deal of pleasure from this autistic thinking while at work. But autistic thinking may be painful as well as pleasurable.

The day-dreaming of a well-balanced, not too highly organized mind, at peace with itself and with the world, is one thing; the fretting of a mind under worry or injustice is quite another. If we conceive habit to be a barrier behind which the mind may shelter itself against fatigue, then we may say that the assaulting force must succeed if the work-period be stretched unduly; and, moreover, that it will carry the habit-barrier much sooner than that, if the mental forces behind the barrier are discordant and undisciplined. Consequently, the constructive effort to harmonize automatic machinery and mental health must take a threefold path: first, to select individuals carefully for given jobs; second, to adjust both pace and hours to the individual's powers of resisting fatigue; and, third, to hasten such changes in the shop, home, and community as will tend to content the common man with his lot, reduce his worry and envy, and increase his delight in life.

At the automatic machine a man must stew, mentally, in his own juice; in so far as he thinks at all, his thought must range away from his task. If he fears dismissal, if he thinks of himself as bested by unknown forces or cheated by individuals, if he finds himself and his home the playthings of tragedy or the butts of injustice, then his autistic thought is bound to be subversive. One sort of man becomes melancholy; another rages against things as they are. On the other hand, he whose life is even and sustained by faith, he whose memories and prospects are alike pleasurable, has time inside the task to plan his holiday, turn over again the delights of last week, and settle the small but inspiring problems of his home and garden.

To put the machine operative into this frame of mind, where he is insulated more or less against the early com-

ing and more devastating inroads of pathological fatigue, must ever be a first concern of industrial society, as well as of the shop which profits by his content. The state must do its bit by seeing that he gets full measure of justice; the community by providing facilities for mental and physical recreation; and the shop by internal adjustments calculated to increase the worker's confidence in the security of his job and his sense of coöperation in the enterprise.

All-important, also, is the cultivation of self-discipline in the individual. Much restlessness arises from envy, lack of disposition to make the best of things until better appears, and failure to train the emotions toward cheerfulness. Mental hygiene in home and school is a positive need for a rising generation destined so largely to associate with machines and coöperate in large-scale enterprises. How the emotions may be schooled is set forth briefly in Dr. C. B. Burr's trenchant book, *Practical Psychology and Psychiatry*, now in its fifth edition — and a mine of wisdom. 'The relation of emotion in the abstract to muscular expression is profitable for study,' says Dr. Burr, 'not only because of its psychological interest, but because of its practical bearing upon human conduct. Clench the fist and shut the teeth firmly, and there immediately arises in consciousness a sense of resentment, of pugnacity. Draw down the corners of the mouth, and the emotional tone takes on a shade of depression. This has an important relation to mental development. To cultivate the muscular play that accompanies pleasurable states [of feeling] must inevitably affect the disposition of the individual in a favorable manner.' Thus he who does the necessary with a show of willingness finds, before the task is done, that he is truly willing its accomplishment.

'Be good and you'll be happy' is a precept of practical religion. 'Make good or you'll be miserable,' is a precept of business which seems to have crowded the older ideal out of public education, and to have jostled it sadly even in the home. An educational system over-emphasizing efficiency must needs wreck itself in time, because there can never be quite enough of the good things of life at hand to satisfy all. A homely philosophy of give-and-take, a gospel of endurance as contrasted with acquisition, the truth that life's best values are spiritual rather than economic — these the school should teach, no less than the home, to young folk who presently shall take their places beside the machines in industrial routine.

Yet such preparation will not be sufficient of itself. As those once more potent ideals of contentment in toil have been pushed aside so strenuously by industrialism, so also they cannot be rehabilitated in any compelling measure until the industrial *status quo* is modified by state, community, and shop in such wise that training for contentment may withstand the attrition of work-relations in adult years. As long as life renegs on promises made to youth that joy, honor, and abundance shall reward toil, sobriety, and loyalty, it is idle to expect any generation of American factory-hands to bear stoically their participation in industry.

However successful these efforts may be, there is likely to remain an unavoidable residuum of labor-strain. This, spread as it is over the mass, filters down upon home and state, generating social problems which, in a democracy, shortly become political. In our average man, the will to survive is more potent than the will to power; security means more to him than opportunity; he is static rather than dynamic; and the state is the highest expression of

his dominant ideal — to live comfortably under conditions in which he can be true to his not-too-demanding nature. To the state, therefore, the man of the masses gives, as clearly as he can, his mandate. First, labor-strain rouses thought, then speech, then writings in the press, then debates in parliament, then — if checkmated all along the line — in mobs and armies. The politician with his ear to the ground serves this function, at least — he gets the case of the plebs before the state. Ensues then a new phase of the old, old duel between the state and the captains, going forward in our day as the State *versus* its legal children, the Corporations, in which the captains, for greater power and profit, group themselves.

One finds in the current phase of this contest small promise that the state, by legal processes, can relieve the common man from the labor-strains incident to automatic production. It may relieve his feelings temporarily, with restrictions that are more noise than substance; he may draw some comfort from seeing the state crack its long whip over the boss; but political coercion has its limits, both economic and constitutional. Regulation toward fair

play in industry is right and proper, but may so easily be overdone that the state's most telling contribution to the mental hygiene of industry may be considered that of education — the marshaling of the public schools for the teaching of contentment in toil and culture in leisure.

Because mind must be cured by mind, or stay sick; because human maladjustments yield only to the human touch, the mental phase of the problem of automatization in industry challenges particularly the community and the shop; to them we must look for the chief ameliorating influences which shall permit the common man to withstand, without deterioration of mind, association with the Iron Man. And because the man at the desk moves more swiftly than the folk in the town meeting, the shop may well become the more effective of the two. Once management grasps clearly the situation created by the grinding of the automatic machine upon the mind of the worker, the challenge to proximate service and ultimate interest cannot but inspire the directing intelligences of American industry. Their hegemony, indeed, depends upon their leaping into this breach without delay.

TIME

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THEY see amiss who picture Time as old,
A stooping baldpate with his wrinkled hand
Clutched on a scythe. Not so I understand
My comrade of a lifetime, who has told
This listening heart from childhood manifold
Strange stories of the past as through the land
We ran together, while the glad winds fanned
Back from his forehead locks of youthful gold.

But these my mortal limbs may not much longer
Maintain the ardor of his quickening pace;
I find him ever younger, swifter, stronger,
Singing no more of strifes and splendors gone,
But panting for the goal of his great race,
As the importunate vision sweeps him on.

THE PASSING OF NEW ENGLAND

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

I

THE individuality which has always characterized New England is passing. From the days when our forefathers guarded their steps with the flintlock and the prayer-book, to the present generation, there has always been that

about New England, vivid and compelling, which has set it apart from every other place. But the day is at hand when this is becoming a thing of the past. It is being fused psychologically with the common stock.

Anyone who has known its rural regions for thirty or forty years, where ways and manners alter slowly, knows how great the change even in that short space of time. Local color has faded. Community customs have vanished. Household methods and arts have disappeared. The strict piety of the elders has relaxed to an easy tolerance. Sunday is a day of pleasure and recreation, rather than of rest or religion; and the social side of life, even in its simplest forms, is far different from that of other days.

These might seem, at first, things of minor importance; but changes which begin at the hearthstones of a people are fundamental. City life is bound to absorb individuality; but when the change reaches beyond, the general and essential difference is complete. That all the world changes, we know; but the significance here is in that which made New England its distinctive self — the ways of life, the type of people, which grew out of its elementalness. But who deals with the elemental now?

Any exception to the rule is of rare occurrence; but once in a while it is to be found — a lone individual, always a woman, left by some untoward fate to live out her life alone, and in whose house and personality are still preserved old customs and aspects. She still clings to old ways of doing things, to something of the old manner of viewing life. When such as these are gone, the last example of earlier New Englandism will have vanished in their going.

Within the year it has been my privilege to spend a little time with one of these uncommon persons, to revive a long-past acquaintance, and get a glimpse of old days and ways in much of their old setting. This is the more unusual for the reason that her house sets on the high road which leads to a populous summer region, little more than five miles away, where the bright

and modern life of summer people is in full swing four months of the year. Yet she is as far removed, in spirit and in truth, as if she lived in another world. And indeed she does, in a way; for it takes little stretch of the imagination to feel that one who still makes practical and personal use of a garment sixty-three years old does dwell in a world of her own — lives by the light of a vanished order, a solitary keeper of its creeds and secrets.

It is thirty years since she was first left alone on her farm. A few years later she married, but was soon left a widow. Her only child died at birth. These things make the only touch of romance, however plain, which has ever entered her life, and she is now past sixty years old. During all these years her steps have followed in what she calls the old paths — paths of the field, the pasture, and the wood-lot, through all seasons and all weathers.

She is a farmer, practical and efficient, earning her living and laying by something always for taxes, insurance, sickness, and emergency. Being strong and well and nearly six feet tall, there is little about her farm which she does not lay her own hand to. Her firewood, cut from her own land, she hires someone to saw and split and put under cover each year — an enormous shedful, two or three years' supply ahead; and her ploughing, though done with her own horse and plough, she turns over to another. But planting and harvesting and haying are her own work, and to my questions about it all, her quaint answer was that there were but two or three things about the place which she ever had to have 'a man-person for.'

II

I had come late in the day, and we had had 'tea' — that meal which, in rural New England forty years ago, was

always called 'tea' when there was company, and supper at all other times. I had caught the old word in her speech, when she had pressed upon me a hospitality so real and undeclinable that I could not escape it. When her night chores were done, — her three cows milked, the two calves she was raising fed, pigs and chickens tended, and many doors shut and buttoned, — we sat down in her pleasant kitchen for our first talk in twenty years.

This kitchen was the one touch of the modern in her house — a shining place of varnished floors and woodwork, and a big range in full panoply of wonderful polish and much nickel. It seemed absurd that anyone should presume to think of cooking upon it. There was a veritable tallow candle, in an ancient pewter candlestick on the mantel, beside the ancient little clock; and the chair I sat in was a fine old comb-back Windsor. Against the wall was a one-armed Adam chair, the exclusive property of the cat, and an adorable little ladder-back colonial which still haunts my dreams. My hostess sat in one of those old Boston rockers with the beautifully curved arms. It was plain, however, that the old chairs had been relegated to the kitchen, as the less important part of the house.

But it was the woman herself, revealed in her work, her words, and her ideas, who revisioned a vanished time; though there was also the originality of one who is left much to her own observation and reflection. There was a homely directness, a way of seeing things as they were, which gave soundness to her judgments of the times about her, and convincingness to her simple philosophy.

'You know,' she said, 'country life in these parts used to mean small farms, — with now and then a larger one, — neighbors and children. That is all past. There is nothing of the kind now. There are no farms, because nobody

farms. The places are there, but they are mostly turned into summer homes. There are more than twenty houses in this district alone, a distance of two miles and a half, that are closed the year round except for the summer months. It is the same everywhere hereabouts. If there are any remnants of the old families still remaining, they do not get their living on the farm, except in one or two instances. They work, instead, for the summer folks down bay, or run a garage, or paint or carpenter away from home — anything but work the old place.

'But there are n't any remnants to speak of. Four sons grew up on the Cap'n Ezra place below here. Not one of the four left a boy of his own. Deacon Hill had five sons. Among them all they managed to leave five boys, but only three of those have any family at all, and only two or three children at that. It is so right through — the old names are dying out — the old stock disappears.

'Only forty years ago the schoolhouses of every district were always full. There were never less than forty or fifty scholars. I went winter terms till I was past nineteen. Now a town conveyance gathers up all the children in the three districts in this end of the town, and carries them to the Cove schoolhouse; and I am told they have twenty-six this year.

'As for neighbors, I have two, both over seventy. But that is all. Younger people have n't time, and they don't know how. People have changed in their minds just as much as in anything else. Getting around, entertainment, change, seems to be the rule of life. There is not much time to waste just sitting and talking, these days. There is too much going on outside — and outside means anything from ten to twenty-five miles away. It is better, no doubt, but — it is different.

'In my younger days, when the evenings began to lengthen, in the fall of the year, Uncle Silas and Uncle James, with their wives, not to mention a good many other people, always spent two or three evenings a week here. The women knit and visited, and the men discussed vessels and ship timbers; for you know our folks were in that business. They built a good many schooners, first and last, from tight little coasters to good-sized bankers. It was a great day when one of them passed down river and headed out to sea on her maiden trip to the Banks. There were not less than six or eight sailed out of here. But it was always a greater day along in September and October, when news came up the Point that a banker was sighted down bay. Our folks always hitched up and drove down, to make out which one it was. And they knew the minute they got a look. They made a grand picture as they forged along, winged-out, and decks to the water with a big fare.

'Brother John was fourteen the first trip he ever made on one of them. A few years before he died, — he was past seventy then, — we were talking one day of old times, and he told me he had fifty dollars for that run. I asked him what he did with the money. He told me he put it in the bank. "And," he said, "it is there now."

This brought to mind a forgotten memory, that this old family for generations had been known for two chief characteristics — its dry common sense and its thrift. And I surmised that in this, almost its last representative, the same qualities might still exist.

But thrift, in the days of which she spoke, seemed a much more universal rule. Economic and domestic conditions were conducive to it. There was not only less money, but there was not the merchandise, and not the easy means of reaching it if there had been more.

For instance, the evening knitting of

which she had spoken was a necessary feature of every household. All the hose of the family — men, women, and children — were produced at home; and our recent war-time knitting makes it better understood, perhaps, that such production was a business of a good deal of importance. Because, not only were they knitted at home, but the yarn also was produced there. Every farm, little or big, had its flock of sheep. Usually there was a woolen mill within reachable distance, — fifteen or twenty miles away, — and after the fleeces had been washed and dried, and carefully picked to pieces to remove all foreign substances, a familiar sight, any time during the summer, was the great balloon-like bundle of wool, tied in a clean old quilt or sheet, bulging far out of the back of the farm-wagon as it was carried to mill to be carded into rolls. These were spun into yarn at home, and mother's or grandmother's even, monotonous tread in the ell-chamber, and the subdued mournful sound of the spinning wheel, in the early fall days, were characteristic of every New England farmhouse, forty or fifty years ago.

Apropos of the hose, still more foreign to the things of to-day were the shoes very generally worn. To the day of her death, my hostess's mother wore shoes made by the town shoemaker. For church and funerals, she wore them with her best alpaca; with her poplins and calicoes for all other occasions. Of wonderfully good shape, toe and heel, though lacking in finished appearance, there was no convention of country life which precluded their habitual use. Working or dancing, common approval had made them fit.

These shoes were less than two dollars a pair; but there was the surprising difference from these days, that people generally furnished their own material. A tannery, some twenty-five miles away, enabled farmers to send their

calfskins to be tanned for their own private and particular use. 'Dull calf,' fashion elects to call exactly the same material to-day; and we deem ourselves well shod and in irreproachable good taste when we select it. This is not to say that the shoes described were the only ones. Cloth boots were in vogue; and, in sea-going families especially, there was brought home, with their delaines and their cases of wine, a finer footwear.

The difference between the footgear of those days, and that of the expensively shod, silken-hosed people of the present stands, we know, for the improvement and progress of the times, as well as for the decrees of fashion. And we are not disposed to question it. But one ventures to wonder a little, sometimes, albeit secretly and uneasily, — for it takes courage to admit it, — if there is not anywhere a halting-place, a climax, where improvement might tend to soften a little, once more, into the simpler and the plainer — a sort of golden medium of progress. For utility and durability and neatness, in a high degree, if not so much of beauty, obtained in the earlier instance, and these must always be the basis of a best order of things. Such are not always the qualities most in evidence to-day.

There are lessons which have often to be unlearned. The eagerness to discard the old for the new, to accept whatever progress and invention bring forth, has resulted only in making the belated discovery, sometimes, of the real value and merit of the older and the simpler. As, for instance, milady is doing just now, when she seeks hither and yon for the domestic-made rug, and the home-loom blanket, — which she calls 'flannel sheets,' — to enhance the attractiveness and, incidentally, the comfort of her often elaborate and beautiful home. These two things were devised and made for exactly these two purposes

in the beginning, but were overlooked by the rising generations, for no better reason perhaps, than because they *were* rising.

Of course, touching upon this division of the subject of rugs does not remotely relate them to the valuable rugs, the semi-precious, to borrow the jeweler's phrase — our orientals, for instance. They are apart — things of high art, with their mystery and charm and imperishable texture which seems to gather into itself all the beauty and all the civilization of the people that produced it. The subject of our attention is only the plain art of a plain people. Nevertheless, there is something about them that attracts and endures, that holds its own, in fitness and desirability, even after the lapse of forty or fifty years of change and competition. Already there is a certain famous little town in New England where the industry of the old-time rug has been revived by far-seeing enthusiasts, and is flourishing apace. Is it a degree of reaction against extravagance, or is it a coming back to a better appreciation of that basis before cited, — simplicity, serviceableness, moderation, — and that peculiar interest which attaches to wayside records of human steps in art or beauty?

III

As we came in through the long shed on our way from the barns, three big brass kettles, of different sizes, upturned on a bench, held my eye. They had been, as I rightly guessed, the dye-kettles of the family for a hundred years. And I found they were still in use.

Now, dyeing has been among the finer arts of the world ever since before the days, when Tyre, sitting 'in the midst of the seas,' fished for the molluscs with which she dyed the crimson and purple robes of all the kings and queens of her known world.

Dyeing in New England used to be the necessary and familiar habit of every thrifty household. All the useful, and many of the handsome, colors were in the list, and among them a blue, so royally and richly beautiful, that it would have impressed Ezekiel himself, who wrote in exile of his memories of Tyre, 'blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee,' and of her 'blue clothes . . . and chests of rich apparel.'

New England's blue has been authoritatively declared one of the most indestructible and beautiful blues in the world. This, and all the soft browns and modes, dull greens, and rusty yellows and rose — my hostess knew the secret of them all. She had never descended to the quick and easy method of the cheap commercial dyes, whose possibilities of glaring crudeness and lack of fastness have wrought such havoc in the realm of color for the last several decades, both at home and in foreign lands.

Also, and equally to the point, she had never given up her little flock of sheep. 'Only six, to be sure,' she said, 'but six more than there are in this half of the town, where there used to be hundreds. I cannot keep house without my own hanks of yarn. They keep me in sweaters and mittens, and a good many things that people need in these winters on a farm. I always feel, too, that I am spending an afternoon with mother or grandmother when I spin. It is company.'

I felt my eyes widen. Here was revelation — a heart's solace unto itself, without need of cult or creed. I was dumb in the light of it.

'Besides, I always enjoy my coloring days as much as anything I ever do. They are nice days. There is nothing that gives a fresh look to a room like a fine new piece of color. The old way takes time and a good deal of work, but

it is the only way worth while. Once set, sun or rain, wind or weather cannot change them.' And the big soft skeins of yarn she showed me were entirely comparable with that of the best of our fashionable winter 'heatherblooms.' Thus, I perceived, I had the explanation of the still bright brass kettles.

She rose and, opening a door, took from the inner side a garment. She spread it across our knees and related its history. It was a skirt, long of length, and voluminous, three yards wide at the hem, and still firm and of good substance. It was in a design of stripes running around instead of up and down.

'This,' she explained, 'was made in the fall of '58, woven in the home-loom from wool which had been carded, spun, and dyed here in the house. They seem to have come into fashion from somewhere, for they were called balmorals, which certainly is not a home name.'

The stripes, varying from half an inch to an inch in width, were all separated from each other by a fine white line, which gave brilliancy to each color. There were seven colors in all, many times repeated: a velvety black, rich brown, the gray-blue we now call cadet, dull green, a beautiful tawny yellow, soft wood-drab, and the royal blue. Most of these dyes were made from materials gathered in the woods and fields, — the bark of certain trees, hay-scented fern, herbs and blossoms, — and all of them, including the few necessarily bought at the city drug-store, were of animal or vegetable origin. Skill and knowledge in their use was still a prized and valuable household lore to this woman. She considered it an art well worth knowing.

The garment was, of course, exclusively a winter one, but it has been worn by different members of two generations for many consecutive years. It was

used by its present owner only for special occasions, as she explained. 'Always when I have a long drive in cold weather, I wear it; and when John's boy comes down from New York late in the season, and we go on some long automobile ride.'

It was a thing which a modern girl would have fallen upon with open arms. With quick intuition of its apparent stamp of the foreign and imported, a Russian blouse would have come out of it, bearing every earmark of the exclusive and unattainable, and especially of something Russian. It possessed a peculiarly Eastern look, though its name, balmoral, made it purely Scotch.

We talked far into the twilight of the evening. Her autumn work lay before her — the banking of her house, which meant the cutting and hauling from her wood-lots of numerous loads of thick boughs and small evergreen trees; smoking the hams; the sale of much poultry; gathering the apples, and general harvesting, all of which, with her stout horse, she did herself. There was, besides, all the indoor business which every season entails on a farm, and especially in late summer and autumn. Her well-stored shelves and pantries revealed the old-time excellence of her housekeeping. The hams she smoked under a barrel — a painstaking piece of work which she would have allowed no one to manage but herself.

Beyond all this lay the long winter, with its deep snow, its great storms, and often its bitter cold. Her buildings were not connected, the barns being several rods distant, which meant the shoveling of many paths and facing all weathers in the open; for her stock must be fed and watered and faithfully cared for at all times.

Now all of these activities were work — what seems, to most people, the ceaseless routine of a dull and monoto-

nous life. What was the *motif*, the inner color, the mental outlook, which maintained the unchanging morale — the contentment and courage and peace of mind of all the years? What were her diversions, her relaxations, which, by every law of human experience, must exist?

From my very cautious feeling toward a solution of these things, I perceived the true secret of them all. Pure strength of character, the old traditional New England type, was the key-note of the woman's personality. Force of conditions, the quality of life itself, in the present age, develop most of us with the procession of the times. We are products of modernity. But with this woman, who had escaped the stress and pressure of her day, there had unfolded with the years what was in her ancestrally. The proverbial firmness and repression of her New England forebears were reshadowed in the plainness of her life and the simplicity of herself. Much of her pleasure of life lay in her very work, its daily success and thoroughness.

Her satisfactions were, taking care of herself, earning her money at strictly reasonable gain from a ready patronage, living helpfully and honestly and independently, in her own way. She was never lonely — she was too busy; and a long day of work brought her at its close to her welcome hours of reading and rest. Her diversions and social contacts were of the simplest sort — the Grange meetings, an occasional outing to a fall fair, the commonest of small neighborhood events: birth and death and burial.

And back of it all was that secret of the different life — free, original, elemental; that mystery, that sixth sense of life in the open, which none not having it can possess or understand. For they are born dumb and blind to its lure and its power.

The tall spire of the old church, rising above the splendid elms surrounding it, was in full view of her window, and it came, in its turn, into our conversation. Her comments were illuminating and comprehensive.

'In years past, we always went to church and Sabbath School every Sunday, and to prayer-meeting Friday nights. It is very rarely that a church service is held there now, and it is many years since there were prayer-meetings. They seem to have gone out of style; at least they are not counted as they used to be. But then a good many things have gone by. If there is n't as much religion as there used to be, what there is is more reasonable sometimes. I remember Deacon Hill would never allow his wife to commune with them. From her girlhood, she had belonged to another church, where they were only sprinkled instead of being baptized. She always had to get up after the sermon on Communion Sunday, and take a seat far back in the church. People who were not regular members never could get over it, for she was one of the best Christian women in the world. But the deacon was a stern man. Now-a-days, we don't hear much about such things. People don't do things in the *fear* of the Lord, as they did once.'

'I do not know but there is one thing

I would have a little different, perhaps. That is our funerals. Now Captain Haskell passed away this summer. They had a quartette come over with the minister from the city. The music was beautiful. The minister read a good deal of Scripture and that poem about the islands. That seemed very suitable to me, for Captain Haskell had sailed the world over, and that made us think of his life. But that was about all. He was a man of importance to us. He was an educated man and he knew the world, but there was no sermon about *him*. I should never have known it was Captain Amos Haskell that was being laid away. It may be better, but it seems to me that, when it is *their* last occasion, it ought to be taken that way.'

The hour of my departure had come. I left her with no least feeling of any smallness of her life, or of old-fashionedness or narrowness, but exactly the reverse — a sense of its largeness. And not only this, but a sense of its beauty and peace. For, as I came out, the beauty of the September night lay before me. Faint sounds came from far away. The mauve dimness of a dry autumn was like a veil on the land; and when the moon came up, it hung like a great pale rose above her gray fields, where crickets sang all the night long.

THE BUYING OF BOOKS

BY CARL S. PATTON

I

I HAVE always felt that it was commendable to buy books. I grew up with a liking for reading my own books, instead of someone else's. This preference I still have. I have my books strictly for use. I turn down the pages. I even tear out a few, if I need them. Books that I really use are much the worse for wear when I get through with them. I always mark them. When I read one of them a second time, which I seldom do, I generally can't remember what I meant by the marks I put in it the first time. But it gives you a feeling of having dug deep into the book, and it intensifies your sense of the ownership of it, to make big black marks down the side of it as you read. So I have always felt that one should buy as many books as possible. They are not like food, of which one should buy only as much as one can consume at the moment. Nor like clothes, of which a wise man will buy as few and as cheap as he can get by with. But of books he should buy all he can.

I am not defending this attitude toward the buying of books. I am merely saying that I have it. This attitude has met at home a larger indulgence than it has been entitled to. But I have grown a little ashamed of it myself, now and then. And in this mood, hesitating to bring home some literary purchase, I have hit upon several devices which I do not mind sharing with any of my readers who may profit thereby.

Sometimes, when I have bought a book

that I did not seriously need, and could not afford, and am a little ashamed to go home, I make an inscription in it: 'To my dear wife, upon her birthday; many happy returns.' This works, up to a point, the chief drawback being that it is applicable to only one brief period of the year. So I substitute for it sometimes a formula that can be used in the spring instead of in the fall: 'To my dear husband, from his loving Harriet'; or, 'From Harriet to Carl. Many happy returns.' I recommend these methods, merely suggesting that their success will necessarily depend somewhat upon the tact and skill of the performer — as also upon the temper of the party of the second part.

Sometimes I employ a method with still more indirection in it. I go into Holmes's Second-Hand Bookstore, — and, truly, as his advertisement has it, 'There is no place like Holmes,' — and there I find a half-dozen novels. They are finely bound, and printed in good large type, and constitute a series. The name of the original owner has been scrupulously removed, and they are in fine condition. One of them is Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, another is Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, a third is Charles Reade's *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*. There are six of them, and they can be had for the ridiculous price of \$3.35. No man in his right mind would pass up such a bargain. So I buy them. I take them to my study at the church. I carefully distribute them around

among the stock already on hand, so that none but an extremely discerning person would observe that anything had been added. After a few weeks, I take one of them home, and carelessly leave it on the sitting-room table.

'What is this?' says the head-of-the-family, as we sit down before the fire in the evening.

'What is what?' I ask, as if unaware that there is anything.

'This book?' she says.

'Which one?' I ask. 'Oh, that,' I say, looking hard at it as if to recall some old, forgotten circumstance; 'that's something that has been kicking around down at the study for quite a while.'

The six books, being all alike on the outside, can thus be introduced, one after another, into the house, in a period of a few weeks, without commotion of any sort.

Some few books I have, of course, that I have not bought. It pleases me to remember that, when my father died, thirty years ago, he had on his study table John Fiske's *Idea of God* and *Destiny of Man*, and Robertson Smith's *Old Testament in the Jewish Church*; they were new at the time, and they were indicative of the position to which a man who got his theological training before the Civil War had worked himself out. I prize also a book of Scotch poems, called *Scotia's Bards*, not merely because my father used to read aloud out of it, but because I remember when my mother planned to buy it as a birthday present for him, and the local dealer had to send to Chicago for it, and all of us who were in the secret feared it would not arrive in time; but it did. Some such books carry a lot of personal immortality with them.

But I have others that I have not come by so honorably. I have in particular one set of gorgeous books on Norse literature. Now if there is anything I don't know or care anything

about it is Norse literature. But these books are all in leather, some red, some blue; they are lettered in gold, and there is glorious gold chasing on the backs and sides.

I was once making a pastoral call on a lady in Columbus, who said, 'What shall I ever do with this set of books? I bought them for my husband and he won't read them. Do you suppose the University Library would like them?' 'Certainly,' I replied; 'a university library can use any book ever written.'

'Well, I wish they had them; and I wish they had them right off, for I want the space in that bookcase for some other books.'

I took advantage of this opening, and said, 'I will take them home, if you want them out of the way; and I'll call up Professor Taylor and ask him to come over and look at them and see if the Library can use them.'

Now, I knew Joey Taylor well. And I knew that when I called him up he would say, 'Sure; probably very valuable; be over in a day or two and look at them'; and that he would never think of them again. There are no books in my establishment that lend quite such an air of prosperity to it as these dozen or fifteen on Norse literature. But this method of obtaining books cannot be pushed beyond a certain natural limit. And most of my books I have bought.

One book I should like to buy if I could get my hands on it; only in this case I should want the identical, individual book; it is a particular copy of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Somebody must still have that particular book — or has it been ingloriously fed to the flames long ago? How or why I should ever have hit upon Pope's *Essay on Man* is a mystery; but it was the first serious book I read, as a boy. Up to that time I had read chiefly Beadle's 'Dime Novels'; but these I had just abandoned,

because I had grown so familiar with Dick Dead-Eye that I knew what he was going to do before he did it, and so I could not see the use of reading anything more about him. But Pope was different. For some time after I read the *Essay on Man*, I regarded the acquaintance with it as the one infallible sign of an awakened mind. What led me, later, to discard this criterion was the fact that, so far as I could learn, no person among my acquaintances had read it; and I got tired of being the only awakened mind in a town of four thousand people. Some I found, who had heard of it; my father and mother knew it at least by reputation, had perhaps read portions of it, or extracts from it; but in my own generation, even my older brother, who was in college at the time, had not actually read it. I have never read it since those days.

II

But I do not mean to speak at length of particular books. Apropos of nothing in particular, this reminds me of the haphazard way in which I began to buy books when I got out of the Seminary. I had never heard of philosophy, practically, till I went to Andover. In the good old days when I went to college, they did not cast such pearls before swine. But I must know something about philosophy. So I go in for it. No use to start at all unless you do it thoroughly. So I buy a whole set of Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy*. All the first winter of my first pastorate I read him, understanding generally some small portion of what he is getting at. I shudder now when I think what sort of fodder I must have given my people on Sundays while I was reading this stuff between times. I have carefully destroyed all the sermons I wrote during that period, lest, coming upon them unexpectedly in my barrel, I should be

tempted to do myself bodily harm. But, at any rate, I did read these books. And in the footnotes I observed that Spencer referred to the books of various other writers of philosophy. Those that he mentioned with evident disapproval I eschewed. But those that he mentioned with approval I bought. Then I bought those that these gentlemen mentioned in their footnotes.

There are two difficulties in this method. First, it leads to an ever-widening circle, just as each man has two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, sixteen great-great grandfathers, and so on. Second, it keeps you going backward, since every new book you buy was written before the one in which you saw it mentioned. It gives you a feeling like riding backward in the train. It took me some time to discover that this was what I was doing; and, indeed, I was so ignorant about this particular topic, that it made no difference whether I went forward or backward.

But I finally abandoned the practice, and wrote to Professor Royce, asking him to tell me what to read. The only difference in the result was that he advised me to begin with Plato and work down, instead of with himself and work back to Plato, as I was doing. Through this period I usually bought so-called 'Introductions' to things — Introductions to Philosophy, Introductions to Sociology, and so on. I did this on the principle that, knowing absolutely nothing about these various subjects, not knowing them even by sight, what I needed was to be introduced to them. I needed, first of all, a mere speaking acquaintance with them. But titles are misleading, and some introductions are unnecessarily formal.

But this is a digression. I go back to the reason why I have bought some of my books. Most of them I have bought because I wanted to read them. Twenty years ago I never bought a new book

until I had read the old one. And in those days I used to feel that I had to read every book clear through. How else could you be sure you got your money out of it? Besides, I never could quite rid myself of the feeling that I had carried over from boyhood, that somewhere, on some particular page, probably 321, — or 463, if it were a larger book, — I should come to what the author really had to say — to his one great secret, which he was to impart to me and which I could find nowhere except in him. I was always more or less conscious that I had not learned anything in particular from him yet; but sometime I should turn the right page, and there it would be! But how could I tell what page it would be? And what was left, under those circumstances, but to read all the pages?

This habit of reading every word, and not buying new books until I had read the old ones clear through, was to be recommended from motives of economy, as it was such a long time before I could justify myself in buying a new batch of books. At last, however, I perceived that I should never become a cultured man in this manner, or acquire a houseful of books, at least not in a lifetime of ordinary length. So I lapsed from this primitive and economical level, and permitted myself to buy a new batch when I could see that sometime I was going to get the old one read clear through.

This change of method has resulted in my having on my shelves an ever-increasing number of books that I have not read. But it is very hard for me to let any of them go, for I have not yet got my money out of them. Nor can I lightly bring myself to sell any books, even though I have read them, or have given up the hope of doing so. I did indeed sell four bushels to the second-hand man just before moving to California; but that was only because I was hard-up. While I lived in Maine, I

thought I would try selling some of the books I had read, or had had around a long time without reading. So I made up a box, the contents of which had originally cost me two or three hundred dollars, and sent it to Bartlett in Boston, who gave me twenty-five for it. But in that box — I remember it well — was a copy of Scrivener's *Plain Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*. I remember it, not because I had read it, but because it was a big purple book that took the eye on the shelf. And once after that I wanted it; and there was no copy of it, so far as I could find, in town. Especially as I could not see that I had any more money than before, I made up my mind never to repeat that experiment.

But some books I have bought because, while I did not need them, and did not propose to read them at once, I felt that I might need them sometime. Among these are anthologies, collections of poetry, mostly duplicating each other; especially, in recent years, the annual anthologies of magazine verse, and collections of the 'New Poetry.' I say to myself, 'What if I should be writing my sermon some Saturday afternoon, and about five o'clock I should want to quote something from Sara Teasdale? Not that I ever did want to, or that I even know what she has written. But then, I might want to; and how would I feel if I should have to stop at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon and go clear down to Parker's,¹ to buy an anthology with some of the poems of Sara Teasdale in it?' In a world of uncertainties like this, it is well to be prepared for any contingency.

Other books I have bought because I thought that sometime I should get around to read them. I once started in to read F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, better described by the nick-

¹ To live in Los Angeles, and to like a book, is to know 'Parker's.' — THE EDITOR.

name given to it — 'The Disappearance of Reality.' In the introduction, the author advises the ordinary reader to read the first three chapters and then skip to the ninth, as the intervening chapters will probably be too technical for him. I ploughed through the three chapters, getting a little more hazy all the time as to what it was about; and then, with great relief, skipped to the ninth. But something must have been contained in those intervening five chapters that was necessary for the elucidation of the subject; for, when I arrived at the ninth, I was in total darkness. This experience showed me that I probably could not read Bradley. Whereupon I went and bought his book on logic. It was as I expected. I could make neither head nor tail of it. But if a man's reach does not exceed his grasp, how will he ever spend his income? as Browning says. So I have this book of Bradley's; and I value it; it is a sign of that good time coming, when I shall be brighter than I am now and can read it. Once in a while I take it down, to see if the time has come yet. No. Not yet. But what is life without a goal?

Books of the English philosopher, Bosanquet, I buy for the same purpose. I remember having in my hand, one day on the street corner, his *Value and Destiny of the Individual*. A lawyer friend of mine came along, looked at the title, and with the despicably concrete mind that some men have, asked, 'Which individual?' 'Search me,' I replied; and the search, to this day, would reveal nothing.

III

Some books I buy, I fear, from curiosity. So I buy a copy of *Who's Who*, to see how many of my friends have got into it. No matter really, but I am curious about it.

Which leads me to say (the subtle connection will appear in a moment)

that some books I buy because they minister to my pride. I am not a scholar. But sometimes I have imagined that, if anyone had caught me young enough and encouraged me hard enough, I might have been. This pleasant illusion I keep up by buying certain books. There are the Loeb Classics, for instance — with the Greek text of Plato's dialogues and Sophocles's dramas, and other such light stuff, on one page, and the English on the other. I amuse myself sometimes by trying to make some of the Greek words fit into the English. But that is not what I have these books for. I have them so that somebody may come into my study some day, and pick one of them up, and turning the pages thoughtfully, may say, 'What a whale of a man this Patton is!' I have not realized largely yet on my investment in these books, since nobody has actually done this. But it may happen any time.

And there are some books that I buy because I have looked at them so long in the bookstore, and so many clerks have stood around watching me, and have asked me periodically whether I have been waited on, that I really could n't do anything else. And once in a while I buy a book because Mr. Parker advises me to. And what a book one will occasionally get in this disinterested way! There is the *Amenities of Book-Collecting*, by A. Edward Newton. It is the kind of book you bring home of a winter evening, when you ought to be writing your sermon, or making out a list of calls for to-morrow. But you sit down with it, before the gas-grate in your study. At ten o'clock your wife comes in and asks if you are not going to bed. You reply that you are, at once. At eleven o'clock you rise to go, but reflect that in a few minutes more your wife will be more sound asleep and will not know how you have kept your promise. Sinking back into your chair,

you read on; when you look at your watch again, you are surprised to find that it is twelve o'clock. You reach over and turn out the gas, taking off your shoes meanwhile, so that your simian tread through the hall will be the more absolutely silent, and the first thing you know the clock downstairs has struck one, and you wonder why your feet have got so cold.

And, finally, on this matter I have to confess that there are some books on my shelves which I cannot see any reason for having bought, except that I did n't have any more sense at the time.

If I may add a word or two here that do not really seem to 'belong,' I should like to say: —

'Editions' I never buy. I don't really know one from another. The only thing that interests me about a book is the inside. When I see a book that has cost a thousand dollars, as I occasionally have seen one, what I think is, how many hundred books of my kind — books that are n't really good for anything except to read — that would buy.

One day I was in the study of a ministerial friend of mine, and looked at one or two of his books, and remarked that I was acquainted with them. 'Yes,' said he, 'the average preacher's library is about the same the country over.' I was surprised to hear him say it, and did not believe that he was correct about it. I believed that each individual would develop idiosyncrasies of his own in the buying of his books. To test this out, I once made a list of twenty books in my library, and read it to twenty ministers, with the offer to buy a dinner for any man who had one of them. I lost two dinners on the proposition to one man, who confessed that both the books he owned out of this list had been given to him.

Here is the list; I might easily have made it harder. *The Migration of Fish*, by Meek; *The Prisoner at the Bar*, by

Train; *Forty Years of It*, by Brand Whitlock; *Father and Son*, by Edmund Gosse; *Value and Destiny of the Individual*, by Bosanquet; Bradley's *Principles of Logic*; *Some Aspects of the Religious Life of New England*, by George Leon Walker; *Beginnings of Animal Husbandry*, by C. S. Plumb; Dewhurst's *Dwellers in Tents*; Ward's *Principles of Psychology*; Montefiore's *Commentary on the Synoptic Gospels*; Bosanquet's *Logic*; Graves's *Peter Ramus*; Lodge's *The Ether of Space*; *The Revival of Religion in England in the 18th Century*, by Simons; Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*; Karl Pearson's *The Grammar of Science*; *A Short History of Science*, by Sidgwick and Tyler; *The Scientific Method in Philosophy*, by Bertrand Russell; *The Life of Samuel Wilberforce*. I believe that the library of any man who has had the habit of buying books will show a similar divergence from the beaten path.

I seldom get around to read a book a second time, though that is partly what I buy them for. I often think that I will, but there are still too many that I have n't read even once. Like everybody, I have read some plays of Shakespeare innumerable times. But of whole books in the ordinary sense, I can think of only three that I have read more than once: — *Vanity Fair*, *Treasure Island*, and Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. This last book I had lying around on my table, the first time I read it, for three or four years. It seemed to me like a few grains of wheat in whole measures of chaff. The second time, I read it more consecutively and more rapidly. So far as I know, my memory has been enriched by only one gem from this double reading; but that gem is a real one. It is that of the conversation in which Boswell remarked that Sheridan was naturally dull. 'Well,' said Johnson thoughtfully, 'Sherry is naturally dull. But he must have attained his

present state of dullness by persistent effort. For such dullness as he now displays is quite beyond nature.'

I had an experience with Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, much like that I had at first with Boswell, except that I never read the *Leaves* through from cover to cover a second time. But I had it lying around, and would try to read it from time to time; it seemed too much like the invoice-sheet of a crockery store; or, as the stranger said of the Episcopal service when he attended it for the first time, 'He seemed to spend too much time reading the minutes of the last meeting.' I was about to give it up, when I ran across John Burroughs's book, *Walt Whitman: a Study*. That book I read with delight. Then I went back to the *Leaves*. I was still some four or five years getting it all read; but Whitman has this advantage for that kind of reading; you can stop whenever you want to, merely turning down the page; and you can begin at the same place, no matter how many weeks afterward, without any particular feeling of having lost the connection. But I grew extremely fond of Walt Whitman.

Of the three books that I have read a second time, the second reading of at least one failed to bring back the flavor of the first reading. Twenty years ago I was tramping in the White Mountains. We had saved one day for hiking up the trail of Mount Washington. When the day came, it was raining torrents. We sat in the barroom of the little Darbyfield Inn, away around on the back side of the mountain somewhere. The hotel was full of woodsmen, drivers of coaches, lumber-jacks, drinking, smoking, talking. Under one edge of the inn ran a mountain stream that roared over the boulders, and rose constantly nearer to the floor of the room. The wind whistled, the roof leaked, the lumbermen got more and more boisterous or more and more sullen; and I sat there until

far into the night, reading *Treasure Island*, until I was afraid to go to bed. I have looked into it for a moment occasionally, since my second reading of it, but the chief result of it has been to convince me, with Wordsworth, that there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Encyclopædias, for some reason, I don't get much out of. The *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, for instance, of which I have ten volumes, and for a new volume of which I continue periodically to disgorge good money — how do the editors manage to secure articles of seventy or eighty pages on subjects nobody cares about, and nothing at all on some simple matters that might interest one? Which leads me to say that I was once introduced to a man in Detroit who was said to have read the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* through. I asked him if this report was correct. He said no, but explained the persistence of the myth by saying that, when that monumental work was published, he was out of business and, as each volume came, he did go through it and read everything that interested him.

Dr. Johnson expressed the opinion that the best sort of book was a small one that one could 'carry to the fire.' I have sometimes improved upon this sentiment of Dr. Johnson, especially in the reading of German and French books. These books are often published in paper covers and sewed together apparently with a single thread. It is a matter of a few moments to split a five-hundred-page volume into five parts of a hundred pages each, and to take each part to the printer's and have the wide margins trimmed down, until you have a pamphlet of handy size to carry in your pocket. Such pieces of books I have not merely 'carried to the fire,' but carried in every conceivable place, reading them on the street-cars and

while I was waiting my turn in the barber's or the dentist's chair. When I have thus been stealing a few minutes to read, I often envied the people who had more time to spare. But when I have observed how many people have oceans of time, but carry no books in their pockets and spend no time reading, I have wondered whether we do not value even our highest opportunities better if we do not have too many of them. Thus I say to myself when,

leaving my automobile at home because I cannot read while I drive it, I take my seat in an unobserved corner of the street-car, and pull from my pocket a copy, or even a fragment, of one of my books.

We should all be grateful for a certain perversity in human nature. In my own case, what doubles the pleasure of reading is the subconscious feeling that I ought, most of the time, to be doing something else.

HOW LINCOLN CAME TO SCHOOL NO. 300

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

It was a solemn occasion.

The benches were hard, and one should sit still and keep the eyes on the blackboard. It was that one had been bad and hence detained after hours.

The virtuous had departed noisily long since, and only the unregenerate remained by way of punishment, in order that they should experience a change of heart and sin no more the sin of violence after the manner of the Irisher and the I-talian.

Aaron was experiencing no repentance. It was wickedness, no doubt, in the eyes of 'Teacher,' to have pushed Rebecca of the ringlets off her bench on to the floor; but how could he explain that it was done in sheer admiration? He realized the futility of any such explanation and did not make it.

There was, however, one soft luminous spot in the otherwise loathly schoolroom — Rebecca had been asked to remain also, for she had rebuked Aaron with a good sound slap in his face. To

Aaron, that should have ended the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned; but Miss Clark, ruler of their universe, thought differently.

A blackboard is not in itself a thing of beauty or of interest. To keep one's eyes upon it as long leaden minutes crawl slowly into fives, tens, and fifteens, and then, repeating, drag into other fives and tens, endlessly, is beyond all discipline.

Starting at the lower right-hand corner and traveling the entire frame, noting all inequalities in the oaken border, Aaron's eyes soon finished with the blackboard and sought other torpid entertainment. At length they rested on the portrait of a man which hung over the door — the door through which Miss Clark might at any moment enter. There they met the serene eyes of the Martyred President.

Aaron gazed long and thoughtfully. At length he shifted a quick glance toward Rebecca, and noted that she also

had sought the kindly portrait as a relief from the black Sahara in front of them. The silence had become unbearable.

'He looks on me the most,' said Aaron.

'He should look on you, I don't think, when you stays on the school fer shovin',' retorted Rebecca.

'He sure does look on me the most,' repeated Aaron, in tones persistent, not belligerent — as one merely stating a self-evident fact.

'He looks on you sorrowful fer shovin'.' Rebecca exercised her right to change her mind to seize an advantage.

'He looks sorrowful, but it ain't fer shovin' or fer slappin',' continued Aaron thoughtfully.

'He should listen from you, he would laugh the whiles.' Rebecca had not forgotten the push.

'He could n't to laugh on me; he is friends.'

'He looks he has got a awful mad on,' continued Rebecca, determined to oppose.

'It ain't a mad he's got, it's a sorrowful for us we stays on the school.'

'He looks somebody should get hit off somebody a smack in the face. Ain't it fierce how black he makes. Und he was boss from America. Sooner he was my teacher, I should make myself a sickness and get excuses by my fadder.'

'I guess you dunno what it is, a president. You should better ask Teacher to learn you our history.'

'You could n't to learn me nothing from President Lincoln, what he makes the Civil War from niggers und from rebels.'

'Nobody could n't to learn you nothing. You needs you should know something. Niggers was working like my fadder tells how *he* was working by Russia — fer nothin'. Stands Lincoln und says, "You're free," und gives 'em jobs und union wages.'

'Sure, you could n't to learn me nothing, und then they fights, my world, how they fight! und Lincoln gets killed off 'em the whiles he becomes our ancestor, Teacher says.'

'Und he ain't got no mad, und he did n't want to kill nobody, und he was friends from men what has to work fer nothin'.'

'But he is Krisht!' Rebecca could not concede everything — even to Lincoln.

'Sure! Und what fer a man is that! what gets killed the whiles he should get jobs fer niggers. He iss friends from America, und from Russia und —'

The door under the portrait opened, and entered Miss Clark.

'I hope you have been quiet while I have been gone.'

'Yiss ma'am!'

'Teacher, yiss ma'am!'

FACING THE PRISON PROBLEM

BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

THE prison is a makeshift and an escape. It is not a solution. We would hide our sins behind its walled towers and barred windows — conceal them from ourselves. But the prison is an open grave. It returns what we would bury behind its gray walls. Its darkness and isolation only make the sins we would forget fester and grow, and return to stalk in our midst and plague us more painfully than ever. We would cover up our sins of omission — for that is what crime and criminals largely mean in the world — by adding sins of commission. That is imprisonment. Having failed to straighten the lives of criminals in childhood — to bring sweetness and light, understanding, comfort and good-will when it was needed, we justify our negligence by scorning the spirits we have thwarted, by breaking the bodies we have bent.

It is our attempt to escape accountability for the crimes we have committed against the men and women we call criminals. The prison is a reflex. It mirrors our hardness, our weakness, our stupidity, our selfishness, our vengeance, our brutality, our hate — everything but love and forgiveness; everything but our understanding and sympathy, everything but our intelligence and scientific knowledge.

Properly conceived, the prison should be our special means of redemption. It should be a healing ground for both the spirit and the body, where the unsocial should be socialized, the weak strength-

ened, the ignorant educated, the thwarted made to grow; where a kind of resetting takes place for the tasks of life, and where the strength to meet responsibility is returned to those who have lost it and awakened in those in whom it has remained dormant; a place where the joy of living and laboring is born anew. Crime is a consequence. It is not a cause. We are responsible for its existence.

II

“The first thing is politic, — just politic, that is it, — just politic. You get a Republican and maybe he is a good sucker, and then in a year or two you get a Democrat, and he is a bad one, or the other way around.”

One of the others interposed: ‘Jimmy is right. He knows what he is talking about. Why not make the prison like a business, where you pick the right man and let him stay as long as he makes good.’

Here Jimmy broke in: ‘Let him stay — I tell you it’s all politic.’

We were sitting around the large stove in the yard of Auburn Prison, talking about prison problems. The stove, a large field range, was surrounded by about thirty prisoners, who were busily cooking extras. Some were frying pancakes, some broiling steaks, some were cooking tomato soup, and a group of Italians was preparing spaghetti. While this was going on, others were feasting on the food already prepared,

mostly seated on the ground in groups of three or four, with boxes as improvised tables. There was chattering and good-humor the circle round. It was Saturday afternoon, and the men were out in the yard — eleven hundred men. While the group I was with busied itself about the stove, others were playing handball or checkers; still others were walking about the yard, talking. Some were sitting in the shade, reading; some, congregated in groups, were throwing horse-shoes. It was a busy, quiet, cheerful crowd.

I had been let loose in the yard to visit with the men — and had found many friends. I was told by the sergeant, a tall, broad-shouldered, red-headed, round-faced fellow, with large blue eyes and a quiet voice, a man possessed of enormous reserve powers, that this stove was one of the campaign pledges which this administration had promised to the men — the prisoners' administration chosen at the last election. 'We carried this pledge out, but the others have been more difficult. Our campaign pledges included the organization of an automobile class, a drawing class, and the stove. So far we have only one thing — the stove; and I say the boys enjoy it.' That was quite obvious to me who had shared a large plate of spaghetti.

I had asked what, in their opinion, was the first need in prison and they had agreed: 'Take politics out.'

That is a good place at which to begin. Professionalize penal administration. The ordinary warden is chosen for his political allegiance; a good political reason, that, but socially no reason at all. The prison problem looked at from the administrators' point of view is a problem of education and health, complex and many-sided. It involves deep knowledge of human nature, insight into the complexities of social life, appreciation of the possibilities of per-

sonal growth and of human motives, willingness to face questions of sanitation, personal habits, hygiene, workmanship, and coöperation, in a careful, scientific, and deliberate fashion. It is not merely a job to hold down, but a problem — or, rather, a thousand problems, requiring analysis, examination, and experiment. A man, to be fitted for the job, — and ideally there is no such person, — approximately fitted, in spite of all the shortcomings of human weakness, must be the best-trained and best-prepared person in the field, and must have a broad basis of human sympathy and understanding.

The small henchman, from which class the average warden is recruited, is not an expert in anything, — least of all in education and health, — nor does he usually possess an imagination active enough to embrace the thousand opportunities in a prison field. He is usually ignorant. There is hardly a college man among the wardens of our penal institutions. I do not insist that a college education is in itself a full requisite; but it is, by and large, better than no education at all.

Let me illustrate by describing a typical warden. I first saw him in the death-house. He was standing near the electric chair, explaining its details to two old ladies — small and wrinkled, gray-haired, and both over sixty. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a long head, large nose, big mouth, and large gorilla hands. He was explaining in great detail how the electric chair operates. With his sagging stomach and huge bulk, he stood, a giant, beside two white-faced, white-haired pygmies. He talked in broad drawling tones and he said, 'The man's head is fitted in here and strapped, the middle of it is shaved, the arms are strapped this way, and the feet here — with the trousers torn open for the current. The witnesses stand here, the re-

porters here, and the electrician stands here, with his hand on the switch. When all is ready and in good shape, I step forward and raise my hand,' — pointing a long finger to his breast with an expansive gesture; 'the electrician pulls the switch, and bump goes the man. And if he does not go bump, we do it over again.'

I watched his pantomime and listened to his recitation with amazement. A boy saying his prize piece before an admiring audience of elders could not have been more self-conscious, and better satisfied with himself. The little, old ladies were captivated by the show, and beamed. We walked into the prison proper, and while sauntering through the corridors, the warden spied a retreating figure in gray. Stretching out his long gorilla hand, he bellowed: 'Hey, Willie, come back here.'

Willie was a half-witted prisoner. He was small, round and squat, with a partly bald head, and a foolish grin, which stretched to his ears. He approached bashfully, with his eyes cast down.

'Sing a song,' bellowed the warden.

'I don't want to sing,' appealed Willie.

'Sing I tell you.' The warden's voice was louder still, and more authoritative.

Willie opened his mouth, and in a cracked voice began the song, 'Sweetie, my sweetie.'

The warden towered over him in all of his satisfied bulk. Willie had hardly begun, when a keeper in the next hall shouted, 'Goddamn you, shut up in there!'

Willie hesitated a minute, glanced at the towering figure in front of him, and continued. The keeper, club in hand, rushed out of the next corridor, noticed the warden and the visitors, and scuttled off hastily. Later, in his office, the warden leaned back in his chair, his stomach protruding over the desk, lit a

big black stogie, and said with a satisfied smile, 'I treat my boys right.' He does, according to his lights. He gives them moving pictures once a week.

Such a situation must be made impossible. A centre for the training of prison officials should be established. This school might best be situated near, or in conjunction with, some large penal institution, itself a model of modern administration, and no one should be appointed to a position of responsibility in prison unless he has a good collegiate education. In addition, a prison official should have taken special post-graduate courses in penal problems. No man should be a warden unless he is a certified and trained professional; just as no man is placed in charge of a hospital unless he is a graduate of a recognized medical school.

III

We must destroy the existing prison, root and branch. That will not solve our problem, but it will be a good beginning.

When I speak of the prison, I mean the mechanical structure, the instrument, the technique, the method which the prison involves. These must go by the board — go the way of the public stocks, the gibbet, and the rack. Obviously the penal problem will remain. That is here anyway. The prison does not solve the penal problem — it does not even contribute to the solution. It is only an aggravation. It is a complication of the disease. It is a nuisance and a sin against our own intelligence. Let us substitute something. Almost anything will be an improvement. It cannot be worse. It cannot be more brutal and more useless. A farm, a school, a hospital, a factory, a playground — almost anything different will be better.

The suggestion for the destruction of

the prison building is not revolutionary. It is not even novel. It is a practice of old standing, to keep prisoners outside of prisons; a practice not universal, but sufficiently widespread to justify the suggestion that it could be made universal without prejudice. In many prisons a number of the men are kept outside of the prison proper. Men building roads, men working on prison farms, trusties around the place, are often allowed to remain outside the walls—in some cases, hundreds of miles away from the prison, with only a guard or two. In the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, during the war, more than half the prison population lived in wooden barracks, surrounded by a small wire fence, and with only prison inmates for guards. In the South—Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana—the men live so much outside the prison that the old structure is useless and an anomaly. In Arkansas, for instance, I found that the prison, built to hold six hundred men, contained thirty—most of them condemned to death; the rest were away on a farm. Prison farms are not ideal, but they are an improvement on the old cell-block. Those who argue that the old prison, with its isolated cells, its narrow windows, its high walls, its constant dampness and semi-darkness, is essential to the proper handling of the prison population are simply revealing their own incompetence, fear, lack of insight into the technique of association. The old prison is a relic of a dead past. It is a hang-over; a weight, and a hindrance against the development of new methods and new ways.

An old prejudice dies hard, and the old prison building is an ingrained prejudice carved out of stone. It is saturated with the assumption that criminals are desperate, vicious, sin-ridden, and brutal beings, who needs must be confined in buildings founded on despair

and made strong against the craving for freedom; that man is incorrigible and hard, and that hardness and pain are his proper due. But all of this is mainly prejudice. The men in prison are unfortunate rather than vicious, weak rather than bad. They need attention rather than neglect, understanding rather than abuse, friendship rather than isolation. Those who would redeem the community from constantly sinning against the prisoner must achieve this new attitude toward the man behind the bars. The buildings are by-products of our prejudice. That is the first thing that must be battled against.

This hang-over is still so strong, that there are at present two prison buildings being constructed out of newly chiseled stone. The stone is new and white, the plans are penciled upon paper still unspoiled; but the spirit, the idea, the belief, the ideology, in which these buildings are being reared, are old, worm-ridden, petrified. But they are being constructed. Two of the largest states in the union—Pennsylvania and Illinois—are constructing them, spending millions of dollars upon a useless and condemned type of institution.

The Pennsylvania structure is simply a modern adaptation of the old cell-block type; essentially the same thing, but with new trappings. The building in Illinois is of greater pretensions. It is reputed to be escape-proof, and is hailed as a model of modern ingenuity. As a matter of fact, it is not new at all. It is an old idea. Jeremy Bentham, in 1792, suggested it under the entertaining title of 'Panopticon,' and described it as a 'mill for grinding rogues honest, and idle men industrious.' In its modern form, it is a circular structure containing some five hundred cells. It is built so that there is air and sunshine in every one of them. Its unique feature is that one prison guard can watch the

population of the whole building all of the time. Placed in the centre of the structure, like the hub of a wheel, raised about three stories, protected by iron walls and a closing trap-door, he can control all the cells from his point of observation.

More than that, he can look into all the cells all night and all day. The cells are made of glass and iron, and he can see straight into them, and watch each and every movement that any man makes at any time. There is to be no escape from watchfulness. That is what the guard is there for. The men are never to be by themselves. There is to be no privacy. In the old days you could get away from the hard look of the keeper for a while. You were counted frequently, it is true, but the keeper did not stand in front of your door and stare into your cell the twenty-four hours of the day. He added you up and walked on, and you could hear his footsteps go down the aisle, hear his numbering grow faint with distance, and know that for a time you were free from observation. The little trafficking, the passing of a contraband note, the exchange of a little tobacco, the quiet whispered conversation — all of these then began again and made prison life endurable. To be eternally watched is maddening. Now, there is to be no escape from the watchful, suspicious, hard look, which questions every one of your motions and is doubtful of every one of your attitudes: now the look will never waver, and the prisoner will feel a hole burning through his back even in his most serene moments. This is what we are being offered in the name of reform. And millions of dollars are being spent upon it.

A large tract of land, a big farm, small barracks, plenty of sunshine and air, and the money for education and for health, for the building of character — these are substitutes for the raising of

useless and perverting stone and iron cages, where men may confine their equals for deeds which they themselves might have committed if placed in their fellows' circumstances. Professionalization of prison administration and the destruction of the present prison buildings are essentials in any programme for prison reform. But they are only beginnings.

IV

As important as these, and in some ways more fundamental, is the abandonment of the notion of punishment. Punishment is immoral. It is weak. It is useless. It is productive of evil. It engenders bitterness in those punished, hardness and self-complacency in those who impose it. To justify punishment, we develop false standards of good and bad. We caricature and distort both our victims and ourselves. They must be all black, we all white; if not, how could we impose upon others what we would not admit as applicable to our own flesh and blood. But that is not true. The difference between us and them is mainly relative and accidental; and, where real, it is a difference which may be rooted in ill health, in broken spirit, in a deformed temper, in a neglected childhood, in bad habits, in lack of education.

The penal department — the department set aside for punishment — must be eliminated from our state organization. The function of the state should be, not to punish, but to educate. The place of the penal department ought to be taken by a new bureau, dedicated to health, education, and industry — entrusted to experts in these respective fields.

V

The prison is a great equalizer. All men are fit for it — all they need is to

break the law. That done, one is stamped as a criminal, and all criminals are sent to similar places; as if all crimes were alike, and as if all men who committed them were cast in the same mould. There is practically no classification, no examination, no distribution, no elimination — break the law, and you are fit to abide with all men who have done the same, be the mood and temper as varied as the shadows that creep over the earth.

But men are not alike. They do not commit crimes for similar reasons, even if their crimes are the same. Yet often the old and the young, the weak and the strong, the normal and the erratic, the unfortunate and the vicious, the near insane and the psychopaths, all are herded together. Like the old workhouse, which contained the adolescent and the senile, the vagrant and the felon, the epileptic and the maniac, so the modern prison is an open mouth for all whom we cast aside out of the highways and byways of the world.

One of the essentials of any programme of prison reform is disintegration of the prison population. A general centre for examination and classification of the men and women who are convicted must be provided, and the various groups weeded out and sent to institutions fitted for them. The imbecile, the psychopath, the maniac, the diseased, need not and should not be housed with the healthy and the normal. New York State is now building an institution for the examination and classification of men convicted of crime. Such an institution ought to find its place in the scheme of every state that undertakes to deal with penal problems in a scientific and broadly liberal spirit.

VI

With the reorganization of control and the proper grouping of the prison

population should go a fundamental attempt to face the problem of health — using the word in its broadest sense. The average prison has a poorly equipped medical department. The prison is often dirty, unsanitary; the food is often poor, the ventilation old fashioned and insufficient, and the health activities inadequate. The doctor, instead of being the independent and self-assertive individual whom the prison environment needs, is often but a tool of the warden, and remains there at his pleasure. He is usually held in general contempt by the prisoners, and has the unenviable name of Dr. Pill (because a pill is supposed to be his cure for all complaints). A distinctly new attitude to the problem must be developed. The physical condition of the men coming into the institution should be carefully examined into, as many come there with diseased bodies, with old festering sores, with bad teeth; some of the men need minor operations, others general rehabilitation; ill health often lies at the root of their failure. There are only a few institutions about which one can speak favorably in this regard — and one of these is San Quentin prison. There one finds a really definite and sincere effort to face the health problem, and a doctor in charge who might well be the boast of any institution.

VII

Work is a problem in prison. It is an unsolved problem. The prisons are not only houses of bad temper and bad humor, but they are often houses of idleness. It is no exaggeration to say that about one third of the men in prison are idle. They sit about in houses of indolence and sloth, they lie around in their cells, locked up with nothing but futility for company, or they loaf in the prison-yard. Those who work are also idling. There is no

incentive to labor. There is no stimulus to do a good job, there is no joy in the work done. The machinery is antiquated, the management bad, the product poor. The men do not like the work, they do not learn anything while doing it, and are literally unpaid for their labor. It is slave labor. It is not free. It is not interesting. It is not remunerative. It is done under compulsion, in fear and brooding. Not more than one or two prisons, Stillwater for instance, are comparable in their industrial equipment to the ordinary factory where similar work is done; and the men are assigned to their tasks without regard to their aptitude, and without any attempt to discover their interests. The results are poor all around. The institutions with a few exceptions, are not self-supporting; the men do not earn any money; the work is badly done. In some institutions the men get nothing for their labor, in some a cent and a half per day, in some two, or four cents. There are a few men in a very few institutions who earn as high as a dollar and more per day, but these are highly exceptional.

If we are ever to escape from the unfortunate condition in which our penal institutions find themselves, we must reorganize the prison industries, provide work that may become the basis of a trade in the world outside, and pay the men for their work. Pay them what they earn, and make earning possible. Give some basis for zest and interest, for ambition and motive. Give them an opportunity to support their families and keep their home ties alive. There is no need to rob a man of his earning capacity just because we have found it necessary to take his freedom of movement from him. It serves no purpose but to kill ambition, to develop laziness, to engender bad habits, to destroy workmanship where it existed, to kill the joy of life, and to return men to the world less fitted to face its hardships

and meet its problems than they were before being committed for violation of the law. A little imagination, a little good-will, a little interest, a little freedom from the interferences of the politician, and the whole thing could be readjusted and made to fit in a new and better way than it has ever done before; but this cannot be without a fundamental educational reorganization of the prison. The proper kind of education is one of the central needs of the prison problem.

VIII

Imprisonment is negative. It takes all. It gives nothing. It takes from the prisoners every interest, every ambition, every hope; it cuts away, with a coarse disregard for personality, all that a man did and loved, all his work and his contacts, and gives nothing in return. It is this that makes education so essential. Education is always a challenge. It is constructive. To educate is to give something. It is to give the means to a new life, a new interest, a new ambition, a new trade, a new insight, a new technique, a new love, a drawing out of self, a forgetfulness of one's failings, and the raising of new curtains—the means to self-discovery.

All of this is a novel undertaking for the prison. Education is a charm and challenge—not only a means to a better livelihood, but also a means to a better life. It is not only what the man learns that is important, but what happens to the man while learning. One cannot acquire a new skill, develop a new interest, be brought into contact with a world of new ideas, without becoming different—essentially different—in one's reactions to the world about one, and in one's demands of it.

There is no systematic educational effort in the American prison system. The warden is not often interested in education. Being himself usually un-

lettered, it is probably too much to expect that he should be. As one goes across the country, from prison to prison, the situation is almost heart-rending. Here are some hundreds and thousands of men, who have years of their lives to give to education, but are denied the opportunity. It is true, of course, that most prisons have what they call education; but that word is used to describe the teaching of the three R's to illiterates, and upon occasion an insistence that the men complete the sixth, and more rarely the eighth, grade.

But even this teaching is poorly done, in a bad spirit, and under poor organization. What one finds beyond that is little enough. Education is often frowned upon, and made impossible. I remember one poor fellow telling me, with tears in his eyes, that he wanted to take a course in mechanical drafting from a correspondence school, but this was not allowed because a man could write only one letter a month, and that on a single sheet of paper. It is true, of course, that here and there one finds a few prisoners taking correspondence courses, but it is rare, and always much boasted of.

There is only one institution which has undertaken to face the problem seriously, and that is San Quentin. San Quentin is not a model prison. It has many faults. But its health and educational activities are real contributions to the prison problem. There I found a genuine interest in education, and an ambition to attempt the experiment of turning the prison into an educational institution. Some nine hundred men were registered in eleven hundred individual courses. The chaplain who is in charge of the work, has, with the coöperation of the University of California, made a genuine beginning of what is the most interesting and promising educational experiment in the Ameri-

can prisons. He has succeeded in building up a staff of inmates as assistants, and the University provides an occasional lecturer. The work was in full progress, and gave evidence of much enthusiasm.

This undertaking is valuable and significant, but it does not meet the needs of education in prisons. The courses were mostly cultural in character. History, economics, literature, mathematics, and similar topics—with shorthand and typewriting well to the front, and one course in mechanics. All this, of course, has its value. But the men in prison are not essentially adapted to academic training, and can make little use of it.

What the men need, and what the prison needs, is something different, and something new in educational work—new, at least, so far as the prison is concerned. The prison must be viewed as a community—with manifold community problems and with much community work. Such a turning of attention upon the prison as a community provides a wide field of educational activity and interest, and would lay the foundation of trades and knowledge that could be used in the work-a-day world when the men were freed.

Work in prison should be made to have educational value. There are the problems of sanitation, of heating, of feeding, of clothing the men. All kinds of work find a place in the prison, from upkeep to production; and prison education must be so organized as to provide a professional interest in and knowledge of the work done. There is, for instance, kitchen work. It is difficult to maintain an efficient and interested kitchen staff. It does not appeal to the men. Most of them are not going to follow this profession after they are released. The cooking is bad and the sanitation worse.

Professionalize the work. Give it an

intellectual and scientific setting. Organize a course in dietetics in connection with your kitchen; teach the value and composition of the various foods, their preparation, the whole question of health as bound up with food, the origins of the various foods, their market — in fact, give all that can be given which has a bearing upon the problem and method of feeding many people. Give all the science, from chemistry to physiology, which would go to make the work interesting, intelligible and valuable as a means of livelihood outside; and, not to be forgotten, which would go to increase the efficiency, the interest and the willingness of the men in prison. This same method could be followed in all work done in the prison; and no work which cannot be done with this kind of educational programme should be permitted.

There is the problem of lighting a prison. Make the electrical apparatus and the electrical needs of the prison the basis for an extensive course in electrical engineering. Give the men all that is possible about the subject — give them something for their time. There are the men working in the boiler room — give them such knowledge of physics, of heating methods, of coal, of the properties of steam, of the organization of the heating-plant, of boiler construction, of the mechanics involved, as would help them to a good job in the world outside, and make them interested and efficient men inside.

Take such a prosaic thing as the making of clothing, of shoes. Organize a course in designing; in the properties of cloth, or leather; in the nature of modern machinery; in the character of the clothing-market, in the organization of the industry; permit individuals to specialize as their aptitude makes it possible.

Almost every prison has a chicken farm of some kind. Organize, in con-

nexion with that, a course in poultry — the feeding, raising, marketing, and care of chickens; the construction of coops; the proper care of incubators, and their types; the diseases of poultry and their prevention. This could be done with the farm as a whole, and with fruit-raising. The piggery could be put to similar use. The dairy could be made the basis of a course in dairy-farming, the care of cows, how to judge them — everything connected with the problem of a scientific dairy could and should be given.

Again, there are such things as painting the prison or the barns — the nature of paints, their proper mixing, their chemistry, the estimates involved, and all other things essential. The same method could be followed with road-construction: grading, machinery, materials used, and other aspects of road-work could be studied in the course dealing with this subject.

Such an educational system would return tenfold in the efficiency resulting, in the interest and good-humor and the new outlook upon life which it would create. A new technique involves a re-orienting of the whole individual to his own and other people's problems. Such training should be compulsory, — just as the work is, — and should be considered a part of the work.

Of course, none of this involves the elimination of the purely cultural courses, but it does involve an emphasis upon this particular type of education and an attempt to give ordinary prison-work the educational value which it lacks. It must be remembered that the men are there for many years, and that there is the time and the opportunity for such an undertaking, lacking in the world outside. And if the men are in prison because of lack of adaptability, such education would prove an efficacious means to readjustment, to the development of character, and to raising

the level of initiative and the increase of insight into the problems of the world.

IX

It is not possible in a single article to cover all of the needs for a proper prison technique. At best, one can suggest only the most important things. But, before closing, I wish to discuss three more points that should go into any prison programme. The indeterminate sentence, parole, and self-government.

The indeterminate sentence is essential to prison reform. It is stupid to assume that a flat sentence is a proper way of settling the question of crime. As one boy put it to me, 'Why don't they gas us, or something. They give a young kid of nineteen or twenty, fifteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty years. What for? What good does it do? Do they think we will be better for having rotted for a lifetime? Do they think that we will be reformed! If they want to get rid of us, why don't they just gas us and put us out of the way!'

The indeterminate sentence suggests that a man sentenced to prison be released, not when an artificial time-period, imposed by a judge in some passing humor, has expired, but when he is fit to return to society. Such a basis of release, to be made possible, would call for the adoption of all the suggestions made in this paper, and, in particular, the educational system. That might well become the best, and certainly an essential, basis of judgment in any release under an indeterminate sentence law. I am speaking of the absolute indeterminate sentence as against the minimum-maximum sentence now in vogue in many states.

With this, or before this can become a universal practice, there should be a much broader development of the parole system. There are many men in prison who ought not remain there a

day longer — who ought never to have been sent there. Their release is impossible because of the arbitrary demands of the law, that a certain legal infraction carry a particular time-punishment. In going across the country, I asked the wardens with whom I came in contact the same question: 'Your present parole system proves that somewhere between 70 and 95 per cent of the men paroled 'make good.' You parole about 10 per cent of your inmates each year. In five years you will have paroled 50 per cent. If, instead of waiting five years, you released that 50 per cent right away, would you have just as good results?'

The answer was, almost always, 'Yes, I think we would.'

As I proceeded, I became bolder and, when I found a particularly intelligent warden, I asked him the same question, but made it 75 rather than 50 per cent. He reflected a few seconds, and said, 'I think 75 per cent is pretty high, but I feel sure that we could release 50 per cent of our inmates on parole to-night, and get just as good results as we are getting with the 10 per cent that we release during the year.' On the testimony of the prison wardens themselves, one half of the prison population could be released without proportionately endangering the safety of the community. And every man kept in prison a day longer than the interests of the community demand means an unnecessary cruelty against a helpless individual.

X

This leads to my last point: community organization. Community organization in prison is Mr. Osborne's contribution to the subject of prison reform. It is fundamental. Without it no real solution of the problem is possible. It is the one essential element in any programme, and without it all reforms are

bound to result in failure. There is a peculiar drive in prison administration under autocratic management, which tends toward abuse, toward cruelty and indifference. Self-government is necessary for the men, but also for the officials.

The testimony of such an experienced warden as Mr. Moyer, former Warden of Atlanta and the present Superintendent of the District of Columbia Penal System, that self-government is a great help to the prison administrator cannot be disregarded. And anyone who has seen it in practice knows its value as a means toward spiritual growth for the men. Those who deny this, who look upon it as a fad, who help to destroy Mr. Osborne's work, do not understand what they are doing.

In Portsmouth prison the Mutual Welfare League, the instrument for self-

government, was discarded, despite the fact that for four years under Mr. Osborne, and later under Commodore Wadham, self-government had proved a blessing to the men confined, an experience and education which started many an inmate upon a better and happier life than could have been possible under any other penal system. Those who destroy this new movement are of the past; their minds are prejudiced and their hearts filled with fear. For it is fear and prejudice that stand aghast at attempted community organization in prison; at attempts to give to the men behind the bars a part of the responsibility for solving the manifold problems which a prison imposes, and which have never been solved so well, so humanely, so cleanly, as under Mr. Osborne's administration.

WE CREATORS

Let us go on with experiments;
Let us pore, and dream, and do;
Some day we may make a world
With a buttercup in it,
Or a swallow's wing.

ATTENTION!

And if a daisy look at me,
The wheeling earth
Seems then to stand
Contentedly
At journey's end.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

OUR COMMON ENTERPRISE

A WAY OUT FOR LABOR AND CAPITAL

BY WADDILL CATCHINGS

I. THE IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION

ALTHOUGH much might justly be said as to what labor-unions have secured for wage-earners, and as to the necessity for such organizations, in case employers are not willing to do what is fair in relation to their employees, yet, from the point of view of the man responsible for the operation and success of a business, the labor-union is a militant organization, to get results by force. Whatever may be the motive, there is the purpose to compel. Force need not necessarily be physical; but reliance upon pressure or force, of one sort or another, underlies the union's effort.

The labor-union makes its own decisions regarding policies and standards, and, as far as possible, compels employers to accept these decisions. From the point of view of the labor-union, the employer must be forced to do those things which, for one reason or another, the labor-union regards as desirable or necessary. In fact, at the very foundation of the labor-union is the conviction that economic or other force or pressure must be brought to bear upon the employer, to get him to do those things which otherwise he would not do.

The strike is the great weapon of the labor-union. This is the economic, and often the physical, force which the labor-union brings to bear upon the employer, to compel him to act. Always the labor-

union seeks to make the strike-weapon more and more effective. Many times, the actual use of the strike-weapon may be avoided, if its forcefulness and effectiveness are manifest. The mere threat to strike is often sufficient to accomplish the purpose; just as the pointing of a gun often accomplishes the purpose without the need of actual firing.

Wherever the labor-union can establish the closed shop (a shop where only union members can be employed), the strike-weapon is obviously more effective. Therefore, the labor-union seeks the closed shop. Conditions frequently make it undesirable to raise the issue of the closed shop; but inevitably, and of necessity, the labor-union works toward the closed shop; and, wherever and whenever possible, realizes its aim.

To make the strike-weapon even more effective, the labor-union opposes the forces of law and order. The militia and the state constabulary, when used to afford the protection of law, weaken the effectiveness of a strike; and therefore the effort of the labor-union is, constantly and unceasingly, to seek freedom from this interference. For the same reason, the labor-union finds itself in opposition to the courts, and particularly to the use by the courts of the injunction, the power of law designed for the very purpose of preventing the destruction of property and other prospective violations of law. Recently the American Federation of Labor, in a for-

mal document, announced the determination that, under certain circumstances where the labor-union disapproved of the court's decrees, they would be resisted, 'whatever may be the consequences.'

In a similar way, the effectiveness of the strike-weapon is reduced if the labor-union is legally responsible for its acts. Consequently it seeks freedom from such responsibility. Not only does it oppose incorporation, but it endeavors to secure exemption from long-established laws imposing responsibility for collective action — the laws against conspiracies, combinations in restraint of trade, and the like.

Another effort of the labor-union to make more effective the strike-weapon is the intimidation of workmen — the workman who declines to strike and the workman who works in the striker's place. The word 'scab' and other epithets are used for this purpose. Likewise, so-called 'pickets' are placed around the work-place. Even if there be a sincere effort to maintain 'peaceful picketing,' physical force and violence are almost certain to follow, so great are the emotions aroused in industrial conflicts.

Other efforts in the same direction are the 'sympathetic strike' — the bringing of outside pressure to increase the power of a strike; the use of the 'union label,' and the word 'unfair,' — which seek to bring other workmen in related business, or the consumer himself, to the support of the strike; the refusal of other unions to supply material, to permit the use of product, or to furnish transportation. Much work that has actually been done — electrical wiring, plumbing, carpentry, masonry, what not — has to be torn out because some union is using its power to increase the power of some other union. All these methods have the same purpose.

From the point of view of the business man, not only is the labor-union this great force in opposition, — this great power to compel action, — but it is part of a broad movement to improve the workers' position, and is therefore concerned, not with the problems of a particular company, but with the so-called class-struggle. Even to business men who are in sympathy with this broad effort, operation of a particular business provides no opportunity to cure the great economic ills of the world.

The labor-union seeks to get more for the workman and to make it possible for him to work less. Whatever the workman gets, the labor-union is interested in seeing him get more; however little he may work, it is better if he works less. Apart from this, there is no goal for the labor-union. In other words, there is no definite programme, the accomplishment of which would mean ultimate satisfaction. For example, after the eight-hour day comes the forty-four-hour week, and then the seven-hour day, the six-hour day, and so on. No amount of pay is satisfactory if more can be obtained.

As illustrating this general principle, there is the demand for the basic eight-hour day. Here advantage is taken of the popular support of a true eight-hour day, in order to secure increased pay. The workman, under the basic eight-hour day, often actually works nine, ten, or more hours, as before, but gets more pay by getting his original pay for the first eight hours of work and increased pay — usually time and a half — for the other hours; the intention, all the while, being to work the full time.

In this same spirit, and for a like purpose, the labor-union seeks to limit a workman's output. In defiance of the fundamental facts, that the world can enjoy only what is produced, and that there is no immediate possibility of producing all that the world has the

capacity for enjoying, the labor-union has always proceeded as if there were only so much work to be done, and this work should afford the maximum of employment.

Restriction of output is brought about in part by insistence on a uniform wage — which means that there is no reward for hard work, and loafing on the job is encouraged rather than penalized. The advantages and benefits of the piece-work system of pay, when fairly administered, are manifest, but the labor-union opposes this system with its utmost power and vigor.

In fixing the standard of a job, the labor-union not only seeks to have it set low, but constantly endeavors to reduce it. For example, when even a poor workman could lay, say, a thousand bricks a day, the standard has been reduced from time to time, until often 300 or 400 is the maximum permitted.

With like purpose the labor-union opposes the training of workmen, by establishing rules regarding apprentices which not only limit unduly the number who may be trained, but fix such long periods for training that, long after a quick man has fully qualified himself to do work, he is not permitted to get the benefit of his knowledge and experience.

Not only are there these efforts to limit output, but there are similar efforts to increase the number of men who must be employed. There are the so-called 'full-crew' rules of the railroad unions, rules which have been embodied, to a great extent, in legislation. These often require that more men be used for the movement of cars than are needed for safety or efficient operation. There are, likewise, the rules of the Plumbers' Union, the Machinists' Union, and numerous others, requiring the employment of a 'man and helper' for work that is often not enough for one man.

For a similar purpose are the elab-

orate rules governing the nature and extent of the work of the carpenter, the electrician, the machinist, the boilermaker, the housesmith, and other union members. Often carpenters must suspend operations for hours, until electricians come to do a piece of work which a carpenter could do in a few minutes. These rules are well illustrated in repair-work on locomotives, where frequently six or eight men — a 'man and helper' from each of three or four different unions — are required to stand by to do, one after another, little pieces of work, when the whole job could be done by any one of the six or eight in less time.

One very serious effect of these efforts of the unions comes from the fact that at times they cannot agree among themselves regarding the work to be done by each union, and then great so-called 'jurisdictional' rows tie up operations. Meanwhile, the employer is helpless; for, if the work in question is done, say, by the electricians, the machinists strike, and *vice versa*. Sometimes all the building trades in a given locality are idle for considerable periods, because of such internal disagreements.

The business man, on his part, is struggling always with the problems of his particular company — how to meet the demands of the market, how to meet competition, how to keep the company solvent and successful, by producing at a cost lower than the price at which he must sell. These problems of each company and each business are lost sight of in the broad labor movement. In fact, they are not considered at all. Even if a business man comes to realize that the employer and employee are in many respects engaged in a common enterprise, he cannot discuss with union men the all-important question, 'How can we make our company successful?'

On the contrary, the union makes it necessary for the business man to deal with union officers, who do not work in his company and are not concerned with its success or failure. These officers, elected as they are by union men in many different companies, must show 'results,' in order to hold their jobs as union leaders. These results are usually shorter hours, more pay, more men employed, less work to do. Often these results prevent production, or sustained operation, and sometimes they bring business to a standstill.

Thus the success of a union builds up a control of an industry outside of the industry itself. When an industry is fully unionized, a small group, sitting apart from the industry and having at their command the powerful strike-weapon, can virtually decide under what conditions the industry shall be operated. This is well illustrated in the case of the great railroad unions, which have exercised this power for some years. This power, it is to be noted, is without responsibility for satisfactory or successful operation. It is also to be noted that this outside power is not under the control of the Government, and is therefore not subject to action by the public, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, or Congress, or otherwise.

The exercise of this far-reaching power by successful labor-unions is largely emotional. In the great meetings decisions are reached by mass action. Great bodies of men sway; they do not deliberate. Furthermore, when strike votes are taken, and the individual members are appealed to, the decisions are apt to be reached on a wave of emotional enthusiasm.

Even when the leaders of a union are disposed to be thoughtful and deliberate, they cannot overlook the conditions under which appeal is made to their followers. Men who appeal to the emotions have great power in the

unions. The following that such men get sometimes creates an irresistible temptation. Conditions such as those in the New York building trades, where the strike-power has been bought and sold, are not unnatural.

Mention has been made of the disputes between unions regarding the right to do certain classes of work — for example, who is to put in a fireproof window-frame, the carpenter or the metal-worker? These disputes are promoted by the natural desires of union leaders to show 'results' to their followers. Successful unions have an advantage of position in the strike-weapon over the less powerful; and as unions grow in strength, there is a temptation to struggle for coveted work. This power of might has not been controlled, and is not likely to be controlled, by the American Federation of Labor.

The control exercised by a successful union has one effect of far-reaching consequence. Workmen know that, if they are discharged for not following the foreman's instructions, for flaunting his authority, for loafing, or what not, the union can compel their reinstatement. This tends to break down necessary discipline, to slow up production, and, in many respects, seriously to interfere with the successful operation of a plant.

The very nature and basis, therefore, of the labor-union movement arrays employer and employee in battle. The organization is for struggle — to compel an adversary to act against his will. Throughout the whole movement is the thought of class-antagonisms. For generations the campaign has been organized in this spirit and for this purpose. There must be no fraternizing with the enemy. All efforts to develop a common enterprise are opposed. The campaign is for contest and struggle. The weapon is the strike. The goal is more pay, less work.

The labor-union encourages and openly invites similar organization on the part of employers — founders' associations, coal-operators' associations, building-trades councils, a national organization of railroad executives. The struggle is always to prevent a company from dealing with its employees, to prevent a railroad from dealing with the employees of that railroad. This is natural, and for two primary reasons. First, the more widespread the organization, the more potent the strike-weapon; and second, when all producers in an industry must suffer alike from union limitations and requirements, there is less incentive to the producers to resist the efforts of the union.

For example, the consequences of a strike in the coal-fields, or on the railroads, are so far-reaching, now that these unions have grown great, that many concessions will be made to avoid strikes. Furthermore, as the different coal-operators in the union fields must each operate under the union rules, and the costs of each are equally affected, there is not much incentive to resist the union demands. In fact, the miners and the operators in the Middle-Western fields were jointly indicted for agreeing among themselves upon large increases in costs, and larger increases in selling prices to the public.

For years the railroads made little effective resistance to union demands; for, whatever the cost, the public paid. It is only recently, since freight-rates have been so increased as manifestly to destroy industry, that the railroads have learned the importance of economical management. Now it is a question whether the unions are not so great in power that efficient management cannot be established.

During the war the unions greatly increased in strength. This was due to two main reasons. First, there was a shortage of labor, a condition which

naturally gave greater power to the unions in the struggle against the employers. This condition alone would have caused much growth in union strength. But the growth was still greater because the United States Government conferred with, and relied upon, union leaders throughout the war. Many employers who had steadfastly resisted the unions were compelled to deal with them by the attitude of the Government. This gave the unions an extraordinary opportunity for growth.

The recent open-shop movement has been a natural reaction. The surplus of labor would have caused a reaction in any event, for the struggle between unions and employers sways back and forth: in times of inactivity, when there is a great demand for jobs, the strength of the union wanes.

With the end of the war and the withdrawal of the Government as a big factor in industry, those employers who had been forced to deal with the unions found the opportunity to resume their previous attitude. The open-shop campaign is therefore the direct result of the conditions which existed during the war.

This open-shop movement, however, is not constructive: it is merely protective — a part of the struggle with the unions. During this period of depression, the employers will naturally gain strength and will offset much of the advantage gained by the unions during the war. But the time will no doubt come when the advantage will again be with the unions, and they will grow. Thus the struggle will continue — now to the advantage of one side, now of the other.

In fact, the struggle between the employer and the labor-union is not constructive on either side. The labor-union struggles for power to compel action by the employer; the employer struggles for power upon his part. If he is forced by the union, he 'gives in' as lit-

tle as possible, and bides his time. Later, when economic conditions favor him instead of the union, he recovers, if he can, what he has given up, and gains, if possible, additional advantage in order to prepare for the next onslaught.

This attitude of the employer, and the methods he has used in fighting the unions, are no doubt responsible for much that the unions do. In fact the employee might make a list of the harmful things done by the employer as long as the above statement about the unions; for it has been a hot fight on both sides. In addition, the employer has the responsibility of having initiated the struggle, which originally developed from the attitude of the employer to the employee.

However this may be, the struggle does not promote common effort, and does not tend to greater production, at less effort, of what the world needs. Profit-sharing, piece-work, any method of pay proportionate to work, joint ownership or responsibility — all joint efforts are discredited. Such methods, opposed by the unions as weakening their efforts, favored by many employers merely for strategical purposes and as means of industrial warfare, not as true opportunities for developing sound relations, are often abandoned when economic conditions make them 'unnecessary.'

The most serious obstacle to sound constructive effort in solving this great industrial problem — this relation of employer to employee — is that college professors, college men, and other thoughtful and well-intentioned men outside of industry (and some less thoughtful but equally well-intentioned men within industry) favor the labor-union in a struggle, the underlying conditions of which they do not yet understand. Carried away by their sympathy for what they consider the 'under dog,' they do not analyze the

situation. If they realized that success for the labor-unions would mean a disaster quite as great as success for those who see only the need of destroying the unions, they would know that they are lending their effort and encouragement to a struggle where the most that can be hoped is that neither side will win, but that the contest will sway back and forth, — a drawn battle, — with great suffering and great economic loss on both sides.

Thoughtful men must in time see that what is needed is common effort. Production is clearly the true purpose of industry; employer and employee are inevitably engaged in a common enterprise. The endeavor to get great power for the labor-union or great power for the employer must retard sound, constructive development. When the employer is engaged in a hard struggle to resist the unions, he cannot, even if he is so disposed, give the proper support to the development of a relationship sincerely based on this common effort.

Thus the great struggle between the employers and the labor-unions has necessarily made constructive work difficult. Passions are aroused, the atmosphere is one of suspicion and fear. Always there is the need of protection from attack.

II. A WAY OUT

Notwithstanding all this, however, there has already been developed in a number of companies a relationship between employer and employee which gives promise of an ultimate solution of this underlying industrial problem. Even now it is clear that, instead of the future promising, at the utmost, no more than the prospect of a drawn battle, with its disastrous consequences, there is ground for hope of a real common effort in industry, an effort based

on the true principle of a joint enterprise. This is the development to which college men should give their support. This relationship rests upon this great cornerstone — this all-important fundamental: — fair wages, hours, and working conditions are questions of fact, to be decided as such.

This principle demands that the employer shall not, at any time, force upon the employee wages, hours, and working conditions, merely because he has at the time the economic power to do so. Otherwise, it becomes necessary for the employee to force upon the employer the wages, hours, and working conditions which he has at some time the economic power to bring about. In accordance with this principle, therefore, the basic conditions of work are not regarded as the product of economic necessity, or of so-called bargaining, either collective or otherwise.

As industry exists, a workman must be employed in order to live; production by means of factories, machinery, and tools, makes this necessary. If a man is experienced and trained, he is even, to some extent, dependent upon employment in a particular industry, possibly in a particular plant. This is especially true if he owns his home, or is otherwise established in a community. The rise and fall of activity in the business cycle bring times when there is much unemployment, when there are many seekers for a job and, often, at any wage or for any hours or under any conditions which will give a bare livelihood. At such times the employer has a great economic advantage in fixing the wages, hours, and working conditions of his employees.

The underlying principle of the relationship under discussion is that the employer shall not take advantage of the opportunity thus given to him. On the contrary, it is based upon the fact that, at any time, for any company,

there is a fair wage that can be paid, if any wage can be paid. The conditions in the company, in the industry, and general business conditions, determine this. Sometimes it is higher, sometimes lower; but whatever it is, it is not to be determined by the amount at which men would rather work than be out of employment. Likewise, this is equally true of hours of labor and of other conditions of work. What this wage is, what these hours are, what these conditions of employment are — these are questions of fact, to be determined as such.

Confusion and harm have come from the use of the expression 'collective bargaining.' What affects a man's very livelihood is not truly the subject of bargaining. With production as it is, most men often have no alternative except to work for what they can get. The wages men receive determine to what extent they and their families shall participate in the products of the world. No true bargain can be struck regarding so vital a matter.

Bargains are reached between negotiators. Where a man must sell, and this fact is known, there can be no true bargain. More and more, in all branches of business, where the buyer and seller are not equally free, the tendency is away from so-called bargaining and toward prices that are fair under the conditions. The thought of 'collective bargaining' rests upon the entirely erroneous assumption that employer and employees are free to reach an agreement or not. With conditions in industry as they are, 'collective bargaining' necessarily involves reliance upon economic pressure — either by employer or employees, or both. If fair wages, hours, and working conditions are regarded as questions of fact, they cannot be determined by 'collective bargaining.'

It is important in this connection, to bear in mind that wages, hours, and

working conditions are part of the cost of production. Moreover, selling prices are largely influenced by this cost of production, and what wages will buy is determined by these selling prices. Great fluctuations in wages and great fluctuations in prices go hand in hand and have harmful consequences, as we have seen in the last few years. This makes it very important that economic pressure (collective bargaining) should not be the determining consideration in fixing wages, hours, and working conditions, and is another strong reason why they should be regarded as questions of fact, to be treated as such.

In the different companies which have adopted this principle, the question of fact — what, from time to time, are fair wages, hours, and working conditions — has been determined in different ways. One way is that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

In March, 1918, this company invited the employees in its refineries to elect representatives to confer with the management. Since that time, all questions affecting wages, hours, and working conditions have been determined in conferences between representatives of the company officers and representatives of the employees. If the question affects only a department, the meeting is with representatives of this department; if an entire plant, with the representatives of the plant; if several plants, with the representatives of these plants. The number of employees' representatives varies with the size of the plant, but it is ordinarily one for each 150 employees.

In any meeting the representatives of the company are never more than the employees' representatives present, and, as each person has one vote, the company representatives never have a majority. In a practice extending now over three years, covering a period of decreasing as well as increasing wages,

these meetings actually have decided the action of the company regarding wages, hours, and working conditions. Each decision comes as a result of the consideration of what at that time the company should do, according to sound business principles. The Board of Directors is the final authority; but in actual practice these matters are harmoniously settled in joint conference. This experience alone has made clear that fair wages, hours and working conditions can actually be determined from time to time as questions of fact.

The method of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is doubtless the most democratic, and clearly one of the simplest. A similar method is in use by the General Electric Company at Lynn, Massachusetts. Other methods are the so-called Leitch plan, — in effect in numerous companies, — and the 'Industrial Republic' of the Good-year Tire and Rubber Company. In fact, there are all kinds and degrees of plans, endeavoring more or less successfully to accomplish the same purpose.

It is by no means essential, however, that the method be democratic. Just as sometimes in political life an able and benevolent monarch furnishes a highly successful government, so in industry the officers of a company can actually determine from time to time what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions, with no more than informal contact with employees.

Of this nature is the industrial situation of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, probably the most satisfactory in the United States, possibly the most satisfactory in the world. This corporation, the largest single producer of shoes in the world, employs in its plants at Johnson City and Endicott, New York, not far from Binghamton, approximately 13,000 people. Here, for the settlement of labor-problems, there are no representatives of the employees,

and no other labor-relations machinery of any sort. George F. Johnson, the president of the company, is the unquestioned leader of the employees as well as of the company. He has their full trust and confidence, and his decisions as to what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions have been unhesitatingly accepted for many years. When industrial conditions permit, wages are increased; when necessary, they are reduced. Hours and working conditions are determined in the same way. Always the decision is reached on consideration of what is fair under all the conditions; never what can be forced under economic pressure.

No doubt, in the long run, a democratic method is better in industry, as it is in government. Some day, unquestionably, the Endicott Johnson Corporation will adopt such a plan as that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has been studied and is much admired. But to-day, with George F. Johnson in his prime, no man conversant with this situation — wonderfully successful as it is — would favor any change.

A sharp distinction must be drawn between those plans which are designed to, and actually do, determine what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions, as questions of fact, and those which merely set up committees and company unions as a bulwark against the labor-unions. In both cases there is the struggle with the labor-unions, but in the one case it is in the background. The plan of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the situation in the Endicott Johnson Corporation are inevitably bulwarks against the unions, or, at least, make their work unnecessary; but the unions are in the background. In these instances the primary purpose is constructive. In many companies, however, there is no constructive purpose: the committees are

merely part of a fight against the unions.

The difference is one of fact. Is the effort directed to determining what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions; or is the effort a smoke-screen to protect the company from attack, while the full force of economic pressure is brought to bear upon the employee? While the distinction is not easy in theory, yet, when an examination is made of what is being done, — how the plan actually works, — the purpose and the accomplishment can be seen and the distinction can readily be drawn.

Of course, the unions fight all such plans to the utmost. Where the plans are not constructive, but are merely defensive, the reason is clear. But even constructive plans like that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which are not anti-union, and which, in fact, guarantee employees against discrimination on account of membership or non-membership in any union, are opposed by the union leaders with great intensity, although the union employees of the company do not share this hostility. Here, too, the reason for the opposition is obvious from the previous discussion. If wages, hours, and working conditions are to be determined fairly, as questions of fact, there is no need of the unions. There is no longer a struggle. If all industry were to follow the example of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, it is easy to see that there would be no field for labor-unions.

There is one apparently serious objection to these efforts to determine what are fair wages, hours, and working conditions, and that is the contention that competition in industry makes it impossible for any one company to have fair wages, hours, and working conditions when other companies make full use of economic pressure to get lower costs, and thereby make prices to obtain what business there is when there

is not enough for all. The answer to this is that, even with higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions, workmen applying themselves wholeheartedly produce at a lower unit-cost than do those working merely under conditions established by economic pressure.

Fortunately, this is not a matter of theory. The Endicott Johnson Corporation, among others, has demonstrated that it is a fact. With higher wages, shorter hours, better working conditions, this company has for many years produced shoes at the lowest unit-cost — and in the face of the most drastic competition. In this connection 'labor turnover' is an important factor. The Endicott Johnson Corporation has virtually no turnover. With steady, experienced workmen, accustomed to work together, and all endeavoring to do their utmost, the company finds that it has little to fear from competition in costs. Whatever force, therefore, there is in the objection under discussion, it must disappear as producers more and more realize the economic effectiveness of wages, hours, and working conditions, determined fairly as questions of fact.

Furthermore, it is not to be forgotten that the struggle between the employer and the labor-unions will be with us certainly for a long time, and the labor-unions can still be expected to take care of the 'hard-boiled' employer. If the labor-unions become no longer an important factor in this respect, it will no doubt be because employers generally have adopted the principle under discussion; and when this time comes, — if it does come, — the wisdom of the principle will be clearly demonstrated as a controlling force in business.

To deal with employees in the manner described is the natural course for the corporation. Under the law, the corporation is a person, an entity; and, as a matter of fact, this is not a legal

fiction, for a corporation is actually an entity — it is a number of people engaged in a common enterprise. It is an entity as a baseball or football team is an entity — as an army is an entity. And it is inevitable that people engaged in a common enterprise will endeavor to work together. The natural, normal desire of a man working for a corporation is to work with his fellows. The struggle between the employer and employee in the corporation is unnatural and inconsistent.

In fact, in the corporation, as it is developing, there is no employer, in the old sense of the word. The corporation to-day is a joint enterprise. The money is supplied by stockholders, bondholders, note-holders, banks. The work is done by men and women. Money and labor together engage in production. The officers of a corporation are employees. If they have no money in the business, they supply merely labor; if they do supply money, so does the humblest workman who buys a bond or a share of stock. A stockholder or other contributor of money may any day sell out to someone else. It often happens, on the other hand, that a workman devotes his life to learning the business, and establishes his home where the company operates. An employee whose livelihood thus depends upon the success of the corporation is more truly interested in that success than anyone else. Stockholders usually distribute their risks among various corporations; workmen often stake everything on the success of one corporation.

In the corporation, therefore, the employer is the company, and this is the entity of those who contribute money and labor. It is, therefore, a natural and normal development for the management (who are employees) to say to all the employees, 'In determining what this company will do regarding wages, hours, and working con-

ditions—we shall sit down together and decide together what to do. Upon these matters depends to a great extent the success of our common enterprise, and we shall jointly reach a decision.'

The Whitley Councils in England are not based upon the principle under discussion. They are part of the labor-union movement. In England, to a great degree, the employers are organized on the one side, and the employees on the other. There the Whitley Councils form points of contact between these great organizations. There the theory is collective bargaining—the use of economic pressure by both sides. The labor-unions in England, as here, accept no responsibility for the success of a company: this is entirely 'up to' the employer. The labor-unions get what they can from the employers, and then leave wholly to the employers the task of making business successful.

In England, no doubt, the Whitley Councils are a great step forward in furnishing local points of contact between organizations of employers and labor-unions; but they differ sharply from such an arrangement as that of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, where there is no dealing with the labor-unions, and where the effort is to develop a common enterprise. In the one, the purpose is collective bargaining; in the other, the joint determination of what the company should do with regard to matters of mutual interest, particularly hours, wages, and working conditions.

It is sometimes thought that the worker wants to have a part in the management of a company. This is not generally true. The worker no more wants to manage a company than does a stockholder or other supplier of money. Both want the company well managed—but both want to leave that to the 'management.' It may be that it would be desirable for the worker

to have some part in the management of a company. In view of the growing realization of the part he plays in a corporation, possibly in time he will be compelled to take a part. But his attitude will, no doubt, be that of the average stockholder to-day, who reluctantly assumes such responsibility, and whose highest desires are met if someone else takes the responsibility and runs the company successfully.

Wages, hours, and working conditions are not all that interest the worker. The discussion so far has been confined to these matters, because around them centres the struggle with the unions. Once, however, this struggle is in the background, constructive effort follows in many directions.

For example, if the principle is followed of deciding fair wages, hours, and working conditions as matters of fact, profit-sharing may be successfully adopted. This may become desirable, inasmuch as a well-run business may from time to time earn very large profits. These may come from team-work; they may come from the play of supply and demand, from good management, or from good fortune. They may justify high wages, and still be far beyond the reasonable expectations of stockholders. The Endicott Johnson Corporation, for example, says to the employee: 'If the company pays high wages, and after all deductions earns ten per cent on the common stock, and still earns more, the ownership of these further earnings will be divided fifty-fifty between the employees and the common stockholders.'

In the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, from the conferences concerning wages, hours, and working conditions, and 'other matters of mutual interest,' there have come plans for sickness and accident benefits, retirement annuities, life insurance and death

benefits, and a broad plan for the acquisition by employees of stock in the company—a form of profit-distribution which this company prefers to the ordinary methods of profit-sharing.

It is hardly necessary to say that piece-work, and other methods of pay proportionate to work, also rapidly develop under the conditions discussed. This is likewise true of bonus payments, and other methods of sharing in the gains coming from effective work.

Much has been done, too, toward making the community in which the worker lives a better place in which to live; toward developing churches, hospitals, schools, places of amusement, recreation and exercise, clubs, and libraries. These important matters are of mutual interest. The United States Steel Corporation, which, under conditions of great difficulty, has made some approach to the principle under discussion, has gone far in the development of the cities and towns in which its employees live. Particularly has it developed schools, safety, and sanitation in these places.

A most important matter is helping to make the worker's dollar go as far as possible. Naturally, what a worker gets for his dollars is really more important to him than how many dollars he gets. Many companies operate restaurants, where the workers can get the best food at the lowest cost. Many assist the workers to conduct coöper-

ative stores, with the same result as to clothing, household goods, and other requirements.

More important possibly, in this connection, than anything else, has been the building of good comfortable homes, available at low rental or at low purchase-price. Many companies have either built, or stimulated the building of, such homes, and have arranged for mortgages at low cost, taken by the great insurance companies and others, and in many other respects have increased the opportunities of the workers to get good homes.

All these developments are steps toward solving one of the great problems of the world—the fair enjoyment of the world's products. Fair wages, fair hours, fair working conditions, pay in proportion to work, reward in proportion to accomplishment, profit-sharing, ownership of stock, sick-benefits, annuities, insurance, hospitals, safety, sanitation, amusement, recreation, exercise, schools, libraries, good cheap food, clothes, household goods, homes—each is a step.

More and more we learn that there is no panacea, no cure-all. The problem is not of our creation, but comes to us from the past. One step at a time, a little gain here, a little gain there, and ultimately the problem will be solved—not, however, by blind struggle, but by slow, careful, deliberate, constructive joint effort.

GALLOWS BANK

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

LAST night, when I was stepping ben,
Just as the Abbey clock struck ten,
I seemed to hear the tramp of men
 That climbed the Gallows Bank;
And, turning to the open door,
I saw them trudging, four and four,
Breasting the brae with moonlight hoar,
 Rank after ragged rank.

Their arms against their sides were bound:
Their mouths were gagged; and not a sound
Their feet made on the frozen ground,
 Nor cast a shadow there,
As, doggedly, they stiffly strode
Along the unreturning road,
With eyes set on the stob, that showed
 Stark in the snell night-air —

The naked tree of stout ash-wood,
That handy on the fell-top stood
For folk who come to little good,
 Against the star-pricked sky.
Horse-copers, drovers, tinkers, herds,
And wenches flaunting fakish flerds,
An endless gang of gallows' birds,
 I watched them shamble by.

I watched them hirple up the hill,
Drawn up and up against their will,
Those gray ghosts, shadowless and still;
 For only in my heart
Had sounded that tramp-tramp of feet;
And nothing but my own heart's beat

Had drawn me to the haunted street;
When, with a sudden start,

I saw the whole rapscallion rout,
Each man of blood and sleiching lout,
Stop all at once, and wheel about,
And turn their eyes on me;
And, as I watched, the starry skies
And moonlit road and heathy rise
Vanished; and naught was there but eyes
That glowered murderously.

Hundreds of eyes that stared in mine
Of lads and wenches clarty-fine,
Who 'd perished by the banks of Tyne,
Since first it topped the fell,
That stob, new-tarred, with hempen noose,
Straw-colored, hanging long and loose
For any chance-come traveler's use,
To swing him slick to hell.

And then the eyes of everyone,
The eyes of the whole gairishon,
Each daddy's darling, mother's son,
Who 'd danced with heels in air,
Since reivers rode the Borderside,
And men had thieved and fought and died
And wenched and murdered, sneaked and lied,
Shrank to a single stare.

And as, from out the heart of night,
Those dead eyes searched me, wildfire-bright,
I looked into their murder-light,
And, startled, knew, alas,
That I was staring in my own
Scared eyes, where, frozen to the bone,
New-risen from sleep, I stood alone
Before my looking-glass.

PRISONERS OF THE DEAD

BY FRANCES NORVILLE CHAPMAN

I

CHARLES FAILLE stood on the steps of the Imperial House at Firestone, Kansas, wondering why he had stopped off at this ugly little town, when he might have been in Kansas City by this time, or well on his way to Chicago. It was one of those still, hot summer afternoons that give one a strange sense of pause, as if the heart of the world had suddenly stopped beating and earth hung poised, for one brief moment, in the midst of eternity. The suspended stillness filled Faille with a sense of premonition, as if he had only to reach out his hand to touch hovering death.

Faille was a small gray man of forty-five. Few people gave him a second glance, or remembered him after a casual meeting. Only a tailor or a cloth dealer could have judged the excellence of his apparel; only a sympathetic observer would have noticed the sensitive curve of his lips and the intelligence, the seeking friendliness, in his shy brown eyes. He was accustomed to being overlooked — accustomed to the indifference of eyes that met his own, but to-day, as he stood on the hotel steps, it seemed to him that the occasional passer-by regarded him with suspicion and hostility.

It was too ridiculous to think that, after traveling around the world, he should be stricken with car-sickness on the last lap of his journey. He had managed to control his illness through the day; but the moment his head touched the pillow of his berth, an un-

bearable nausea had overwhelmed him. He was, therefore, making the journey to Boston by easy stages. There was no need for him to hurry — there was nothing, nobody waiting for him. But one had to go somewhere, and Boston had been his home for many years. At Denver he had felt so much better that he had decided to go straight through to Chicago. However, almost immediately, his sickness had returned; and it grew worse so rapidly that he soon realized he would have to stop over at Kansas City. During one of the paroxysms that assailed him, he remembered a traveling man who had told him that he lived in Firestone, Kansas, and had boasted of the good hotel at that place. Firestone was the next station, and although Kansas City was only a few hours farther on, he felt that he could not endure another mile of that jolting, swaying motion; that swimming heat and grinding noise; the smells of orange-peel and exhausted humanity. Underneath the steam-pipe by his seat a fluff of hair-combings floated in the dust, filling him with unutterable loathing. It was the last straw; he could go no farther.

Firestone lay on the flat parched breast of the prairie, writhing, twisting, warping beneath the blazing August sun, which beat down upon it with brazen glare; and Faille had no sooner left the train than he had a frantic desire to get back into it. To his relief, however, he found that the hotel was

surprisingly clean and comfortably furnished; but his room was stifling in the mid-afternoon heat, and although his body cried out for the bed, he could not bring his mind to submit.

There was something depressing and fatalistic in the little square park that faced the hotel. In the centre a cast-iron fountain sent up a thin spray, which seemed to fall back with a discouraged splash into the trough that surrounded it. A few dilapidated benches were scattered along the dusty paths, and at one side stood a battered bandstand, half covered by a wilted vine. Most of the buildings around the square of the park were of frame, sadly in need of paint or repair.

'Can anything really be as hideous as this?' Faille thought; then, irritably, 'Where does this infernal heat come from? Perhaps if I hired a jitney I might be cooler.' But a rise of nausea at the thought of motion drove him back into the deserted office of the hotel. They had sprinkled the floor, and the air was filled with a mouldy, earthy smell, and his footsteps on the bare boards seemed to reverberate, like walking in a cave. However, it was cooler and more restful than his room, and he seated himself in one of the leather chairs near an electric fan whose drowsy hum soothed and quieted him.

The hotel clerk, a boy of nineteen or twenty, with a fat, sulky face, glanced at him indifferently, and Faille was faintly amused to see him take a little box from the desk drawer and begin to manicure his nails with painstaking thoroughness. Presently the boy paused in the midst of his clipping and polishing, to wipe his forehead with the back of his hand.

'Heat's fierce, ain't it? Stayin' overnight?' he inquired languidly.

'Yes,' Faille replied in an exhausted voice; 'and I am wondering if there

are any pleasant walks, any points of interest —' It was not so much the question of a conscientious traveler, as of one who seeks an escape.

The clerk gave a short laugh, but his voice was bitter as he replied, 'No, there ain't any pleasant walks, and if there's any points of interest around this burg, I never saw them.'

'Then it is n't your home?' Faille inquired.

'Humph! I was born here, so I reckon you'd call it home; but it ain't goin' to be long. I got two good offers I'm considerin' now. One's travelin' and the other's with a Victrola concern in Kansas City. The K.C. job would n't mean as much money, but there's other things to be considered. I'd be located right in the city, and that's worth something,' he continued argumentatively, as he polished his nails with the palm of his hand. 'Why, say!' — he grew vehement — 'you can't realize what it means to live in a place like this. There's absolutely nothin' to *do*. Forepaugh's circus used to make this their winter-quarters, but, honestly, even the animals could n't stand it, and now they take 'em to some town in Connecticut; got as far as they could without jumpin' in the ocean.' He burst into a loud laugh, which broke off suddenly, giving it the effect of a sharp report, as he glanced at the clock. 'I got to make that 5.20 train, and the bus is late, as usual,' he remarked bitterly; and as he replaced his toilette articles and reached for his hat, he added with fine sarcasm: 'No, I could n't recommend any points of interest around this place.'

Faille had the office to himself, and he closed his eyes and leaned his head against the back of the chair, trying to forget his discomfort in recalling the different countries he had seen, the people he had met. It was like a dream — nothing seemed to have touched

more than the surface of his mind. He had stored no real impressions — only a deepening sense of his own loneliness — and his regret — from which there seemed no escape.

II

As he sat half dozing, wholly quiescent, the memory of his wife's face as she lay dead rose before him — that poor plain face; not even death could give it dignity or make it anything but commonplace and peevish. And yet she had never been peevish. Not once, through all the years of her invalidism, had he ever heard her complain. She had been intensely interested in her symptoms and new treatments, just as formerly she had been interested in her Sunday-School class and the meticulous housekeeping that occupied her when Faille was an underpaid newspaper reporter, never dreaming of the sudden wealth that would come to him from a box of half-forgotten shares of stock that had impoverished his father and embittered his mother. The turn in fortune had come too late for his parents, and Faille soon felt that it had come too late for him as well.

When Charles Faille went to Boston from his home in a small New England town, he had no difficulty in securing a place on one of the city papers. He knew how to write, and he considered his job merely an apprenticeship to larger literary ventures. He was the only child of parents who were middle-aged when he was born, and he had grown up in an atmosphere of silent repression. He had been uncomfortable in his home, with its harsh inhibitions, its foolish prohibitions, and he was glad to leave it; nevertheless, he was often hideously homesick as he sat alone in his lodging-house room or wandered the streets at night, looking in at lighted windows where family groups were

gathered about the dining-table or engaged in some social diversion.

Once he went into a neighboring church and sat through a long dry sermon, for the sake of being with people who had gathered together with a common friendly impulse. No one noticed him until he was passing out, when a tall, rather faded lady approached him timidly.

"You are a stranger, are n't you?" She smiled nervously. "I — I think I have n't seen you here before. I'm Miss Parr. I'm on the committee to welcome strangers. Would n't you like to stay to Sunday School and meet some of the young people?"

Faille saw that she was painfully embarrassed, and her kind voice and anxious eyes made him answer gently as he refused her invitation; but all the afternoon he was filled with a little exhilaration, as if something pleasant and unexpected had happened to him.

After that he dropped into the church with more or less regularity, and presently he was being introduced by Miss Parr, he was walking home from church with her, and going in for Sunday-night tea. She was ten years older than he, and she had a small income of her own; and although she rarely allowed him to spend any money on her, she never tried to mother him. Indeed, there was a fluttering sweetness in her dependence on him that touched and appealed to his sensitive nature; and something in the frail droop of her head made him think of a flower, a day before yesterday's flower, left to wilt in stagnant water.

He could scarcely have told how it came about. He did n't pretend to himself that he was in love with her; but she was so kind, and he could see that she cared.

As soon as they were married Amelia insisted on turning her small principal

over to him; which he would not permit, but he never forgot it.

Then, almost immediately, had come the change in their fortunes, but not before he had acknowledged that, despite Amelia's goodness and devotion, she bored him intolerably. She liked to entertain her Sunday-School class, but she was miserable and tongue-tied when he attempted to bring home any of his new acquaintances. She loved to have her house kept in a state of rigid orderliness; but she did n't make it comfortable, and sometimes Faille derived a sardonic amusement from the knowledge that she often locked the door on her servants, and cleaned and scoured her closets and bureau-drawers to her heart's content. Whenever he showed her any of his writing, her invariable comment was: 'Why, that's *lovely*, Charles; you ought to keep right on.'

And although Faille remained faithful to his wife, he gradually withdrew into himself. He never failed in courtesy, and after her invalidism, he was lavish in allowing her every luxury and care; but it was with a physical revulsion that he looked upon her long yellow face, with its faded blue eyes and sunken mouth. The combined efforts of maid and nurse could not keep her sparse hair from falling in straight wisps about her face. He hated to touch her bony hands, with their big red knuckles and dry skin. He often wondered what she thought about as she lay there day after day, week after week, year after year, staring at the walls, or knitting miles of wool into shawls, socks, and slippers, which she sent to the church fairs. She never complained, and she never showed any interest in outside things; and after Faille stopped talking to her about himself, she never showed any curiosity about his doings; she never seemed glad or sorry to see him come or go, when he

stopped at her room morning and evening to inquire, with punctilious kindness, for her comfort.

Even that last night, he felt pity, but no tenderness, for her. Her skin, drawn tightly over the bony structure of her face, seemed to glisten like the yellow surface of an egg; her short rapid breath was the only sound in the room. He sat beside her for a long time, pretending to shade his eyes from the night-light, but in reality to avoid looking at her. Presently she moved, and he was conscious of her eyes gazing at him.

'What is it, Amelia?' he asked gently, overcoming a momentary repugnance to lay his hand over hers. A quiver passed over her face, and faintly, like a voice carried from a great distance, she whispered, —

'If you could only have loved me, Charles!'

Faille sat in an agony of embarrassment. He felt that he must speak, and as he groped despairingly for the right word, that mournful dying gaze seemed suddenly not fixed upon him, but to be looking beyond — as if it would break down all barriers, to the very naked soul of things; then her lids fell, and with a long sigh, the fluttering in her breast was still.

Faille was horror-stricken to think that he had let his wife die without saying some reassuring word. He went over every detail of their life together, reconstructed her life as she must have lived it, hungering for his love, yearning for his tenderness. 'If she could only have filled her life with other things!' he mourned. He exaggerated his own coldness and lack of sympathy. He had longed for freedom, and now his freedom appalled him, for often it came upon him like a terror that she was the only person who had ever needed his love, and he had denied her. 'If you could only have loved me, Charles!' It would have been so easy to pretend.

He knew that he had grown morbid, and in an attempt to escape his obsession, he had joined a party going to Europe. He found a certain interest in travel, and after a time he had gone on alone, until he had been away two years, and had circled the globe.

III

Faille was roused by the sound of a telephone-bell shrilling; and as he started up, dazed, the clerk smiled as he sorted the mail. 'Had a nap, ain't you?' he asked. 'It's cooler too. Supper's ready any time you are, but the doors close promptly at seven-thirty,' he warned.

Before supper, Faille sauntered down one of the residence streets. It was indeed cooler, and the sun fell in long slanting shadows before him. The ugly rectangular houses no longer annoyed him. Once he laughed aloud as he passed a row of new, top-heavy, badly proportioned bungalows. He was reminded of a Boer woman he had met in South Africa; she had the same overhanging brows and broad ungainly girth.

Presently he had reached the outskirts of the town, and, thinking to take a different route back to the hotel, he turned into a side street, — Arbor Street, the lamp-post read, — and found himself facing an old square brick house, surrounded by three or four acres of ground laid out in a vegetable garden. A few fine trees sheltered the house, whose brick walls, beaten and scarred by sun and rain, had faded to lovely neutral tones of pink, citron, and lemon. A vine, heavy with grapes, was festooned upon a trellis, which led from the side door to an old-fashioned well. On the ground near-by was a great heap of tomatoes, which made a brilliant splotch of color against the greenery beyond. An azure filet of

smoke from somewhere back of the house brought the faint pungent odor of a bonfire to his nostrils. The place seemed to enfold the stillness of the late afternoon, and for a moment it seemed to Faille that a peaceful hand was laid upon his heart.

As he stood leaning against the picket fence that surrounded the place, a woman came from the side door of the house. She picked up a heavy wooden box that stood on the porch, and something in the ease with which she lifted it, and her free swinging stride, gave him an impression of unusual physical strength and poise. She was a tall woman of about forty years; her black hair was streaked with gray, and her weather-beaten face was ploughed by two deep furrows from eyes to mouth, like arid water-courses.

She carried the box to the well, and seating herself on the curb, began to sort the tomatoes. He wondered if she were preparing them for market.

Presently she glanced up, and it seemed to Faille that her piercing dark eyes registered every feature of his face and apparel; there was no surprise, no inquiry, in her eyes; rather, a bleak impassivity in her level gaze. In momentary confusion, he touched his hat and walked on.

Faille ate his supper without appetite, and despite the change in temperature, he found his room unbearably hot and stuffy; and as soon as his head touched the pillow, the old nausea was upon him, rushed at him, engulfed him, swept him into a whirlpool of horror and nightmare.

A week later Faille opened his eyes to see a strange man sitting by his bedside; his linen was none too clean, and he wore a shapeless alpaca coat frayed at the edges; but there was something in the steady gray eyes and the soft firm fingers on his wrist, which told

him that he was in the hands of a physician.

'Have — have I been ill?' Faille whispered wonderingly.

'Well, I should say you have, and a pretty scare you gave us,' the doctor replied in a booming voice. 'No one knew where you came from or what you were doing here. — Are you a Mason?' he demanded abruptly.

'No,' Faille replied in a bewildered way.

'Elk? Belong to the church? Not that I care a continental,' the doctor chuckled, 'but every society, church, and organization in Firestone has claimed you. It's been a job to keep all the home-made nurses in town from "sitting up" with you. If you hadn't gotten better pretty soon, I was going to send over to Topeka for a trained nurse. I judged you could afford it, as there was nearly a thousand dollars in your pants pocket. The clerk down-stairs gave it to me, and I got it in my safe at the office. D'you think it's safe to carry that much money around with you?' he inquired severely — which struck Faille as funny, and he laughed weakly, as he demanded: 'What's the matter with me? I don't feel sick.'

'Well, you're not sick now. On a guess, I should say you were nervously exhausted; but you had a fever and stomach upsetment that kept me bothered for a few days. However, all you need now is rest. Yes, you been right popular,' the doctor continued after a little pause; 'even old Miss Gaum, who runs a little truck-farm out Arbor Street, inquired for you, and she ain't one to be curious about folks usually.'

Faille lay for a moment trying to remember. Arbor Street — a truck-farm. Then he inquired: 'Does she live in an old brick house with a white picket fence around it?' He could n't

remember whether there had really been a brick house or he had dreamed of one.

'Yes,' the doctor replied; 'it's the old Forbes place, but she bought it some years ago. She ain't native to these parts, and the townspeople think she's kinda peculiar, but I guess she just minds her own business.'

The voice trailed off in Faille's ears to a confused murmur. It seemed to him that he lay looking into a garden with heaps of glowing tomatoes scattered about. He could smell grapes ripening on a trellis, and little wisps of smoke from a bonfire floated before his eyes like censer wreaths; an uneven brick pavement, stained with green mould and splashed with cool shadows of late afternoon, led to an old-fashioned well, from which, surprisingly enough, Miss Gaum seemed to emerge, fixing him with her dark, piercing gaze. He did not hear her speak, but he knew that she was inviting him to enter her garden. He put one hand on the picket and vaulted across the fence; and he felt no dismay that he did not land on his feet, but floated with a light buoyancy over Miss Gaum's head into delicious, cool, green depths —

'There, he's off, and he's liable to sleep like that for hours,' the doctor said softly, as he rose from his chair. 'I'll look in on him after lodge, in case he needs anything.'

IV

Faille recovered quickly, but he seemed drained of all initiative. Each day he told himself that to-morrow he must continue his journey; but each day found him sitting on the hotel verandah or in the shade of the little park, and nearly every afternoon he sat for an hour in Miss Gaum's garden; for once, in the early days of his convalescence, as he loitered outside her white picket

fence, she had spoken to him and invited him to enter.

One evening, as Miss Gaum washed her hands at the pump, she said abruptly, 'I believe mebby you better come up here and stay a week or two. You'd sleep better than in that stuffy hotel, and if you don't mind lack of style, I could feed you as good as they do.'

Faille accepted without protest. He liked his big bare chamber, which held everything for his comfort but not a superfluous article. This was true of the whole house. It was the most orderly house he had ever seen — not the fussy orderliness that Amelia had loved to maintain. He remembered two enormous Dresden vases, with elaborate ornamental flowers and figures upon them, that had decorated Amelia's mantel. She had never allowed anyone but herself to touch them, and she used to spend hours cleaning them, wrapping an orange-wood stick with cotton and poking it into every crevice and cranny, rinsing them with hot soapsuds, and drying them with little wads of tissue paper and soft towels. 'It's the hot soapsuds rinse that gives them the *lustre*,' she would explain earnestly as she lifted them back into their places.

After Faille went to Miss Gaum's to stay, he spent nearly every waking hour in her garden. All of his childhood had been spent in or near the country, and during the past two years he had lived for weeks at a time in the vast silences of mountains with snow-capped peaks, rushing cascades, and hidden pools; he had tramped through still dark forests, and had watched the stars wheel through the sky as he lay on the desert sands; but in this little Kansas garden he seemed to touch, for the first time in his life, the spiritual essence of Nature.

But he was not idle, for very soon he began to help with the work. He liked

to gather and sort the vegetables for market, and to pump water into the little irrigating ditches Miss Gaum had devised. He could hardly wait for the day they were to pick apples in the orchard, which grew on an up-climbing hill back of the house. And as he worked, he liked to watch Miss Gaum, reaching, bending, lifting; she would walk straight up a ladder as if she were mounting the steps of her house; he had never seen such perfect motor-control or such lack of self-consciousness. He often wondered about her. There were days at a time when she scarcely spoke, days when her dark sunken eyes held a still, controlled despair that aroused his speculation and conjecture. She never asked him questions about himself, and when he spoke of his travels, she listened attentively but without comment. It was when he ventured some opinion of abstract, human significance that she startled him with her instant comprehension, with some comment so wise, so penetrating, that he wondered what form Fate had chosen for her to break herself against.

It was the day they were picking apples that Faille put the question to her.

'What do you think about?' he asked. 'I have the feeling that you are always thinking — not about apples or garden truck, but — *something*,' he ended vaguely.

She gave him a keen glance, and it seemed to him that her face grew gray and bleak as she picked up a basket; and as she walked away, she replied, briefly, 'The dead.'

For a moment Faille felt dizzy, as if he had been walking along in safety and had suddenly come to the edge of an abyss. For days he had n't thought of Amelia, but instantly the whole green garden was invaded by her mournful eyes; her sad, far-away voice.

He turned and stumbled into the house.

V

That evening, after supper, Miss Gaum lighted a fire on the hearth. 'Winter will be here before we know it,' she said, as she added twisted wisps of paper to the blaze. 'You'd better warm a while before you go upstairs; and anyway,' — she rose briskly from her stooping posture, — 'I guess it's about time you and me had a talk. You say you been watching me think; well, I been watching you too, and if you want to, you can tell me about it.'

And with this queer invitation, Faille poured out his story. He told it without reticence or reserve, as if he were thinking aloud.

'It does n't sound like much, as I tell it,' he finished; 'not enough to send me around the world, but I can't get away — it dogs my footsteps everywhere. Other men could fill up their lives — marry again,' — he stammered a little, — 'but there's a morbid weakness in me. I'm not poor, you know, and I ought to do some big work in the world, but —' he finished helplessly.

'You might's well go back wherever it is you live,' Miss Gaum replied after a long pause. 'I guess you and me are prisoners, in for a life term.' She smiled a distant, mirthless, inscrutable smile. 'But then, far's that's concerned, I suppose we're all prisoners to something or other; nobody really escapes, not even those men that marry again and fill up their lives. If it ain't a dead person, it's something we've done ourselves that's our jailer.'

'But does one have to submit to the tyranny of the dead — of the past?' he protested.

'Well, it's there, ain't it?' she asked. 'I suppose it was my answering you the way I did this afternoon that's set you off this way. I do think about the dead a good deal, but I guess I think more about that truck-garden, and whether

I'm going to keep the blight out of my orchard, than I realized. But I been thinking about you too lately, thinking you better not be hanging around here much longer. You're in good health. I watched you lift them barrels yesterday; you could n't have budged them three weeks ago. You said something about Boston once; I guess that's your home, is n't it?' And as Faille nodded silently, she continued in her toneless, musing voice: 'I been to Boston lots of times, and I should think it'd be a nice place for an educated man like you to live. You see I was n't born out here. You'd never be able to guess where I was born, so I'll tell you — under a tent-top'; and at Faille's interested glance, she nodded slowly. 'I suppose you never heard of the Gaum family of trapeze performers?' At his negative sign she smiled dimly. 'You would n't, but for three generations our family was one of the best known in the circus world. All of my brothers and sisters were born within smell of the tan-bark, and our father and mother began training us before we left the cradle. I was only four years old the first time they took me up on the swings for a public performance. It's a rough, hard life, but not the way people on the outside think. You have to work like a slave, and you'd better believe there is n't much dissipating among the acrobats and trapeze performers, when not only their jobs, but their lives, depend upon a clear brain and steady nerves.'

'When I was eighteen my mother died; my father was beginning to get old, and suddenly the family seemed to break up. One sister married and left the circus, another went with Sells Brothers, two of the boys went on a vaudeville circuit, but father and I stuck. At that time he was one of the ring-masters and helped train the young performers. Pretty soon I had a working partner, Joe Capello. Joe was a

Castilian, a handsome fellow with plenty of nerve, but there was something funny about him too — "Jumpy," they used to call him. He was easily affected by the weather, and sometimes, before we'd ever been out in the ring, he'd say restlessly, "This audience don't *feel* good"; and sure enough, those were the days we could n't get any enthusiasm into them. Well, as so often happens in that sort of teamwork, Joe and I fell in love.' There was not a tremor of emotion in Miss Gaum's voice as she continued. 'But our love-making never interfered with our work. As a matter of fact, I always had a queer feeling as soon as I went up the rope — as if *I* was n't there. Kinda like a machine — I forgot I had a will of my own.' She paused over the inadequacy of words to express her meaning.

'I suppose all artists have that peculiar, impersonal motor-control; that sense of acting without their own volition,' Faille suggested.

'Yes, I guess so, but I don't know just what some of them big words mean.' She smiled faintly. 'But anyway, it seemed as if Joe knew what I was going to do before the thought was fully formed in my mind. I was so sure of him that I never hesitated to do anything he told me to. Out I would fly through space, as sure of those strong hands as I am of reaching an apple on one of those trees in the orchard. Like all people of his race, Joe had a bad temper, was often jealous and unreasonable; but circus people are used to that sort of thing, and some way we don't make as much of it as people do who are shut up in houses.

'We had one act that I don't believe has ever been excelled. We called it the Leap of Death, and we practised a year and a half before we gave it at a performance, and then, if you'll believe it, we did it too well, or at least, it looked too easy; anyway, we did n't get a hand-

clap. My father fixed up a lot of business to make it look more difficult and dangerous than it really was, and we took more time to work up to our climax. Well, it made a hit then — the audience went wild. Joe loved that. I can see him now, bowing and smiling and kissing his hands and swaggering as we left the tent.

'One night we quarreled. It was n't over a woman — just some silly thing I'd be ashamed to tell you. But Joe was so unreasonable, he said such outrageous things, that I got mad too — a thing I seldom did. I hated him. I hate him now when I think of it,' she said quietly. 'I could n't sleep all night, and the next morning when he began nagging at me, I felt as if I could kill him where he stood.

'The Leap of Death was one of those acts that require every ounce of nerve and concentration that one can bring to bear; a slip of a hair's breadth, a miscalculation of a fraction of a second, would mean a bad spill, although there was n't much real danger, as my father never let us go up without the net. We stood on little platforms at the very top of opposite sides of the tent; and that day as I watched Joe bowing and scraping and showing his big white teeth to the audience below, an evil thought leaped into my brain. Suppose I missed him and he went bouncing into the net below — it would take that vain grin off his face fast enough, and no one would ever know. Suddenly I saw Joe staring at me, and it seemed to me that his face went white. "Is he sick?" I thought swiftly; but just then my father blew his whistle and I forgot everything but the act. Out, out I swung, and Joe swept past me; back again, I fell, hanging by my knees, and as Joe's trapeze reached the tent-top for the third time, I tensed my muscles to catch him as he leaped on the downward sweep. Then my heart seemed to

plunge clean out of my body; I gave a terrified lunge, reaching, clutching — at emptiness. Joe had leaped a second too soon, and as I grabbed wildly for the rope, I caught a glimmer of his desperate, accusing eyes as he crashed into and through the net.'

For a long time there was silence in the room, and the only movement was the soft dropping of the ash from the calcined wood on the hearth, which fluttered down in snowy heaps, like little white graves.

'He read your mind?' Faille asked, in a tense voice.

'Yes, he always could. Clairvoyant, they used to call him,' she answered sombrely. 'But that time he read the impulse of an angry woman, and failed to follow the mind of the artist. Well, his neck was broken by the fall, but no one ever suspected a thing. But as for that, what was there to suspect? Accidents happen in the circus, but not as often as you'd think, considering the risks we take; and if anyone was to blame, it was the management, for using a rotten rope-stake.'

'And then you left the circus?' Faille prompted, after another pause.

'Not at once,' she replied. 'My nerve was n't shaken, at least, not when I was performing, those things become almost automatic. But for a long time I never lay down at night but I'd see Joe's eyes staring at me — sometimes they were laughing eyes, teasing, tender, but mostly they were filled with a terrible, haunting reproach. Sometimes I see them even yet.'

'I know,' Faille shivered, as he bent and stirred the coals to blaze.

'Well, all at once,' she continued, 'I began to have a curious dislike for everything about the circus — the gossiping people, the smells of animals, tarpaulin, tan-bark. I hated the jolting trains, the noisy street parades. And just at that time my father died and

left an insurance policy of five thousand dollars.

'I had n't been out here for years, but we used to make it winter-quarters when I was a child, and I'd always remembered the place because one winter we'd taken a little house at the edge of town, as some of the children were sick and my mother wanted to get us away from the quarters.

'Of course, they all thought I was crazy. I was young and making good money. I came from circus people, and I knew nothing of life outside the circus. I guess I ran away, same as you did.'

Faille sat looking at Miss Gaum as she bent forward in profile. Her heavy low-heeled shoes showed beneath the hem of her faded print gown, and her work-worn hands lay folded in her lap. He tried to visualize her in the trappings of her gay and tragic past. All impulsive forces seemed gone; all desires, urgencies. There was something immutable and fatelike in her pose and the dark immobility of her face. Suddenly he felt his heart beating quickly, and he reached out and touched her arm.

'And do you forget sometimes — out there in your garden?' he asked breathlessly.

'No.' She shook her head. 'But when I'm out there it does n't seem to make much difference — not about Joe, nor you, nor me, nor anybody. You'll know what I mean when you get to work.'

'But how — how can I have a garden on a city lot?' Faille demanded with childish literalism.

'That's a funny thing. I don't believe it makes any difference where the garden is — nor whether it is large or small. You can do a lot with a little space.'

'And I'll be able to get away — ' he persisted.

'No.' There was a hint of impatience in her voice. 'It'll always be there. I don't know's you'll want to get away.

You're one of that kind; so'm I; but we can't help that, can we?"

"No, I don't suppose we can," he agreed soberly.

"Well, then we got to learn to live with it; after a time, when your garden gets growing, the thing does n't seem very important: it's unreal — kind of interesting, like something you might read in a book," she finished with the first hint of awkwardness.

"You know," — she rose and laid her hand for a moment on his shoulder, — "it — it don't even have to be a garden. I reckon there's plenty of other things you could do."

In the morning Faille walked up to the hotel and ordered the bus to call for him and his traps the next day.

"Leavin' town?" the clerk inquired with easy familiarity. "Well, it seems to have agreed with you out here."

"Yes," Faille replied, "but it's time I was getting on my way."

"Gee, I envy you. I thought I was goin' to get away before this; but nothin' good, bad, or indifferent ever happened to anybody in this burg. Goin' West, ain't you?"

"No," Faille replied good-naturedly; "I'm returning to my home in Boston."

"Good-night!" the boy exclaimed. "We didn't know but you was goin' in the truckin' business with old lady Gaum. Heard you been helpin' her with her garden."

"Well, I may make a garden when I get home," Faille smiled; "or perhaps I shall write a story about one."

"That so?" the boy gave him an interested glance. "They tell me there is n't much money in literchure since the war, but it's absorbin'. I don't suppose you noticed them bus signs advertisin' the hotel? I wrote 'em, and honestly, I was dead to the world while I was doin' it.

Funny thing, too, — I had an ulcerated tooth at the time."

Faille broke into a sudden hearty laugh. "Did you forget about the tooth?" he demanded.

"Say," — the boy regarded him tolerantly, — "I guess you never had an ulcerated tooth. No, I didn't forget about it, but it did n't seem to matter — at least not so much."

Faille walked slowly over into the little park. The leaves of the trees had taken on the sandal and saffron tints of October, and the vine that festooned the bandstand hung in handfuls of russet lace. The air was filled with tender autumn mists, and once or twice a passer-by nodded him a friendly greeting. He seated himself on one of the benches, and sat idly watching a skinny old man who was digging up the turf at one side of the path, turning it under with vigorous slaps and prods of his spade. Presently the old man straightened up and, catching Faille's eye, gave him a friendly, toothless smile. "Pity they don't plough up the hull place," he remarked; "the grass is deader'n a doornail, but if they'd jest plough it under, it'd be fine fer next year's crop."

Faille was a fairly well-read man, but it happened that he had never read Voltaire's immortal handbook of philosophy, and for a long time he sat thinking of all the dead hopes and dreams, the failures and experiences, that are being ploughed under all over the world, ploughed under to strengthen the new crop. And with a sudden sense of revelation, he thought of Amelia with her Sunday-School class, her Dresden vases, and the interminable shawls that she had knitted. "She wasn't nearly as unhappy as I thought she was — and how much wiser than I," he mused with whimsical tenderness. "Those things were her garden, poor dear."

NO COURTSHIP AT ALL

BY ANOTHER SPINSTER

I READ 'Courtship after Marriage' on a mournfully windy Sunday evening, in an empty, underheated college library; but I hurried home to my third-floor front in a glow of warm gratitude. I was going to write an anonymous letter to the anonymous bachelor, to thank him. I was going to say: 'Thank you, and again, thank you. It is comforting to know that a man understands and cares.' Perhaps I might say a great deal more — but I must be careful not to sound sentimental; and, besides, I should have to make it an open letter, so that the editor might read it, to be sure he was n't sending on anything silly, or in bad taste. I was afraid to write that letter, after all. And I sobered into my usual Sunday-night stoicism.

'Afraid.' That is it. We are afraid. I say 'we,' because I am daring to speak for many lonely unmarried women. In varying degrees, according to our various ages, we are afraid of being thought silly, sentimental, cowardly, unladylike; or — worst of all — we are afraid that some recent initiate into the mysteries of psychoanalysis, whom a little psychology has made mad, will announce with triumph that we have a Freudian complex. (If it is a Freudian complex to want a home, a husband, and children, then blessed be Freud.) So it is only when we are still very young that we say lightly, 'When I have five children —.' Soon it is modified to a quiet, 'If I ever have a child'; and later, we say nothing. If we have n't let the hope entirely darken, we are yet afraid to acknowledge the dream.

It would shock, or bore, or disgust the world in general, I suppose, if all the schoolteachers and office-workers who want to marry should suddenly tell the truth. The public prefers to believe that women cherish their economic independence more tenderly than they ever could cherish husbands and babies. And our pride helps to keep up the great delusion. Many of us, especially the older ones, would never admit our loneliness and disappointment, perhaps, even to ourselves; but the majority, I believe, have 'had to tell' someone, — some equally lonely woman friend, — whether or not we told it in words, the story of frustrated hopes, of baffled instincts, of imprisoned powers. We form a kind of great secret society. The initiation is, mercifully, gradual; the dues are endless; the badge may be anything from a commutation ticket to a Phi-Beta-Kappa key; the password, seldom uttered, is always the same — loneliness.

It was a schoolteacher friend who, urging me to read soon 'Courtship after Marriage,' wrote: 'It is comforting to know that we are not the only ones in whose lives passion is a problem.' And when a friend who works in an office came to me, to discuss a problem of passion in her life, and wondered why people did n't 'realize what a starved life business women lead,' I told *her*, in turn, to read the *Atlantic* article. She's clever, that thirty-five-year-old 'girl.' She holds a position and draws a salary that command my admiration and awe, but not my envy, for I know her real

ambition. It is that of hundreds of women, who are working successfully, and hard, and alone: she wants her own kitchen. She has proved that she can earn her own living; that she need never be a burden on anybody; that she could help her husband, if need be; that she could support her children, if it should become necessary; and there is no prospect of a husband and children for her.

But why not a kitchen, if she is earning an awe-inspiring salary? you ask. Well, for the sake of her elderly parents, she is keeping her home from being sold — the home in which she spends just fifteen short days of each long year. Many of us are in similar situations. We are supporting invalid fathers, or mothers who did not have a chance to learn how to earn their own livings; we are helping the brother who needs to get started in business; or we are putting a sister through college. If it is not relatives for whom our money is needed, permanently, we are temporarily tied, during those valuable first few years when, the books tell us, we should be having children, by the debts we have accumulated in getting our education. Especially is this true of college teachers and professional women. Well do we understand why the men of our own age are not daring to think of matrimony. They have the same debts; they are denying themselves everything, from subscribing to their favorite periodicals to fulfilling themselves as husbands and fathers. Such men have a right, though, if they are courageous and strong, to try to find wives who are willing to be poor and work with them.

We may not do that, modern novels and magazine stories to the contrary. Neither when we are young, nor when we are less young, would most of us venture to call on a man often enough to impress him with our possibilities as wives. We have learned, long ago, much about the patience and self-sacrifice and

honesty that marriage requires. If there has been no one whom we had to take care of, there has often been someone whom we elected to take care of — some woman-friend, not so strong, not so capable of fighting her way in the world, or of carrying her own suitcase. We have neither tinsel nor tulle illusions about love and romance, and we have fought the good fight against cynicism and the 'modern' attitude. It is unselfish, brave, and tender companionship that we want to receive and give, not the *grande passion*. (Of passion, indeed, we have had too much. We are weary in body and sick in soul from our vain attempts to endure unscathed the insidious, persistent assaults of passion.)

But how are men, who constantly hear and read the popular fallacies about how we love our independence — how are they to know that we are women who do 'want to be taken care of' just as much as we 'want someone of our own to take care of'? How can we let them know that we ought to be wives and mothers, that we are not hopelessly modern women? We have not even the legitimate means of making ourselves gracious and pleasing. Most of us cannot afford to dress well, and in many cases, we must dress severely. How drab and unfeminine we must seem, especially as the years go by and we learn to hide the light that was once in our eyes.

The most desperate trouble is, though, that we have no homes in which to entertain men — often, not even one hospitable room where we may receive guests. Everyone knows what a boarding-house reception-room is — and is not. Girls in stories always make delicious little suppers for their callers. Where do they find the landladies who allow it? In the stories, I think.

How we want homes! How tired we are of it all, tired of other women's taste — or lack of it — in wall-paper

and rugs, in salads and desserts; tired of institutional meals, especially the sacrosanct Sunday dinner of hypothetical chicken and store ice-cream; tired, most of all, of chilly, badly lighted, inadequately cleaned rooms, with limited closet space and no view — rooms that we come home to alone! We could stand it, if it were getting us anywhere, if there were anyone with whom to share the adventure of cramped, makeshift living — someone with whom we could work in some hope of a future (there is no future for two women friends); a future in which there should be not a room, but rooms, and even an attic and a cellar, and a kitchen.

I insist on the kitchen. That is to me the outward and visible manifestation of the inward longings of my spirit. 'If I ever do go insane,' I wrote calmly in a letter the other day, 'you know what form it will take. I shall wander up and down the aisles of the hardware department in the nearest big store.' Indeed, I have already begun visiting hardware departments, with no excuse except the joy of seeing piles of cool enamel ware, stacks of lustrous aluminum, heaps of dashing, shaggy mops. (I can clean house much better than I can teach.) You might expect me to haunt what is hideously known as the 'infants' department. No; because there is no use. I may have a kitchen some day, if I can afford it; but a baby will never be mine, I am beginning to be sure. So, during an occasional week-end, I wash the dishes for my tired married friend, and help her take care of the baby, who is teething and not at all poetic.

There is no starry romance about dirty cooking-dishes and a fretful baby. I know it, and we know it — we, the lonely. But we prefer it to the equally unilluminated realism of cleaning typewriters, or struggling with the pitiful, sub-normal boy, who 'did n't want to come to school anyway.' The married

friend was tired; but how much less we have to show for our weariness. I mean this selfishly, yes. We may be much-beloved social workers or school-teachers, but the love of the poor and the love of 'other women's children' (this is sentimental) is not all we want, nor is it all we need.

Our love for these poor people, for these children, does not use up all our capacities for love. A residuum remains, unconvertible, a strongly burning core; and so we are afraid that we, too, will ultimately 'collapse, either mentally or morally' — as well as physically, if I may add to the Anonymous Bachelor's words. Many of us hide it, for years. We go about, capable, controlled, dignified, wise women, women who are trusted and admired and loved in our work — and justly so, I dare to think. We are well-trained enough to keep the two selves separate: the public self, and the private self that ought to be normal but has become abnormal, a little, or much. How much, we cannot quite judge, ourselves.

A few educators, physicians, and psychologists, who are not afraid of the truth, do not flinch from acknowledging the moral complications that are arising, and, I believe, increasing, as more and more unmarried women live unnatural, lonely, homesick lives. I do not know what the material remedy will be; but surely the first necessity is to be honest; and in order to be honest about the particular applications of the problem, — its pathological aspects, that is, — we all must be honest about the general problem.

And I had meant to be honest myself, to tell without reserves, and unsparingly, of the agony of it all; of the beating against stone walls; of the black despair that even prayer can scarcely lighten; of the incredible cruelty of it — of the waste.

But I am afraid.

THE GERMAN MIND

BY HELLMUT VON GERLACH

I

BEFORE THE WAR

WHILE Bismarck was at the helm — until 1890 — the German people did not concern themselves seriously with foreign affairs. The immense and uninterrupted success of Bismarck's foreign policy, from 1864 to 1891, justified their confidence. They relied absolutely upon his genius.

The surpassing skill of the almost omnipotent ruling Chancellor of the Empire — for the old Kaiser Wilhelm always left the decision to him, the other ministers were only his instruments; the Reichstag majority was pliant, the majority of the people passive — destroyed the German people's inclination to busy themselves with questions of international politics.

In addition, Germany's prosperity was developing rapidly. This favorable economic development continued when Wilhelm II came to the throne, and after he separated from Bismarck, in 1890. Until 1914, Germany's economic life expanded uninterruptedly. The expression frequently used in speeches, 'Germany needs "a place in the sun,"' was only talk. As a matter of fact, Germany had her place in the sun. Her national prosperity increased to such an extent that the universal standard of living was rising constantly; although, of course, inequality of incomes caused discontent among certain classes. People are never contented, — fortunately, perhaps, — but so far as external

causes were concerned there was no reason to complain that our economic development was checked.

On the other hand, after 1890, full confidence in the conduct of our foreign policy was lacking. The people felt a nervous hand, where formerly they had been accustomed to a firm one. They listened to big words, but missed useful deeds. A feeling of unrest and uncertainty began to spread, although, of course, the masses of the citizens were entirely uncritical. As long as they were not disturbed in their business, they did not worry about the foreign policy of their government.

The Reichstag remained what it had been — thorough, and sometimes even energetic, in questions of domestic policy; superficial and full of confidence in matters of foreign policy. But, outside of the Legislature, groups were formed, which, on their own account and in a particular way, tried to influence foreign policy.

The Pan-German League was formed. The real founder, Karl Peters, — a man as energetic as he was brutal, — had won for Germany the East African colony. His following was not large, but it was very active. It was composed almost entirely of so-called 'highbrows' — old officers, professors, writers, and, above all, headmasters. Owing to the fact that he gradually drew about all the teachers of the upper schools into his circle, he acquired an immeasurable influence on the psychology of the

young academic generation, which was called upon to take the leading place in civil and national life.

The Pan-German League masqueraded as the successor to Bismarck's policy, but, from the beginning, traveled a very different road. It had two aims. At times, a national one: it wanted to unite and cleanse the Germans. Therefore, it sought to establish a bond between the Germans of the Empire and the Germans living in the rest of the world. For this reason, it tried to purify the Germans from all alleged foreign elements. It made war against the Jews. It was consciously anti-Semitic.

Then, again, it was imperialistic. It sought a German world-policy. In inseparable connection with its imperial aims stood its militarism. As its intellectual offspring, therefore, we must recognize the Naval League, — with its membership mounting into the hundreds of thousands, — and the Military League. Both leagues were remarkably active in securing new appropriations for the army and navy; in supporting the government when it proposed such appropriations; in attacking it when the appropriations did not seem sufficiently ample. The munitions industry, with its enormous resources, naturally supported this welcome agitation. But it would be wrong to say that material considerations alone had been the chief inspiration of the propaganda of the Pan-Germans and militarists. Idealism, misunderstood and falsely directed, played the leading rôle. At first, to be sure, the material support of interested circles helped on the agitation immensely.

In contrast to the Pan-German League stood the German Peace Society — the first and, at that time, the only organization of German pacifism. It never had more than a few thousand members. The mass of the

people saw in the pacifists a small group of possibly brave, but unpractical, Utopians. No one really believed in a serious war-menace; therefore, an opposition organization appeared unnecessary. The universal lack of interest in foreign affairs was an especial obstacle. Widespread elucidation through extensive propaganda could not be undertaken, as financial means were lacking. The well-to-do, almost without exception, were indifferent to the pacifist movement. Their ambitions were titles, decorations, patents of nobility — things obtainable only through influence at court; but, at court, pacifism was no recommendation.

The lack of support of the upper classes could, naturally, have been offset by the coöperation of the lower classes. These were the Socialist workers. They were internationally directed and pacifically inclined. But, on the other hand, they were sworn to the dogma of caste-struggle. That separated them from all contact with middle-class organizations. The pacifist was scorned as a dreamer, with whom a real Marxian could have nothing to do; and the class-conscious German laborers all wished to be Marxians. They did not fight the Peace Society, but they opposed it with a superior smile. Scarcely one Social Democrat, at that time, belonged to the German Peace Society.

II

AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

Shortly before the beginning of the war, Pan-Germanism had become a mighty factor. No party of the Reichstag was entirely committed to it, but in almost every citizen's party it numbered influential followers, especially among the Conservatives and National Liberals. A large section of the press was at its service. A succession of books appeared, written under its inspiration.

Speakers went through the country enlisting sympathy for its ideas.

In the spring of 1914, Professor O. Nippold brought out a very interesting book, entitled *German Chauvinism*. This rather extensive volume is nothing but a collection of quotations from the speeches and publications of the Pan-Germans of the year 1913. They all culminated in the glorification of war, in the preaching of hatred toward other nations, in dreams of the expansion of German might. Especially crass was the heckling quoted from the papers and publications of a portion of the Young German movement.

There were certain circles, not numerous, but influential, which, for various reasons, fairly longed for war.

Some saw in war the only way of damning the ever-increasing flow of German laborers toward Socialism. The Reichstag elections of 1912 had given the Social Democrats 111 seats, thereby making them the strongest legislative party. Many people feared that the Social Democrats would gradually win the majority, and then would swing legislation to the side of labor. Through the national promotion of a war, they expected to secure a reaction against the feeling of internationalism inseparably connected with Socialism.

Others longed to secure by means of war an antidote to what, in their opinion, was an ever-increasing tendency toward materialism. They declared that, when a nation enjoyed peace too long, many virtues and ideal aspirations disappeared. Everyone was consumed by the passion for acquiring money and the comforts of life. War was a chalybeate bath, which alone could heal the people spiritually and morally.

Still others argued more temperately, declaring that, with Pan-Germanism in Russia, the thirst for revenge in France, England's commercial jealousy, the

continual buzzing in the Balkans, war was unavoidable sooner or later. If this was so, it was better that the war should come soon; for now the military position of Germany was exceptionally favorable: the deepening of the Channel of the North Baltic Sea, necessary for the German warships, had been accomplished; German finances and German arms were at their best, because of the gigantic appropriations of 1912-13. Russia's strategic positions were not yet completed. France had no high-angle artillery. The three-year term of service just agreed upon in France had not yet had time to achieve any practical result. In short, all military chances were, at this moment, on the side of Germany.

In addition, there was the fact that the gigantic military machine of Germany in itself produced a certain war-spirit. Under the influence of Herr von Tirpitz we had built an enormous war-fleet. There were a number of naval officers who longed to prove that the young German navy equaled the old English. The great General Staff had for decades been working out, to the last detail, mobilization plans and war plans. There were many military men who would have liked to show their people that the enormous sacrifices for war purposes had not been made in vain. The inventor of a marvelous machine likes to see it work. Officers who, all their lives, had done garrison duty only, must feel that they had missed their opportunity. They knew that everything would work out. Therefore, they were not unwilling to have things come to a head.

The German Government, however, was not anxious for war. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was anything but a militarist or a Pan-German. But he was not energetic. He neither dared to oppose the heckling of the Pan-Germans with the necessary severity, nor

had he the necessary backbone to require of the Emperor that the civil power be placed above the military power. He did not force the war, but he let the war be forced.

The unfairly severe Viennese ultimatum to Serbia on July 23, 1914, literally forcing war, struck like a bomb. The Pan-Germans rejoiced. Groups of students and other young people marched through the streets, singing patriotic songs and inciting to war. The Socialist laborers held mass-meetings against the war. The citizens, unenlightened and undecided as they almost always are, held their breath, waiting patiently for the development of affairs.

In frenzied haste the events of July twenty-third rushed to the decisive fourth of August. Of all that concerned it, the German public learned only so much as its Government thought wise to impart. And that was passing little, and only what was favorable to home policy and unfavorable to the policy of the other nations involved. In especial, the Germans had no idea that the ultimatum to Serbia had been promulgated with the knowledge and approval of the German Government.

Russia interfered because of the requirements of Pan-Slavic power. And Germany had to remain faithful to her Austro-Hungarian allies. This was the aspect of the affair which the German Government chose to put forward, and in this aspect it was seen by the Germans, who had no idea of the news printed on the other side of the boundaries. To be sure, even the German news would have made a critically inclined person critical. But who was critical at that time? The mere expectation of war had caused a war-psychosis.

When the Reichstag met, on August 4, the vote for the war credit was a foregone conclusion. The citizens' parties,

equally infected with the nationalistic bacillus, were unitedly for it.

Only the attitude of the Social Democrats was undecided. As, in numbers, they represented only a minority in the Reichstag, their vote did not matter. All the more, their moral influence counted. A war against the wishes of the German labor representation would, from the beginning, have been a lost cause.

Among the Social Democrats, opinions differed; but when it came to the vote, there were only fourteen ballots against the credit. The balance was turned, not alone by the murder of the French Socialist leader, Jaurès, by a French Nationalist, but more particularly by the hatred of Tsaristic Russia. One recalled that saying of old August Bebel's — when it came to attacking Russia, then he would shoulder a gun.

The Government had succeeded in convincing some of the Social Democratic leaders that Russia was the real mischief-maker. The German laborers went gleefully to war, because they believed that the hour had come to settle up with the arch-enemy of the modern labor movement — the Tsarist autocracy.

Unanimously the Reichstag agreed to the war-credit. Even the fourteen dissenting Social Democrats submitted to party discipline, and voted for it. The entire representation of the German people seemed of one accord. The moral effect was tremendous. Whoever might question the good moral right of the German declaration of war surrendered his doubts now. If even the most radical opponents agreed with the Government, the justice of the German cause must be beyond doubt.

I happened to be spending the decisive days at the beginning of the war away from home — in France, England, and Belgium. I returned to Germany only on the fourth of August. My

position was different from that of almost all my countrymen. I knew the facts on both sides, and, therefore, from the first day, was of an open mind. The contrast between the feeling without and the feeling within overwhelmed me. In France I had found only fearful anxiety about the possibility of war. In England, a decided disinclination toward participation in war. In Belgium, wild indignation over the breach of neutrality.

And in Germany? There I found a war enthusiasm without parallel. I felt completely isolated. All capacity for criticism had disappeared, not only among the easily swayed youth, not only among the easily influenced man on the street: the most serious, the most skeptical men believed, suddenly, everything that the official Wolff Bureau and the censored press offered them. They believed in the 24 motors which were to carry masses of gold straight through Germany from France to Russia (and in consequence shot a dozen patriotic German chauffeurs whom they mistook for the drivers of the Russian gold-motors). They believed, at that time, that the French had thrown bombs over Nürnberg. Everywhere in Germany were strange aviators, and on that account the people shot, indiscriminately, clouds and German aviators. They believed that the French had poisoned German wells, and even German rivers. In fact, every report spread abroad by the Government, in order to drive a naturally peaceable people into a frenzy of war and hate, was swallowed whole.

I met old Democrats who, only six weeks before, had preached that distrust is the primary virtue of democracy. Of nothing had their distrust been greater than of the information given by the Government and the military party. Now they believed every word that went out from the home

office of the Commander-in-Chief of the army. If one dared express the slightest doubt, one ran the risk of being denounced as a traitor by one's oldest friend, and, at least, of being placed under arrest. It was a spiritual plague. There was nothing to do but to wait until the epidemic died out, or, at least, began to wane. One thought dominated all others: the war will be not only successful, but also very short. In six weeks, entrance into Paris; at Christmastime, return through the Brandenburger Tor. A particularly zealous old general advised the Berlin homeowners, as early as September, 1914, not to rent their windows for the victory parade at profiteer prices.

III

DURING THE WAR

The large majority of the German people, counted on a war of four months, and it lasted more than four years. In spite of this, their spirit remained practically unchanged until the summer of 1918. Only a minority — though a growing one — fell away in the course of the years, had doubts as to the justice of the German cause, grew skeptical about the result, became impatient of the increasing privations, assumed a critical attitude toward the Government, and, finally, took the position that any peace was better than a continuation of the war. The majority persisted in the point of view of August 4, 1914. The exuberance of feeling subsided, it is true. In its place appeared a firm determination to hold out. The people endured suffering, because they were firmly convinced that the end would bring the 'reward of sacrifice.' With almost superstitious tenacity, they clung to two sayings uttered by military authorities: 'Time is working for us,' and 'Whoever keeps his nerve longest will win.'

With each new war loan the Government announced that, if it was only subscribed to sufficiently, it would surely be the last. The people believed this and subscribed to the utmost, some incurring debts in order to subscribe.

And yet, the necessity of a new war loan arose every half-year. But the deceived people were not disillusioned. They subscribed anew, if they possibly could.

From whence came this spirit of firm endurance? For the most part, it was created by the really admirably functioning organization of public opinion. The Germans, as a matter of fact, have a talent for organization. But they brought forth their masterpiece in the organization for influencing the press, created the first day of the war, and continued, and constantly improved, throughout the whole period of the war. Whether this organization was a blessing to the German people is a different question, but as a technical accomplishment, it was unsurpassed.

The press organization was purely military in character. In other words, 'Ludendorff made public opinion in Germany.' Twice a week the Press Conference — representatives of all the Berlin papers and the important provincial ones — met in a great hall, to receive information and instructions. The chairman of the Conference was a superior officer. The representatives of the civil authorities appeared only as subordinate figures. Even the press men were merely the object, not the subject, of the meeting. They could ask questions, but they had no right to demand an answer.

The aim of the conferences was exclusively this: to kindle the determination to hold out and conquer. 'Lying is now a patriotic duty.' That was the *leitmotiv* of everything.

The large majority of the press representatives supported from conviction

any measure of the Commander-in-Chief of the army. Open opposition was impossible. Two all-powerful means were at the disposal of the military authorities, to nip every attempt at opposition in the bud — censorship and arrest. It must never be forgotten that, during the whole war, in Germany, the civil authorities were subordinated to the military. The civil authorities were only tools of the military authorities, bound to absolute obedience. The whole country was in a state of siege and was divided into military districts. The chiefs of these districts had the rights of a sovereign. To be sure, they could be removed by the Emperor; but so long as they held office, they were absolute masters in their departments.

The censorship concerned itself ostensibly only with military affairs. By a liberal interpretation, however, all political matters — even theatrical criticisms and announcements — were included in the censorship, as necessary for the conduct of the war. The newspapers which did not submit unconditionally could be commanded to stop publication indefinitely. There was no redress. In the latter part of the war, this state of affairs was, to be sure, ameliorated by some legal guaranties. But these remained on paper. The well-known Communist, Rosa Luxemburg, for instance was locked up for years, until the Revolution, without its being possible to accuse her even of a misdemeanor.

Most people are politically the result of their daily newspaper-reading. And as, during the war, with increasingly few exceptions, all newspapers published only what the Commander-in-Chief of the Army wished to have printed, it is not surprising that almost all Germans went through thick and thin under the domination of the Commander-in-Chief.

The War Press Bureau recognized as its chief task the support of the spirit of

August 4, 1914. To that, according to its conception, belonged two essentials — Hate and Hope. The object of hatred varied. Sometimes it was the Russians, of whose atrocities in East Prussia the most exaggerated reports were spread. Sometimes it was the Italians, or Rumanians, whose treachery was represented as the epitome of depravity. Sometimes it was the Americans, whose chief characteristic was dubbed hypocrisy. The French got off most easily, while the English were the constant object of the bitterest enmity. There were many officers who called them only the Baralongs.

It was hard to keep up the hope of ultimate victory, as disappointments multiplied. But much was accomplished by concealing the unfavorable news, or minimizing it, and by exaggerating what was favorable. It was forbidden to give the totals of war-losses. No news of sunken U-boats could be made public. Statistics of health-conditions, of increase in death-rates and decrease in births, were forbidden. Forced retreats were represented as strategic movements.

Above all, it was necessary, whenever one great hope was shattered, to produce a new one as a will-o'-the-wisp on the horizon. When the Holy War of Islam against England proved a mistake, the starvation of England by the U-boat war must take its place. When the help of Poland proved to be madness, they counted on the Russian Revolution. When hunger in Germany, in spite of all optimism, became more acute, people were hypnotized by the tale that the 'Bread Peace' with the Ukraine would fill the hungry mouths.

When the Americans, in spite of the word of the Prime Minister that they could neither swim nor fly, came in greater numbers to Europe, the people were told that the great spring offensive of Ludendorff would bring the final

victory, before the Americans could be put into action. There was always a new and enticing mirage.

And the German people believed because they had blind faith in Hindenburg. The victor of Tannenberg had been crowned since September, 1914, with the halo of a demi-god. Doubt of him was regarded as treachery — almost as blasphemy.

The number of pacifists increased during the war, but only very slowly, for every possibility of proving its contention was taken away from pacifism. The old pacifist organization, the German Peace Society, was crippled soon after the beginning of the war by military enactment.

The newly established League of the New Fatherland, to which Socialist leaders and radical civil intellectuals belonged, disclosed an intense activity in the spring of 1915. It even created, at a convention at The Hague, the possibility of negotiations between Germany and England. But just because it threatened to become influential, every activity of speech and writing was forbidden it. The same thing happened to the newly established Centre for the Rights of the People. This, too, was soon condemned to a fictitious existence. Mere membership in it was a danger.

The suppression of every legal opposition created an illegal one, which came from both sides. The extreme Pan-Germans were dissatisfied with Chancellor Bethmann because he did not agree to their annexation plan. The extreme pacifists demanded from the Government the open acknowledgment of an arbitration peace without annexations and contributions, and no longer believed the fairy-tale of the enforced war and an attacked Germany. A third group displayed a radical Socialistic trend, which, according to the Russian pattern, was working toward a revolu-

tion. Under the inspiration of all three groups, secret writings appeared, which were followed up by the civil government, while the military departments often favored secretly, or even openly, the Pan-German propaganda.

When, in the summer of 1917, widening circles realized the failure of the increased U-boat war, a certain opposition to the omnipotence of the military government appeared for the first time in Parliament. It expressed itself in the acceptance of the so-called peace resolutions. The independent Social Democracy, which refused the war loans, gained adherents among the people. Increasing want on one side, and the immense gains of the war profiteers on the other, caused widespread dissatisfaction.

A certain discontent arose in the army — less because of the length of the war, which was endured with touching patience, than because of conditions within the service. Young upstart officers became the superiors of old reserves of forty-five years and more. Old fathers of families had to remain away from their families and business, while strong young men, because of their connections or money, were exempt at home. The soldiers at the front were poorly nourished, while the officers in the rear could lead a care-free, gluttonous existence. Outwardly discipline still held; inwardly it was gone — with the moral resistance of the great masses. The people began to listen rather to Wilson's messages than to the Emperor's speeches.

The second battle of the Marne, in the summer of 1918, was not alone a military defeat, but also the expression of the fact that the German people were no longer capable, physically or morally, of continuing the war. They had accomplished almost the superhuman in patient waiting. Now they had reached the end of their strength.

IV

THE COLLAPSE

The German people approached the great spring offensive of 1918 with unbounded faith in victory. The Russian opponent in the East, through the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk, concluded in February, was done away. Immense numbers of troops were thus released. Everything could be concentrated in the West. Purposely the Government, as well as the Chief Command, spread the belief among the people and the army that the offensive was so well prepared that it could not fail. It must immediately lead to the occupation of Paris and the driving of the English across the Channel. Then the war on the Continent would cease, and peace be shortly assured. The people and the army hoped anew. The spirit almost recalled that of August, 1914.

The first reports of victory in March awakened stormy enthusiasm, boundless expectation, and unlimited demands for annexation. Then suddenly the offensive broke. The public was taken aback. The Chief Command soothed it: 'This is only a breathing-spell. Final victory is assured.'

New victories followed; a new pause. The breathing-spells grew longer. The public became somewhat uneasy. Still, things were going forward, even if with interruptions.

In the middle of July came the first great defeat. Foch's reserve army, which the Chief Command had reported as annihilated, appeared suddenly in overwhelming force on the flank of the German army, brought it first to a standstill, then caused it to give way, back over the Marne. The retreat began.

The greater the expectations had been in the spring, the more fatally the disappointment in summer reacted — especially in the army itself; for there one was closer to events than in the in-

terior of Germany, where the censorship could still stifle the truth somewhat. The soldiers became enraged. They felt themselves deceived and betrayed. They had been induced to make the supreme effort by promises of certain victory. Now they saw themselves retreating — not because they had failed in bravery, but simply because the enemy was stronger, and, above all, better armed. They had themselves read that their leaders had announced the annihilation of Foch's army of reserve, and now it appeared that this announcement was a fraud. They simply lost their belief in Hindenburg and Ludendorff, and because they did not believe in their leaders any longer, they did not believe in the possibility of victory. But if victory were impossible, then there was only one watchword for them: 'Now no further useless sacrifices, but peace at any price.'

That was the temper of the army in 1918. Every letter that went home, every soldier on furlough who came to his home-town, carried this word with him. Without let or hindrance, soldiers declared aloud, on the trains or in the public houses, that there would not be another winter campaign.

After the war, the Pan-Germans spread the report abroad that 'a dagger-thrust from behind' had assassinated the victorious front. Nearly all nationalistic Germans believed this fairy-tale. It became the nucleus of all reactionary propaganda intended to discredit the Revolution, and to represent it as the real cause of the defeat.

And yet the Pan-German assertion was demonstrably untrue. To be sure, there was a group of radical laborers who had been working secretly, under the influence of Moscow, toward a revolution; but so few people were involved, that a nation of sixty millions and an army of nearly ten millions could never have been seriously affected by it.

No, the military defeat was not the result of the Revolution, but the Revolution was the result of the military defeat. The desire to make an end first broke out in the army. From the army it spread to the home. The troops, of course, began the Revolution, not the laborers — though not the troops at the front, it is true, but the sailors at Kiel. At the front, this new attitude showed itself only in the passivity which took the place of four years of intense activity.

From August on, leaders and Government became uncertain. They felt that the war was lost; that all that mattered was to ratify a half-way endurable peace. They noticed the growing dissatisfaction and restlessness of the army and the people. But they believed that they could cure this distemper with simple remedies.

At last, they approached the reforms long demanded by the people: the introduction of democratic suffrage in Prussia, parliamentarization of the government; the subordination of the military power to the civil power. Prince Max von Baden, who was considered a liberal non-partisan, was appointed Chancellor, to carry out these reforms.

It was too late. That which, a short year before, would have worked wonders, now proved to be but a straw in the wind.

People and army, at this moment, cared nothing at all for internal political reforms. They wanted only one thing — PEACE — instant peace! And the chief obstacle to instant peace was incarnate for them in the person of Wilhelm II. They had inferred from Wilson's messages that he would not negotiate with the representatives of an autocratic system. Universally it was understood that Wilson, on whom all hopes of peace centred, would procure peace for a democratic Germany, but

never for the Germany of the Emperor.

Excitement in the country grew. The rigor of the censorship had to be relaxed. The necessity of Wilhelm's abdication was eagerly discussed. Even the Government recognized that this abdication offered the only possibility for the maintenance of quiet. Wilhelm alone remained deaf to the wishes of the people, and the Government was not brave enough to press him strongly.

Then came what had to come.

In the first days of November the mutinous sailors had taken possession of the city and harbor of Kiel. They had mutinied because they had learned that they were to go forth to a meaningless last sea-fight with England. They, the most radical and most active element in the German forces, felt no desire to crown a lost war with the useless loss of their own lives. They preferred to depose their officers, and seize the power themselves.

Thanks to the censorship, at first only a little of the news from Kiel filtered through to the rest of the country. Gradually, however, it sifted through everywhere — finally it even reached Berlin.

On the eighth of November, I was asked at noon, by telephone, to preside at a meeting of all the laborers of the Wireless companies. It was an enormous meeting. Similar meetings were held by the employees of all great factories. The purpose of all these gatherings was to ensure unanimous action of the workers for the next day. Everywhere the slogan was adopted: 'If the abdication of the Emperor is reported in the morning papers, then work will be conducted as usual. If not, then a general strike!'

On the ninth of November, early in the morning, the Emperor had not yet abdicated, as desired. Therefore, the factories remained empty. With closed ranks, hundreds of thousands of laborers moved from the suburbs to the heart

of the city. The available troops in Berlin and the vicinity were sent to meet them. But when the laborers and the troops met, they fraternized. The officers recognized their own helplessness, and disappeared.

While Wilhelm was fleeing from the front to Holland, in a motor-car, his former capital had passed over into the possession of the laborers and soldiers, without any bloodshed. No Monarchist dared resist. But not a hair of a Monarchist was harmed.

The citizens watched the unaccustomed spectacle of the Revolution curiously. They took no part in it, but they were not hostile to it. The laborers and soldiers alone were the actors in this peaceful drama. They gave expression to their newly acquired power by immediately organizing Labor-and-Soldier Councils.

On the afternoon of November 9, the Social Democratic leader, Scheidemann, whom Prince Max von Baden had appointed Chancellor, announced officially from the Reichstag the German Republic. The controlling power went to the six popular delegates, Scheidemann, Ebert, Landsberg, Haase, Dittman, and Barth: three Majority, Socialists and three independent Social Democrats.

V

AFTER THE WAR

If an election had been held directly after November 9, the result would have been an overwhelming Socialistic majority. Not only the laborers, but even the peasants, the bourgeoisie, and, above all, the soldiers, would have almost unanimously voted 'Red.' Everywhere there was tumultuous joy at the thought that at last the war was at an end, and the upholders of the war-system had been overthrown. Credit for it was given to Social Democracy.

Thanks were given to that party. Reliance was placed in it.

A few weeks were sufficient to bring about a change of heart in important circles. The Government was crippled, because the two Socialistic parties, instead of uniting, were generally working against each other. In the council of the delegates of the people, where they were equally strong, the three votes of the one often neutralized the three votes of the other. Besides, there were, so to speak, two governments: in addition to the six delegates of the people, there were the Labor-and-Soldier Councils, whose chiefs considered themselves, as having rights not only equal to those of the delegates, but, possibly, even superior. And, above all, the Communists were outside of the Government. Their leader, Karl Liebknecht, had refused to join. Hypnotized by the Russian example, they had fought against a Constitutional National Assembly and for the introduction of the Soviet system. They were not numerous, but they were active and noisy.

The Revolution had taken place almost without bloodshed. But in December, and in the beginning of January, 1919, there were bloody street fights, especially in Berlin; not between revolution and reaction, — the reactionaries were at that time, as a body, in hiding, — but between the revolutionary government and the ultra-revolutionaries on the Left. The responsibility for the bloodshed, will not be inquired into here. The result of it was undoubtedly, on the one hand, the withdrawal of the independent Social Democrats from the government; on the other, the turning of most of the citizens and peasants from Social Democracy. For a while after the ninth of November the peasants and citizens had sympathized with the Social Democrats, not from logical considerations, but because of

emotional excitement. When their fantastic hopes were not at once fulfilled, but when, on the contrary, every few days the papers were full of bloodshed and destruction, they decided to formulate a citizens' ticket.

The election to the National Assembly on the nineteenth of January showed, to be sure, that Social Democracy was the strongest party in Germany, but it revealed a citizens' majority.

Up to the present this fundamental attitude of the German people has continued. Social Democracy has remained, in spite of all variations at the different elections, the strongest party; but even with the addition of the other Socialistic parties, it has never been able to secure a majority.

According to human judgment, Socialism has no prospect of attaining a majority in Germany in the immediate future, and, thereby, the balance of power. Above all, of course, Bolshevism has no chance. Perhaps outsiders have believed in a Bolshevik menace threatening Germany, and from Germany the whole world. But this conclusion does not do justice to the facts. The boasts of German Communists and the delirium of the reactionaries were taken too seriously. Both sides — the extreme Left, as well as the extreme Right — had an interest in exaggeration. The one painted everything in rosiest hues, to give courage to its adherents; the other represented everything in darkest colors, in order to drive the anxious citizens and peasants into the alleged sole refuge of the Monarchical reaction.

As a matter of fact, the main body of German laborers is by nature immune to the Bolshevik infection. The Russian is a mystic, susceptible to Tolstoyan trains of thought, passive, fatalistic, inclined to subordinate himself blindly to a higher power — whether it be called Tsarism or Soviet dictatorship. The

German laborer is a Rationalist — active, critical (if not under a war-psychosis), trained by decades of party work and guild work; Utopian, perhaps, in his plans, but fundamentally politic in his practical activity. He uses, perhaps, in public speeches the phrase, 'dictatorship of the proletariat'; but in reality he clings to nothing so much as freedom of speech and of writing.

The impotence of German Communism showed itself most clearly when the attempt was made at Eastertide, 1921, to organize a revolt in middle Germany. Scarcely a few tens of thousands of laborers answered the call to arms. All the rest of Germany remained quiet. The uprising did not, however, harm capital at all — it harmed only the Communist party itself, which, since that time, has not been free from internal strife. It is in complete collapse. The strength of its propaganda is crippled as much from this cause as by the development in Russia. German laborers used to like to hear from Russia the news that there masters had become slaves, and slaves masters. But since they know that (apart from the new Soviet aristocracy) the alleged ruling laborers in Russia are worse off to-day than ever before, and that, besides, Russia is to-day the least free of governments, they have recovered from all illusions about the so-called panacea of the Soviet system. The reports of the numerous German laborers and labor representatives, who went to Russia as optimists and returned as pessimists, were the greatest aids to disillusionment.

There is no Bolshevik menace for Germany. But there is a very real reactionary danger. Wilhelm II is de-throned, but Wilhelmism is far from being destroyed.

If a plebiscite were held in Germany to-day, on the question, Monarchy or Republic? it is very doubtful what the

result would be. It is certain that the Socialistic laborers are all Republicans. But they comprise only about two-fifths of the population. In opposition to them, as a great Monarchistic body, stand the great landowners, the great manufacturers, and the great financiers, the headmasters, the professors, the students, higher officials, and old officers — considerable in numbers, but chiefly to be reckoned with on account of their powerful financial, agricultural, and social influence. Consider that a man like Hugo Stinnes alone controls sixty publications. The decision would lie with the non-Socialist workingmen, peasants, and middle classes which stand between the Socialists and working men who are Republicans by conviction and the upper classes who are equally pronounced Royalists. This middle stratum is neither Republican nor Royalist. Politically it is quite inactive. When the situation is doubtful, it is apt to line up with the stronger party. Neither an attack on the Republic, nor a defense of it, can be expected from this direction. To-day it inclines probably more toward the monarchy than toward the Republic — in the first place, because the newspapers which it reads are overwhelmingly anti-Republican, and again because it compares the agricultural conditions to-day (especially taxes and prices) with those of 1914, and says, 'Conditions were better under Wilhelm.' These unpolitical people are simply not used to political logic. They make the trustee in bankruptcy responsible for the failure.

Except for two considerations, then, the German Republic might be considered in great danger.

The German Monarchs have no universally acknowledged candidate. Neither Wilhelm II nor the Crown Prince is high enough in favor among the Monarchist leaders. The manner in which they, as officers, in 1918,

sought their own safety first, abroad, robbed them of all prestige — especially with the old officers. The Monarchists confine themselves, therefore, to a general Monarchist agitation, not designating definitely the personal subject of this agitation. That, however, makes the agitation absolutely futile, and takes popular strength away from it.

One thing, above all, is to be remembered: the Monarchists are afraid of the united opposition of the Socialist labor party. It is possible to break up these laborers into parties. They are united in their guilds, which include eight millions of members; and these guilds are united when it comes to the defense of the Republic. When a Monarchist restoration was attempted by the Kapp *Putsch*, in March, 1920, a general strike disposed of the conspirators in five days. This lesson has not been forgotten by the Monarchs.

The danger that Monarchism might attain its real aim is less imminent than that it might fill the Republic with a militaristic nationalistic spirit by its activities. The same circles that are consciously anti-Republican are also consciously anti-pacific. They do not believe in international reconciliation. They do not want it. They know very well that Germany cannot make war to-day, but they wish to keep up the war-spirit in the people, or, in so far as it no longer exists, to reawaken it. They preach hate and hope and revenge.

With the masses of the laborers they accomplish nothing. In immense demonstrations held in two hundred German cities, on July 31, 1921, the laborers announced their wish: Never again war! But they have a decided influence on many unpolitical elements, and especially on the youth of the upper schools. Other circumstances help them — many provisions of the Versailles Peace Treaty, which are found to be unjust, or even unbearable; the non-participation of Germany in the League of Nations; the favoring of the Poles through the French; the military occupation of the Rhine territory. France has become the chief object of hatred, while the United States, through the work of the Quakers, has become almost popular, and Lloyd George is considered a clever business man, with whom one can easily come to an understanding.

Nationalism and pacifism (the latter upheld principally by the Socialistic masses) are struggling together in Germany. To secure for pacifism the ultimate victory is, of course, in the first place, the task of the German people itself. The problem of the German pacifist, however, the satisfactory solution of which belongs to all humanity, can be materially simplified by the adoption of a correct and in particular a psychologically judicious policy by all the countries with which Germany was once at war.

THE LIMITATION OF NAVAL ARMAMENTS

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

WHEN the first cabled summaries of the American naval reduction proposals reached England, they caused a distinct but not an unpleasant shock. Nothing so bold or so sweeping as the plan outlined by Mr. Hughes had been anticipated. The expectation was that an attempt would be made to arrest the laying down of further capital ships in the United States, Japan, and Great Britain; and, further, that the United States might even consent to break up certain ships which were still in an early stage of construction, as an encouragement to Japan to modify her 'eight-eight' programme. But beyond this the most sanguine prophets did not venture to go. It was universally assumed that the majority of the warships actually building or completing in the United States and Japan would remain outside the scope of the proposals, if only because of the enormous sums of money already spent upon them.

And yet, with the wisdom that comes after the event, we can see now that no plan other than that propounded by Mr. Hughes would have led to the desired result. 'The way to disarm is to disarm.' Had it been decided to leave untouched the ships already begun, and merely to curtail, by international compact, the amount of future construction, the practical results of the Conference would have been negligible. Would Great Britain, for instance, have agreed to confine her programme to four capital ships, when America and

Japan were actually building, between them, no less than 22 such vessels? Assuredly not, for in doing so she would have condemned herself to a lower place in the naval hierarchy than that occupied by Japan. Yet, if Great Britain had reserved the right of laying down additional ships, neither America nor Japan would have felt justified in binding herself to abstain from further construction. In fact, a complete deadlock must have been reached, and a Conference held in these circumstances would have been foredoomed to failure.

To the everlasting credit of America's statesmen, they not only foresaw where the difficulty lay, but had the courage to face it squarely, and to suggest the very drastic, but only practicable, method of overcoming it. By so doing, they have set a shining example to international diplomacy.

Already the salutary effects of this vigorous stroke are becoming visible. In Great Britain, the initial feeling of surprise at the sweeping nature of the proposals has been succeeded by a demand for naval limitations of a still more trenchant character. The American plan is criticized, not because it goes too far, but because it does not go far enough. British public opinion, often accused of undue conservatism, is for once revealing itself as decidedly progressive.

In attempting to forecast the future naval situation as modified by an agreement between the leading naval powers

along the lines indicated by Mr. Hughes, one is hampered by the uncertainty that prevails as to what essential amendments, if any, the original plan may be subjected to before it is finally accepted and ratified all round. At the moment of writing (late in November), no fundamental modification has been formally suggested from any quarter. I shall therefore proceed on the assumption that the world's navies, from now onward, will be dimensioned in accordance with the American plan.

The motives which led to the inception of that plan have been widely canvassed in Great Britain, and doubtless in other countries as well; and it may not be without interest to mention certain conclusions that have been reached. Foreigners who make a point of keeping in touch with American domestic affairs had observed, during the preceding months, many symptoms of reaction against the far-reaching naval commitments bequeathed by the Wilson Administration. First and most significant of all was the manifest reluctance of Congress, not only to authorize new construction of any kind whatever, — even when, as in the case of aircraft-carriers, it was represented by the best naval opinion as being indispensable to the efficient operation of the fleet, — but also to vote the necessary credits for continuing work already in hand. Whether this disinclination was due to alarm at the growing financial burden entailed by the programme and reflected in the ascending curve of Federal taxation, or to a belief that the degree of naval strength aimed at was in excess of national requirements, is a question not easy for distant observers to answer. But the fact seems indisputable that enthusiasm for the 'greatest-navy-on-earth' ideal had been cooling for a full twelvemonth before the Conference.

Doubtless there were many taxpay-

ers who perceived the great change that world-conditions had undergone since the passage of the three-year navy bill in August, 1916. At that date none could predict the outcome of the war in Europe, but there seemed more than a probability of Germany's emerging from the fray with her fleet intact, and perhaps considerably more powerful than before; and this was a contingency to which the United States could not remain indifferent. But when, at the close of the war, the German navy had disappeared, it seemed as if the cardinal motive for the three-year programme had ceased to operate.

However, President Wilson and Mr. Josephus Daniels did not take that view. So far from suggesting a reduction of the 1916 act, they recommended large additions to it. Although these latter were not approved by Congress, the original programme remained in force, and the whole number of capital ships — 15 in all — whose commencement had been held up by the war were laid down between 1918 and 1921.

America's decision to proceed with these ships did not go unnoticed in Japan. In July, 1920, the Imperial Diet passed a measure authorizing the construction of eight capital ships and many auxiliary craft. During the preceding debate, several members of the Diet spoke of this large increment of tonnage as having become necessary owing to the rapid expansion of the United States navy; nor is there any question that the Japanese Government encouraged that view, which they may quite sincerely have held.

Meanwhile, however, other circumstances had arisen in the United States to cast doubt on the wisdom of completing the 1916 programme in full. When Congress authorized the 16 capital ships which formed the dominating feature of the act, it did so on the understanding that each unit

would not cost more than a stipulated sum. Then came America's entry into the war, the urgent demand for war-material of every description, and the beginning of that tremendous rise in the cost of labor and materials which reached high-water mark last year. This factor would of itself have upset the first calculations of cost in regard to the projected ships; but it did not stand alone. So long as their country remained neutral, American naval experts had had to rely on second-hand information concerning the technical lessons of the war; but when the United States became a belligerent, they gained access to the confidential data which had been derived from the battle of Jutland and other engagements fought at sea. This enabled them to apply the test of war to their own designs, and the result was seen in a decision to make important alterations in the battleships and battle-cruisers still to be laid down. In consequence of these changes, involving as they did a large increase in dimensions, the estimated cost per ship reached a staggering total. The precise figures do not appear to have been published. The building of the 15 capital ships not yet completed, together with auxiliary craft, docks, and harbor extensions, would probably have swallowed a sum of at least \$850,000,000; and once in service, their maintenance would have represented a further heavy and permanent charge on the nation's purse.

In view of these figures, it is not surprising that thoughtful Americans should have challenged the necessity of incurring so vast an expenditure. Without detracting in any way from the nobler motives which inspired President Harding's appeal to the world, it may safely be affirmed that no move could have been more timely from the political point of view. None the less, to take full advantage of the

opportunity thus presented, statesmanship and moral courage of the highest order were needed. In proposing so revolutionary a step as the cessation of *all* naval shipbuilding, the President rendered incalculable service, not merely to his own countrymen, but to the civilized communities of the whole world.

II

And now, having examined the economic considerations which unquestionably influenced the President's action, let us turn to another factor which must have played an equal, if not a greater part in reconciling American naval opinion to the proposed sacrifice of so many ships. A few months before the outbreak of the World War, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, whose name had been associated with important improvements in ships' gunnery, cast a bombshell into the naval camp by asserting, in the most downright language, that the battleship had outlived her usefulness, and ought to be scrapped forthwith as an extravagant anachronism. In future, he predicted, the submarine would rule the waves supreme; no great ship dare venture to sea in the presence of hostile submarines; nor would she be safe even in port: for he undertook to force the entrance of any harbor in a submarine, and torpedo the big ships as they lay at anchor. Therefore, ran his argument, the money spent on these obsolete mastodons was money thrown into the sea.

It need scarcely be said that the admiral's views were warmly combated. The Dreadnought type of ship had become the symbol of maritime power, and it seemed almost sacrilegious to impugn its primacy. Of the naval experts who endeavored to refute Sir Percy Scott, many agreed that the submarine had, indeed, become a serious menace, but only in confined waters: it

was not, and probably never would be, an ocean-going vessel, they maintained, and therefore could not contest the command of the seas. A few hardy critics went still further, denying the submarine any practical value as a naval weapon, and dismissing it as a mere toy.

The discussion was at its height when the war broke out. Then, as month after month went by without bringing the annihilation of the Grand Fleet by underwater attack, it became evident that Sir Percy Scott had exaggerated the powers of the new arm. On the other hand, it scored a number of sensational coups, which showed it to possess extremely formidable properties. Early in the war, it became such a menace at Scapa Flow that Admiral Jellicoe found it prudent to withdraw the Grand Fleet from the North Sea for a time — a hazardous proceeding, which might have led to the gravest consequences had the Germans received timely intelligence of it. As the campaign progressed, the submarine began gradually to dominate the whole situation at sea, though not altogether in the sense that Sir Percy Scott had predicted. To this day its powers of offense against the modern battleship remain problematical, because the Germans, after a few abortive attempts against the Grand Fleet, resolved not to risk their submarines in attacking military objectives, but, instead, to concentrate them against merchant shipping. What they did in this direction is ancient history now, but has little bearing on the point at issue.

Broadly speaking, it may be said that the submarine has not proved its claim to have superseded the battleship; and fear of the submarine alone would not have justified the suspension of battleship construction. At the same time, it has compelled naval architects to pay increased attention to the safety

of large warships. A demand arose for more elaborate precautions against damage below the water-line, and thus was introduced the now famous anti-torpedo 'bulge.' This meant so much extra weight added to the ship which was already loaded down with massive armor to keep out shell-fire. In the Hood, for instance, one third of the total displacement is accounted for by protective devices. But while the supremacy of the capital ship was still accepted, it was no longer absolute; and before its future status could be determined, a second hammer-blow was struck at the mastodon.

Aircraft enjoyed few chances during the war of operating offensively at sea. The machines then available were not well adapted to such work, nor were they equipped with bombs sufficiently powerful to inflict serious injury on a large warship. A few attacks were delivered by airplanes carrying torpedoes, but with no conspicuous success. It may be mentioned, however, that in the later stages of the war the torpedo-plane was undergoing intensive development in the British Navy, and one large aircraft-carrier was provided with a full complement of these machines. But the war came to an end before the value of airpower as an offensive agency in naval operations had been fully tested.

It was reserved for American enterprise to demonstrate the extraordinary potentialities of aircraft in this rôle, and, incidentally, to administer what may prove to have been the death-blow to the Dreadnought. The surrender of German warships under the Peace Treaty afforded a unique opportunity for practical experiment, of which the American air authorities were prompt to take advantage. Naval men on both sides of the Atlantic were rather disposed to treat aircraft with the same scant respect which they had

paid to the submarine in pre-war days. Nor did the preliminary experiments off Cape Hatteras last June give any indication of the dramatic sequel. Not until the ex-German battleship *Ostfriesland* came under bomb-attack did it dawn upon the spectators that they were witnessing a trial of the most terrible weapon that human ingenuity has so far evolved. Two one-ton bombs, dropped, not on the ship itself but close alongside, and exploding below water, sufficed to send to the bottom a vessel which had been designed with a special view to resisting torpedo or mine attack. So far as could be ascertained, the explosions had blown in a large section of the under-body, causing damage much greater than would have resulted from the same number of torpedo hits.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail experiments which have already received wide publicity in the United States. But to appreciate their full import, it is necessary to study the conclusions reached by experts who had no incentive to exaggerate matters. In September there appeared the report of the Joint Army and Navy Board, which had been appointed to sift and analyze the results of the bombing tests referred to. Space will not permit of more than a few excerpts from this extremely important document, but special attention is directed to the following passages: —

The number of dummy bombs which actually hit the target during the experiments with the ex-*Iowa* was a very small percentage of those dropped. Other experiments, however, showed that it is not necessary to make direct hits on naval vessels to put them out of action, or to sink them provided the bombs drop sufficiently close to the vessel, and the explosive charge is sufficiently large to produce a mine effect of such proportions as to destroy the watertight integrity of the vessel beyond the control of its personnel and pumps. The effective target for the bomb being, therefore, greater

than the deck area of the target vessel, the percentage of effective bombs would be greater than the percentage of actual hits.

... *Aircraft carrying high-capacity high-explosive bombs of sufficient size have adequate offensive power to sink or seriously damage any naval vessel at present constructed, provided such projectiles can be placed in the water close alongside the vessel. Furthermore, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to build any type of vessel of sufficient strength to withstand the destructive force that can be obtained with the largest bombs that aeroplanes may be able to carry from shore bases or sheltered harbors.* So far as known, no planes large enough to carry a bomb effective against a major ship have been flown from, or landed on, an aeroplane-carrier at sea. *It is probable, however, that future development will make such operations practicable.* ... The most serious effect of bombs is the mining effect when such bombs explode close alongside and below the surface of the water.

The passages I have italicized constitute the most serious indictment of the capital ship which has yet been framed. Reduced to simple terms, they mean that aircraft, working under favorable conditions, can destroy any battleship which has ever been built or would be possible to build. Compared with the cost of Dreadnoughts, and in proportion to its fighting value, the airplane is absurdly cheap. At least 400 of the largest bombing machines that have been designed up to the present could be constructed for the price of one capital ship. For the time being, it is true, their usefulness for operations on the high seas is restricted by their limited flight endurance; but — and this fact is of vital moment — aircraft are still in an early stage of evolution, whereas the capital ship has all but reached the limit of its development.

The authors of the official report from which I have quoted do their best to save the prestige of the mastodon, by describing it as 'still the backbone of the fleet and the bulwark of the nation's

sea defense'; but this opinion is largely negatived by the earlier passages in the same document. Allowance must be made for professional conservatism, which is nowhere rooted more deeply than in the navies of the world. However much sailors may deplore the passing of the Dreadnought, — lineal descendant of the high-charged galleon of Elizabethan days, — sentiment must give place eventually to the inexorable logic of fact, which tells us in the plainest terms that the capital ship can be perpetuated only at the cost of prohibitive dimensions and expenditure, and then only for a very brief period. Her decline is not attributable solely to the menace of submarine and aircraft, though these agencies have materially hastened the process. Even though both were eliminated, the battleship would still remain an investment of dubious value. She would in any case require to have elaborate protection against the torpedoes launched by surface craft, heavy deck-armor to withstand shells fired at long range and falling at a steep angle, and massive side-armor against flat trajectory fire. She must keep outside torpedo range, even when fighting a conventional fleet action; and this postulates the heaviest long-range artillery, with its ponderous mountings, barbettes, and complex mechanism; and she must have high speed, to endow her with adequate strategical and tactical mobility.

According to Sir George Thurston, one of the most eminent of British naval architects, the ideal battleship of to-day would be a vessel of 57,000 tons, 932 feet in length, and mounting eight 18-inch guns. A vessel of this type would cost at least \$60,000,000. Reason revolts against such an extravagant outlay on a single and very vulnerable ship of war. When the Hood was completed, two years ago, she was acclaimed as the last word in naval construc-

tion, special praise being given to her protection against gunfire and torpedoes. She, however, was designed to resist attack by the guns and torpedoes in vogue in 1916, since when both weapons have attained a much higher degree of power. But it is too late to recover the \$35,000,000 put into this vessel. The present period is one of such restless development in naval science that a ship which seems perfect when she is laid down may be obsolete before she is completed.

This idea was, no doubt, present in the minds of the American naval experts who drafted the disarmament proposals. In view of all that has happened during and since the war, realizing how precarious the existence of the capital ship has become, and foreseeing the inevitable further development of aircraft and submarines, they may well have asked themselves whether the interests of their country did not imperatively demand the abrogation of the Dreadnought building programme.

Here, then, were two powerful arguments, one economic, the other technical, in favor of canceling the three-year programme so far as its capital ships were concerned. But, however doubtful American experts may have felt about the future utility of such vessels, it was evident to them that the suspension of Dreadnought construction would entail a certain risk, unless other nations simultaneously took the same action. An international compact to this effect was, therefore, essential. Hence the proposals which Mr. Hughes laid before the Conference at its first sitting.

The plan was submitted at the psychological moment. In Great Britain and Japan, no less than in the United States, the burden of taxation was becoming intolerably heavy; and in both countries there was a marked aversion to the continued squandering of money

on inflated naval armaments. Moreover, British naval students realized the technical objections to the Dreadnought almost as clearly as their American colleagues. Japanese professional opinion was less articulate, for in that country the public discussion of military problems is sternly discouraged; but, on the economic side, Mr. Ozaki's campaign in favor of cutting down expenditure on the navy had evoked a wide response from the masses. Even had the Washington Conference never been convoked it is doubtful whether the Japanese Government would have been able to complete its naval programme in full. In these circumstances, the American proposal was, we may be sure, welcomed with far greater enthusiasm than the Japanese press has seen fit to admit.

III

It is time now to revert to the main heads of criticism which have been passed upon the plan in Great Britain. The proposed ratios of capital-ship tonnage are considered satisfactory, for the British Government had previously announced its acceptance of the principle of naval equality with the United States. It is felt, however, that the utter dependence of the British Isles on imported foodstuffs and other necessities, which can be brought in only by sea, entitles the British Navy to a larger proportion of cruisers than the plan allows for. In this type of ship, numerical equality with the United States would really connote a British inferiority; for no one will deny that the safety of the sea-routes, which it is the function of the cruiser to ensure, is of even greater importance to Britain than to the United States.

As regards the limit of size for future capital ships, which may be laid down at the close of the ten year 'holiday,'

35,000 tons is considered needlessly high, and as having been inserted as a concession to the partisans of the Dreadnought. Many British naval officers think that the limit for new capital ships should be reduced to 10,000 tons. As one of them has lately said, —

Our communications and shores would be as safe when guarded by a fleet of 10,000-ton ships as by one of 40,000-ton ships; as would be those of any country with which we might have to fight — probably more so; and millions of money would be saved under this lower tonnage limit. The building of big ships will not make any of us one whit stronger than if we all confined ourselves by agreement to a smaller size.

Another British admiral writes: —

Why 35,000 tons? What is there in this number that is of importance? Why not 34,000, or 30,000, or 20,000, or 10,000 tons? There is, in reality, no reason whatever for the figure named. A fleet of battleships of 35,000 tons, opposed to another of the same tonnage, can produce no greater results than one of 10,000 tons against another of 10,000 tons. All you have is a bigger battleship. Not only are there no greater results, but the probability is that the results of an encounter between these immense, costly, irreplaceable ships will be smaller than would attend an engagement between lesser vessels. Officers will be less inclined to risk them, and we shall get the same position as that of the Army of the Potomac, of which Sheridan said, 'The trouble was that the commanders never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked.'

Was there not, indeed, something of this kind in the minds of the commanders at Jutland? It is perfectly true that the proposed limit of 35,000 tons cannot be defended on any military grounds. If the present-day overgrown mastodons disappeared from the stage, and were superseded by ships of 10,000 tons, — which, by the way, was the limit fixed by the Peace Treaty for fu-

ture armored ships built for the German Navy,— the relative standing of the world's fleets would remain exactly what it was before. Nothing would be modified save the cost. It is felt very very strongly, in Great Britain at least, that a rare chance has been missed at Washington of putting an end to the wasteful and irrational competition in warship dimensions which has gone on for the past twenty years. But there is comfort in the reflection that when, at the end of the ten-year 'holiday,' the nations are once more free to build mastodons, the cheaper instruments of sea-warfare will probably have become so deadly that no one will dream of constructing a 35,000-ton ship. The eggs will no longer be concentrated in one huge and fragile basket, but spread over a number of smaller receptacles. Posterity may be able to point to such ships as the Hood, the Maryland, and the Nagato, as the curious relics of a generation which had forgotten the age-old lesson of David and Goliath, and wasted its substance on the production of marine monstrosities.

Objection may be taken, on similar grounds, to the latitude which the American plan gives to a new cruiser construction. Paragraph 25, subsection (e), provides that 'no surface vessels carrying guns of calibre greater than eight-inch shall be laid down as replacement tonnage for auxiliary combatant surface craft.' Now, a cruiser designed to carry eight-inch guns would have to be of generous proportions — probably 10,000 tons at least; whereas a vessel of half that size would be fully capable of performing all the duties that fall to the lot of the cruising ship. As a matter of fact, no size limit is specified in the case of cruisers, and there is, consequently, nothing to prevent future competition in a type of ship which already costs some \$7,500,000 to build. Cruisers of as much as 15,000 tons displacement

have been built in the past, so why not again? Was this omission inadvertent or deliberate? The General Board of the United States Navy is known to favor the construction of 10,000-ton cruisers, armed with 8-inch batteries, as the most direct method of balancing Japan's numerical superiority in light cruisers; and it is conceivable, therefore, that the question of future displacement was purposely left open, in order that the vessels recommended by the Board might be built.

A total of 80,000 tons for aircraft-carriers is apportioned respectively to the United States and Great Britain. The latter already possesses a fleet of such ships, with an aggregate displacement slightly in excess of the specified limit; but the United States, with only the two converted ships Langley and Wright, is left with a margin of about 50,000 tons, which would enable her to build without delay several aircraft-carriers of large and powerful design.

In its last annual report, the General Board made the following recommendation:—

Such vessels — i.e. aircraft-carriers — should be considered as an absolutely essential type in a modern fleet. For the United States Navy they are urgently needed. These vessels are not auxiliary in the usually accepted meaning of the term. They are essentially combatant ships associated as such with the other ships of the fighting fleet.

The Naval Appropriation Bill for the fiscal year 1921-22 as amended in the Senate, called for the construction of 'two airplane-carriers of the most modern type and equipment and most advantageous size,' at a limit of cost of \$26,000,000 each; but these vessels were afterward deleted by the House of Representatives. The present intention may be to convert two of the unfinished battle-cruisers into aircraft-carriers, thus placing at the navy's dis-

posal the two largest and most powerful aeroplane transports in the world. In the opinion of many American naval officers, a few vessels of this character would be of infinitely greater value than a whole fleet of battleships for the defense of outlying possessions in the Pacific.

IV

We come, finally, to the submarine-tonnage totals allotted by the American limitation programme; and this, to British observers, is the strangest and by far the least satisfactory part of the whole scheme. They are at a loss to comprehend why the United States should desire to retain for herself, Great Britain, and Japan so high a proportion of underwater craft, in view of the sinister memories they evoke. As Mr. Balfour pointed out in his speech at the Conference, on November 15, of all the weapons employed at sea none is so liable to be abused, as indeed it was shamefully abused by Germany throughout the World War. In British minds, this type will always be associated with the wholesale destruction of non-combatant shipping, and the slaughter of thousands of innocent seafarers — men, women, and children.

It is admitted, of course, that submarine attack is a legitimate method of warfare, when confined to enemy combatant ships; and no exception could be taken to the development and multiplication of the weapon in question, if it were certain that the evil precedent set by Germany will not at some future time be made the excuse for reviving 'unrestricted U-boat warfare,' with all its attendant horrors. But, unfortunately, no such guaranty can be given. On the contrary, various naval writers in France and Italy have lately begun to agitate for international recognition of the submarine *guerre de course*. In employing her under-water vessels for

the destruction of merchant shipping, Germany, they point out, was merely putting into practice the 'sink at sight' doctrine preached by Admiral Aube, of the French Navy, more than thirty years ago. According to Aube, it was undoubtedly permissible for a cruiser or torpedo-boat to sink an enemy merchantman, without regard to the fate of those on board. Germany adopted this plan, and her action is no longer condemned, but warmly approved, by certain Continental critics.

No wonder, then, that the British people should view with real alarm the building of large fleets of submarine cruisers by powers with whom they might one day find themselves at war. If a ballot on the subject were taken in the British Navy, there would be an overwhelming vote for the prohibition of the submarine in any shape or form; or, failing that, for the framing of cast-iron rules against its employment as a commerce-raider. Some may argue that, while the desire to see the last of the submarine is natural enough in the case of Great Britain, which is peculiarly vulnerable to this form of attack, other powers would stand to lose more than they would gain by agreeing to dispense with a weapon which has proved so terribly effective. It is true that Britain has had more reason than any other maritime state to deplore the invention of the submarine. When Fulton laid the plans for his submarine boat before the British Admiralty, in 1804, Earl St. Vincent showed no enthusiasm for the project. 'It is,' he said, 'a mode of war which we, who command the seas, do not want, and which, if successful, would deprive us of it.'

But, because the submarine represents a special danger and inconvenience to Britain, it does not necessarily follow that its retention would prove an unmixed blessing to other powers.

The submarine, indeed, is as great a menace to their own merchant shipping as to that of Britain. In claiming the right to build underwater craft up to a total of 90,000 tons, it is probable that American experts look upon the type as being particularly well adapted to the function of coast defense, as no doubt it is. But the significant fact remains, that the present trend of submarine development is largely in the direction of increased size, radius, and ocean-going qualities. In more than one country, boats are now under construction which will be large enough to keep the seas for months at a time, fast enough to overhaul any but the swiftest ships afloat, and as powerfully armed as a modern cruiser. The cruising endurance of these vessels may be such as to enable them to circumnavigate the globe without replenishing their fuel-supply.

Lest this be deemed an extravagant statement, I would remind readers that the U-cruiser No. 142, of 2160 tons displacement, completed in Germany during the last year of the war, had a cruising range of 20,000 miles on a single load of fuel. The U-135, of 1190 tons, could travel 12,000 miles, and the U-43, of only 725 tons, 11,250 miles, with one filling of the oil-tanks.

Whether such immense distances could be actually traversed without breaking the journey at a friendly or neutral port would depend chiefly on the physical and mental calibre of the crew. In small submarines, where the living quarters are cramped, and there is very little deck-space available for exercise, men very quickly get out of condition, and cannot remain at sea to the extreme limit of the boat's fuel endurance. But in the very large submarines now building or projected, where the berthing accommodation is good and the deck-room less restricted, there is no apparent reason why the

human element should not remain at its maximum efficiency for a considerable length of time. This means that the big submersible cruiser will have a longer reach than any other species of war-vessel. It would, for example, be perfectly feasible for a boat of this type to leave its base in Japan, cross the Pacific Ocean, and remain off the American coast for a month or more, doing all the damage that it could—sinking ships, laying mines off harbor mouths, and even bombarding coastal towns within range of its guns.

No other type of warship now extant would be capable of emulating this performance. The submarine cruiser alone could carry the torch of war to the western seaboard of the United States across 4000 miles of ocean; and it is no secret that under-water vessels surpassing in size the largest that Germany built are now under construction in Japanese dockyards. It will be seen, therefore, that the United States incurs a certain measure of risk in setting its face against the abolition of the submarine. From the British point of view, the decision is a matter for regret, though the difficulties of imposing an international embargo on the type are well understood. Fears have been expressed that Germany may one day reassert her right to build such vessels; and it is not easy to see on what grounds her claim could be resisted.

So far as can be judged at the present stage, the strategical situation in the Pacific Ocean will not be radically changed by the American plan for reducing the tonnage of navies. Such modifications as may ensue will be rather to the advantage of the United States than otherwise. As I endeavored to show in the *Atlantic* for November last, even if every battleship and battle-cruiser, authorized in the 1916 programme, had been duly completed, the

problem of defending the Philippines against an Asiatic foe would have been no nearer solution. It is a question, not so much of ships as of geography and base-power; and until proper fleet bases exist in the Western Pacific, the naval operations necessary to safeguard the Philippines could not be undertaken with any prospect of success.

Certain American naval authorities, who are fully alive to the situation and its difficulties, have lately put forward a new scheme for defending the distant islands which constitute the Achilles' heel of their country. Briefly stated, their plan is to dispense with heavy armored ships in the Western Pacific, and to place reliance instead on a system of local defense by means of aircraft, submarines, and shore batteries. There is much to be said for the idea. It is, in fact, the only alternative to vast expenditure on the creation of docks and other facilities for the maintenance of a large fleet of capital ships with their satellites; and if a small proportion of the money thus saved were invested in aircraft and submarine specially detailed for the protection of the archipelago, the danger to which it is unquestionably exposed under present conditions would be sensibly diminished. Aircraft working from a shore base can carry heavier loads than machines designed for transport in a ship. If it were known that a hundred aeroplanes, each armed with one or more bombs of the heaviest description, were held in readiness at Cavite and

other strategical points in the island group, a would-be invader would surely hesitate to expose his valuable battleships and crowded transports to the devastating blows they could deliver. And if, in addition to the aeroplanes, a large flotilla of submarines was known to be in the neighborhood, the project of invasion might be abandoned, as altogether too desperate a venture.

It is impossible to speak definitely on this point, because the potentiality of aircraft under actual war-conditions is still more or less a matter of surmise; but certainly there are strong grounds for assuming that the existence of a composite mobile defensive force, such as described, would be sufficient to frustrate a large-scale invasion of the Philippines — provided, of course, that the provision of aircraft and submarines was adequate as to both quality and quantity.

We may conclude, therefore, that the United States, in deciding to renounce the major part of its uncompleted naval programme, is hazarding no vital interest of its own. It does not follow, however, that considerations of his country's interests outweighed or even balanced the higher motives which inspired President Harding to issue his noble challenge to the nations. Be the outcome what it may, the American people will always have the proud consciousness of having taken the lead in ridding the world of a burden which had grown too heavy for the weary shoulders of mankind.

EUROPE: AN IMPRESSIONIST VIEW

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

AN American whom familiarity with the Europe of to-day has not dulled to the contrast with its pre-war condition, quickly detects its unhealthy atmosphere. For a moment he may be persuaded by the superficial normality of things that life flows on the same as formerly. He observes little change in the people who throng the streets and crowd the shops, cafés, and theatres. But once the visitor escapes from the thoughtless prepossessions of a tourist, he needs no guide to tell him that he is in a hospital where nations are the patients. Their symptoms vary from the chills of industrial stagnation and unemployment to the fever of inflation-stimulated trade. Unhealed wounds, following the operations of bungling surgeons, drain their vitality. Nightmare visions of Bolshevism and revolution disturb their repose. The morbid antipathies and irritations of illness jar their nerves.

He finds his former European acquaintances abnormally preoccupied with the present. Their thoughts shun the unhappy memories of the recent past. Courage fails them to scan the future. Looking up and looking forward seem forgotten attitudes.

A striking difference between his own countrymen and the men about him impresses itself on his attention. Europeans have lost a faith which Americans still retain — faith in the existing constitution of society and government. His casual conversations with people of the country usually end with a note of hopelessness or a forecast of trouble.

If his engagements take him into the right circles he will become familiar with the unconvincing and platitudinous optimism of government officials and other professional hearteners. But even behind their mask of cheerfulness furrows of care are visible.

Are the nations of Europe, then, incurables or convalescents? We Americans naturally rate them on the highway to recovery. We are a youthful people and cherish the illusion of youth that the fountains of health are inexhaustible.

Possibly we are right. Youth as well as age has its peculiar wisdom. Its vision pierces farther, though it may be less cunning in interpreting what it sees. The complacent American abroad may be the truest prophet, little as he looks the part. Wherever we find him domiciled in Europe, he is preparing confidently for a better time to come.

The same is true, though perhaps in a more thoughtful way, of the British. One meets them everywhere, appraising business prospects, and wonders whether Europe may not eventually pay in tolls to their foresightedness all of England's outlay in the war.

So a person who seeks to study seriously the present situation beyond the Atlantic is brought to a pause between local pessimism and imported optimism. Gradually, however, certain facts outline themselves distinctly in his mind.

He recognizes that the old Europe has passed away forever. At first glance some may cheat themselves with the fancy that it will return, like the vegeta-

tion that even now covers the war-scarred fields of France. Indeed physical restoration may come apace. It is precisely because he sees reconstruction only under its material aspects that the average American abroad is an optimist. But the spiritual, intellectual, and social Europe of a decade ago, for which so many homesick souls are longing, is already as irrecoverable, and in many respects as remote, as the Europe of the Middle Ages.

We have all heard how the bourgeoisie of Russia was exterminated. Since nature abhors a social as much as a physical vacuum, a new bourgeoisie has rushed in there to fill the place of the old. Less attention has been given to the fact that the same thing is happening, though less dramatically, throughout the war-swept nations. There are silent as well as noisy revolutions; old orders can be strangled as well as blown to pieces. Over large areas of the most highly civilized part of the globe, the middle classes our generation has known are being smothered — quietly, and behind the curtains — under an economic incubus that is no less crushing because it is intangible. Not only familiar faces, but familiar types of faces are disappearing from salons and drawing-rooms, from banquet-halls and fashionable lounges, submerged by countenances of class alien, if not blood alien, type.

Were this a mere change of caste upon the stage of European life, the results might be obliterated in a single generation, and the children of the usurping dynasty be indistinguishable from their fathers' predecessors. But the transformation goes deeper. Both the ascending currents are surcharged with a spirit of unfaith which denies and nullifies the cohesive forces of society. Though the pendulum of public sentiment is swinging just now from the left to the right — from radicalism toward

conservatism — its pivot has shifted leftward.

To put it more concretely, thousands of the war-impoverished members of the former middle and upper classes, previously stout defenders of the social *status quo*, have lost faith in the old order because it failed to protect their property and privileges, and above all because, while permitting them to be cast down, it has exalted others whom they consider less fit to the places which they occupied. In victorious and defeated countries alike, it has been the most conscientious and public-spirited men who have been chosen by an ironical and iconoclastic fate to suffer most. They were the ones who, during the stress of war, subscribed 'until it hurt' to public loans and private charities. They may have credits in Heaven for the latter, but their government bonds, measured by the present purchasing power of principal and interest, have shrunk to a microscopic asset. Is it strange, then, that many of these men are inclined to look upon the old society, with its broken promises and belied professions, as a pious swindler? Even in England, where post-war psychology seems by comparison almost as normal as in the United States, an ex-officer, wearing five service ribbons on his breast, said to me, with more seriousness than humor in his voice: 'Out of every pound I receive, I pay six shillings to the government for winning the war, and I doubt whether it was worth it.' One night on a Central European sleeping-car, I was awakened by hearing the former Austrian army officer who shared my compartment talking in his sleep. The burden of his restless muttering was: *Fünf Jahre Krieg — und warum?* (Five years of war — and why?) He was returning from a visit to family connections in Italy, — one of the frequent international marriages across the Alps, — and during our con-

versation the following day commented upon the sameness of mood which prevailed there and in his own country. He saw little worth preserving in the Europe of to-day, and thought God ought to sink the human race under the sea and create a new Adam.

Meanwhile the war-enriched, who in spite of the common talk about their numbers are much fewer than the war-impoorer, are too newly arrived at their present station to have a distinct class spirit. Indeed one doubts whether, in the Europe we have in prospect for the next generation, they ever will form more than a proletarianoid bourgeoisie. They still envy the ease and share the opinions of the man without a collar. Having fished so successfully in troubled waters they find them a not unpleasant element. For the most part their fortunes are still far from being of the solid sort that court the shadow of a policeman. Many are 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords' who play the millionaire with their last banknote. As a body they are the reverse of a stabilizing element in society.

Perhaps this all makes in the long run for democracy. The true proletariat may recruit new and better teachers and leaders among the men of intellectual training, native refinement, and cultured heredity who are descending involuntarily to its ranks. It is too early yet to judge of this. What we see to-day, especially in Central Europe, is a multitude of those who were literally the best people sinking silently, often with a sort of Quixotic heroism, beneath the flood, to be lost in the depths of genteel pauperism or to die. It is easy to say: Let them go to work. But even the trained manual worker, fitted by a lifetime of experience to survive in such a crisis, finds it hard to keep his head above water now. In truth many do die. An extreme but suggestive example illustrating this was related to

me by an American occupying a responsible official post in one of the late belligerent countries. He received a call one morning from a gentleman of international distinction both in the field of scholarship and of public service. During their interview his eye involuntarily caught the fact that his visitor's worn but respectable black frock coat, unconsciously thrown open a moment to take a paper from the inside pocket, lacked a lining. The latter had been cut out for more imperative uses. Noting this fleeting but understanding glance, the caller quickly buttoned his coat and abruptly took his leave. Three or four days later he was dead—a victim of privation and wounded pride.

While the old Europe of the middle and upper classes has thus passed away, a new and hardier — though just now somewhat chastened — proletariat has appeared upon the stage. Not only have the working classes won political rights and industrial privileges which they did not possess before, but they have grasped — and this is true of Great Britain as well as the Continent — the idea of proletarian government, even though it be under the forms of democracy rather than a dictatorship, as something possible and tangible — a goal just over the horizon. At the same time, however, faith in millennial socialism seems to have vanished, whisked away during the whirlwind of the war and its aftermath. These have been years of disillusionment as well as attainment for thinking workingmen. State control of production and distribution, and especially of conditions of employment, is not so popular since the experience with government regulation during the war. Labor leaders talk much less of socializing and of nationalizing industry than formerly. These are topics upon which they are evasive and evidently without clear-cut policies.

In fact, political measures — in the larger sense — are taking priority over economic measures in the minds of the thinking proletariat. Its members are intent just now upon solidifying their international organization. They look forward to a united world proletariat, instead of to leagues of nations and the like, as the surest guaranty of permanent peace. This is good political strategy for the leaders, since the workingmen of Europe are interested to-day above all other things in preventing another war.

International organization, then, is not sought as an end in itself. It is regarded merely as a next step — the logical and imperative next step — toward attaining other ends. The first of these is the prevention of war, and the next in order of importance is establishing a world-wide closed shop.

A far more baffling question is the sentiment of the working people toward violent revolution. Were it permissible to judge from chance conversations with manual workers — longshoremen, taxi-drivers, building mechanics, railway yardmen, and the like — it would seem that these classes of labor generally favor direct action. A British railway porter's 'Wait till we break loose,' was typical of this spirit. But those responsible labor leaders whom I had an opportunity to meet in several European capitals and at the Geneva Labor Conference, were clearly averse to tactics of force. In Vienna and Berlin, perhaps because the Socialists of Austria and Germany have had a taste of political responsibility, even workers of the rank and file professed to be conservative. However, their acts were not in harmony with their professions.

One frosty Sunday last November I trudged for several hours through a workingmen's suburb of Berlin, famous in the days of the Red uprisings as a hotbed of Radicalism. I sought out

places where distress, if existent, would be most visible. Nowhere in the streets and courtyards — there were practically no alleys — did I see a ragged, ill-shod, or apparently underclad child. Neither did the swarms of children playing on the pavements show evidence of undernourishment. Doubtless behind closed doors the hidden tragedies of want which every metropolis hides were being enacted. But, so far as the surface showed, far worse conditions than were visible in Berlin could be found within five minutes' walk of some of our best avenues in America. To be sure, Communist election posters, picturing bourgeois ogres sucking the blood of emaciated workingmen, and containing exhortations to the proletariat that in our country would have set in wrathful motion all the police machinery of the government, still clung unmutilated to the walls as reminders of the recent municipal campaign. But otherwise things looked like old-time Germany.

Yet the following two days — Monday and Tuesday — the very streets through which I had walked were completely in possession of rioting mobs, which overpowered the police and sacked numerous provision stores and mercantile establishments. Similar incidents occurred sporadically throughout the city — even occasionally in downtown districts — for several days thereafter. Clearly a dangerous habit of direct action has taken possession of the German working classes, whatever their professions. Property is no longer sacred. The doctrine, 'Take what you want, you made it,' has found many willing converts.

Vienna had a still more ominous experience a few days later, when rioters pillaged well toward two hundred of its best hotels, shops, and cafés. It was as if the employees of the East River factories in New York and Brooklyn,

reënforced by the nondescript rabble which every city harbors, had marched up Fifth Avenue and Broadway from Madison Square to Central Park, breaking plate-glass windows, forcing locked doors, and pillaging every fashionable store, hotel, and restaurant along their way. Here again there is no escaping the impression that such acts are less the automatic reflexes of economic despair than the symptoms of a new psychology of the masses, which will not tolerate the social contrasts — the gulfs between the luxury of the rich and the privation of the poor — which were accepted with only muttered protest before the war. For while the condition of many workmen in all parts of Europe is distressing, we have no reason to believe that it is worse in Berlin and Vienna to-day than it has been on earlier occasions. In Germany, at least, wages have risen faster than the cost of living, because rents and food prices are kept down artificially by the government. Nor is there as much unemployment in either Austria or Germany as in America and England. To a transient observer, at least, it would seem that social discontent, seething to the bursting point, does not necessarily imply unprecedented suffering among the people whom it drives to action.

Possibly, therefore, they go too far in their materialistic reaction from the ethical enthusiasms of the war, who ascribe Europe's present unsettlement solely to economic causes. Undoubtedly we can conceive of a degree of material well-being that would make everybody contented, at least until they fell victims to dyspepsia and hypochondria. But it is unwarranted optimism to assume that any amount of economic recovery within prudent forecast will permanently lay the spirit of revolution that still stalks through the mine galleries, the factory aisles, and the tenement courts and corridors of Europe.

To be sure the immediate cause of the Vienna disorders was popular exasperation at the sudden decline of the *krone*, with its accompanying unsettlement of wages and prices. It would be wrong to minimize the effect of unstable currency, and of the impossible public burdens and the international uncertainties from which it proceeds, in fostering an insurgent spirit among the people. But we may admit all this without feeling assured that Europe's dangerous mood will respond to economic remedies. So much of the Continent's physical wealth remains apparently intact, that the impression of post-war poverty is not particularly vivid to the unthinking masses. Houses, fields, factories, mines, and forests remain, to superficial observation, about what they were eight years ago. Indeed during the war industrial plants expanded conspicuously. Except inside a limited devastated area — too small to count in the larger experience of nations — the average man is living in the same physical environment he has always known. The new evils that upset the routine of his life are intangible and elusive. He cannot understand why they should manifest themselves in concrete discomforts and privations. Therefore he ascribes them to the crafty malice of personified capital, the delinquencies of a personified society, or to some other personal devil — usually a foreign power. Such convictions once rooted in his mind are not easily eradicated.

One result of this is that the people of Europe seem to be bound together by common hatreds more than by common loves. The inspiration of class comradeship is hatred of other classes, and national unity is based on antagonism to other nations. Patriotism becomes the sentiment of hating your country's neighbors. It is peculiarly the indulgence of the middle and upper

ranks of society; the working people satisfy their emotional longings with class hatred and are passive or friendly toward the workers of other countries. In fact the most powerful political force in Europe to-day, especially if measured by its prospective development, is the internationalism of the proletariat.

Probably the growth of even a militant class internationalism should be rated a recuperative process. It indicates a partial healing of war wounds. But there are other constructive forces at work of more immediate interest. When a brilliant Austrian economist, after a most mournful review of the apparently hopeless situation of his own country and some of its neighbors, inconsistently admitted that conditions were improving *langsam aber planmäßig*, — let us put it, 'slowly but logically,' — the statement was not so paradoxical as it seemed. The feeling is very general that the dead centre in Europe's recovery has been passed, and that such scanty signs of improvement as appear now are self-consistent indications of progress and not the fallacious symptoms of mere temporary rallies.

In the first place it is the common belief that the present cycle of political overturns and violent class revolutions has nearly run its course. This very belief is in itself a factor of safety. A day or two after the ex-Emperor Charles entered Hungary, last October, and while the sensational press was still printing alarmist reports concerning the broken peace of the Danube Valley, delegates from all the countries directly affected were calmly discussing, around a long table in a seaside hotel at Porto Rose, ways and means for restoring facilities of communication and freedom of commerce throughout the natural economic unit which their joint territories form. Not only were these gov-

ernments and their people too nerve-shaken a year ago to have held a meeting under such conditions, but, had the meeting occurred, its debates would never have ended in the fruitful agreements reached at Porto Rose. Fear, which is the mother of intractability, is subsiding. A spirit of revolution still walks in Europe, as we have said, and a determination eventually to overturn the political settlements of Versailles and Saint-Germain is just as strong as ever; but some instinct bids the discontented wait. They are lulled by the languor of convalescence.

Slowly the mists are rolling back from Russia, disclosing great wreckage and ruin, but also wide fields of opportunity. Russia promises to afford the shock that will liberate Europe from the inhibitions of its present introspective paralysis. We forget our troubles when we are helping others. Russia's reconstruction may stimulate the reconstruction of her western neighbors. It would not do to draw the parallel too closely, but the former empire of the Tsars may prove a Great East that will serve the same function in restoring Europe's economic health, that our Great West performed so salutarily for us after our early panic eras.

An ironical equity inspires the economic laws to which our present world must bend. The war enriched some nations at the cost of others. Switzerland, Scandinavia, Spain, Holland, Japan — to say nothing of our own country — accumulated wealth rapidly during hostilities. Now all these nations are involuntarily disgorging to their needy neighbors. Their citizens are estimated to have made an outright gift of about a billion dollars to Germany alone, this amount representing the difference between the sum they paid for paper marks, bought on speculation, and the sum they will eventually obtain from their investment. The people

of these war-nursed countries also buried fortunes in factories, ships, and other enterprises, which are now unprofitable and lying half employed or entirely idle, because their fellow countrymen will not work for the wages current in the war-impoverished nations. Reckoned in the same money, the wages of a German machinist to-day are less than one half the wages of a Japanese machinist, and this discrepancy runs through the whole list of trades. Consequently German goods are flooding even Japan's nearest and longest established markets. The Elbe at Hamburg is crowded with British, American, and other foreign shipping, waiting for reconditioning and repairs, while dockyards on the Clyde are idle and the British government must tax its citizens to support its unemployed. A ton of pig-iron costs less in Germany to-day than it cost before the war, while it costs a third more than its pre-war price in the United States. The Swiss clock industry is at a standstill, and that little country's idle workers number into the hundred thousands, while I bought a German-made clock in Hamburg—a traveler's radiolite alarm-clock of excellent workmanship, in a silk-lined red morocco case—for the equivalent of ninety cents. Were such conditions as these to continue permanently, American, British, Swiss, Dutch, and Scandinavian mechanics and factory operatives would in time become as scarce as white servants in China.

However, this grotesque situation promises to be as transient as it is abnormal. It indicates that pauperism and affluence do not long endure side by side in the modern community of nations, that there is a common level near which the wages, prices, and standard of living in all of them tend to come to rest. We can watch with equanimity what might otherwise seem disconcerting phenomena when we know that they merely mark stages in a normal process of convalescence.

The main thing is not to interrupt that beneficent process by further political indiscretions. Our international politicians and politico-economists suggest at times a board of engineers summoned by some freak of misunderstanding to treat an organic malady. Part of them are eager to rebuild their patient—Europe—precisely as she was before; others, like the architecturally-minded French, wish to adorn her with a political façade, which must not vary in the slightest detail from a preconceived design which they submit annexed to their prescription, leaving the interior unchanged; while for the interior itself a thousand plans are presented by as many schools of social sanitarians and remodelers. Happily for the world these well-intentioned and busy gentlemen work so at cross purposes that they largely nullify each other's efforts, thus giving Mother Nature an opportunity to apply her own restoratives.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHAT KIND OF A SNOB ARE YOU?

'No kind!' will of course be the indignant reply of anyone who takes the trouble to answer so irritating a question.

'What *is* a snob?' should then be the pertinent query following the impertinent one; and it will doubtless receive a less immediate reply, because, although we all recognize a snob when we see him (unless we happen to be looking in the mirror), we do find that a snob has to be defined with every new generation.

The Century Dictionary tells us that he is 'one who is servile in spirit or conduct toward those whom he considers his superiors, and correspondingly proud and insolent toward those whom he considers his inferiors.' If the snob could be reduced to a formula, this would express him fairly well; yet he is something more than that — something more and something less. The snob has always been one of the contemporary expressions of the changing surface of Society — a bubble that floats on the stream of civilization and shows the direction of the current, when the deeper causes of its ebb and flow are hidden.

In the book devoted to their interpretation seventy-five years ago, the highest authority on Snobs thus classified them: 'You who despise your neighbor are a Snob. You who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling, are a Snob; so are you who boast of your pedigree or are proud of your wealth.' To this summing-up, we of the twentieth century can agree today, thanking Heaven that we are not

as other men, and forgetting for the moment that Pharisee is another name for Snob.

Let us glance once more at Thackeray's categorical list of the different varieties of snobs, and see how they compare with their descendants in the New World. First there is the 'Snob Royal' (he has not, of course, his exact equivalent in democratic America). Then follows the 'Military Snob,' who, we trust, will, at not too distant a day, be relegated to the realms of old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago. There is the 'Clerical Snob,' still existent at times, though happily less in evidence here than in England. We shall all agree that the 'University Snob' is not confined to Oxford and Cambridge; nor is the 'Literary Snob' absent from gatherings of the Illuminati on the New England coast, the western plains, or the slopes of the Pacific. 'Party-giving Snobs' were assuredly never more in evidence than in these days, when the 'right people' can be invited to their houses by hostesses whose personal friends and acquaintances are, socially speaking, of the blatantly wrong. 'Dining-out Snobs' and 'Country Snobs' still abound at other people's tables and at week-end parties. Yet modern life has created various modifications of these basic types, which must be included in any enumeration of contemporary by-products of the social order.

We all know the Intellectual Snob, who loves to conjure with the names of petty poets and aspiring artists, with whom he has occasionally exchanged perfunctory platitudes over the afternoon-teacup. We have also met the

Provincial Snob, whose eyebrows are raised in shocked surprise if a family is mentioned whose name is unknown in his own very local habitation. The Educational Snob is a particularly familiar phenomenon nowadays, and a childless onlooker cannot fail to be amused at the attitude of parents in regard to the schools they select for their offspring. They take such elaborate pains to explain that it is not at all because the Hobble-de-Hoy Academy is 'rather mixed,' that they are taking their boy out and sending him to the Hand-Picked School; nor has fashion anything to do with little Elsie's being sent to the Seminary of the Socially Secure: it is simply that this particular boy and girl react unfavorably to democratic conditions which are perfectly good for other people's children.

Then there is that singular anomaly, the Inverted Snob, who balances a chip on his shoulder and thinks that everyone of wealth or social prominence is necessarily to be distrusted; that the rich are always pretentious and worldly, while those who have few material possessions are themselves possessed (like Rose Aylmer) of every virtue, every grace. Inverted Snobs should take to heart the admonition of the impassioned Peer in *Iolanthe*:—

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame—
I boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected!

It is hard to sail between the Scylla of Social Climbers and the Charybdis of Intellectual Strivers, and at the same time to avoid the hidden rocks and shoals of all the other snobberies. 'A Society that sets up to be polite and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society,' says Thackeray, thereby indicating another whirlpool.

To most of us the word 'snobbish' (which is almost as much in use to-day as if it were the latest slang) suggests, as the dictionary intimates, either one who toadies to the great, or one who patronizes the humble. Between these two extremes of vulgarity there is a large social area inhabited by the rest of us; but even here, in this zone of excellence, there are far too many who, before daring to do the simple and the appropriate thing, ask themselves the essentially snobbish question, 'What will people think?' What a refreshing relaxation of over-tense nerves would result from the abolition of slavery to conventions — not the conventions which are standardized good manners, but the conventions which ordain that perfectly unimportant things should be performed in exactly the same way by totally different people! The woman who will not ask Mrs. Goldcoin to lunch, because she has to give her peas from the can instead of from the South, is quite as much of a snob as Mrs. Goldcoin would be, if she declined the invitation for the same reason.

If only money (and the lack of it), and social position (and the lack of it) could be taken naturally, and not become beams and motes in the eyes of the observers and observed!

Of course, pretense is of the essence of snobbishness; but who is there so sure of authenticity that he can afford to throw stones at pretenders? It is hard for the star to remember always that his glory can never be the glory of the sun or the moon, and to realize that a genuine twinkle is better than a beam of imitation gold.

The day of the twentieth century, being still young, is much more subtly lighted and shaded than the uncompromising black and white of Thackeray's Victorian noon. We grope in a mist of half-definitions and contradictions. We are no longer *either* bad or

good — we are *both* bad and good. We are sincere and insincere, genuine and artificial, unpretentious, and at times, snobbish. To avoid being snobs, we must learn to look relentlessly at our own motives and our own actions, and to be sure that they always express ourselves, and nobody else. If we live on a corned-beef-and-cabbage basis when we are alone, we need not aspire to terrapin and artichokes when we entertain our more prosperous friends, but can compromise on — let us say — chicken and cranberry sauce. A professor who tries to live like a banker, succeeds only in living like a snob.

'Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow-pattern.' That is the thrust with which Thackeray finds the weak spot in my own armor; for sometimes, when my superiors come to dinner, I must confess to dusting off my Lowestoft plates and serving coffee out of Dresden china, with the air of one more accustomed to porcelain than to crockery! And so I must answer the question I ask others, by confessing that I am the kind of snob who does not always 'contentedly wear the willow-pattern.'

What kind of a snob are you?

THE LAND OF LOST ALLUSION

It was at the breakfast table at Cousin Eliza's that my present convictions began to take definite form. We were enjoying a family reunion, and Cousin Ellen remarked apropos of the waffles, 'Eliza, these are delicious. I have never tasted better!'

'Praise from Sir Hubert,' answered Cousin Eliza, affably.

'Thank you, my dear,' said Ellen, 'I could never equal these.'

My nephew William, who has a very deplorable habit of taking very large mouthfuls, had his latest one sufficient-

ly adjusted to be able to remark, 'Cousin Ellen slings a nasty waffle herself, if you get me.'

A mystified silence hung over us all. Finally Cousin Robert, who is a bit of a philologist and rather prides himself on his recent researches into the modern American language, came to our aid. 'I believe that, in other words, was what your Cousin Eliza meant to convey by her remark about Sir Hubert. By the way, Eliza, should n't it be "approbation"?'

Then we plunged into one of the good old family discussions of our youth, ending with loud calls for 'Bartlett! Bartlett!' and general grief at the news that Bartlett had fallen to pieces and was being rebound.

William preserved an unblemished silence during the uproar. When the meal was over, he drew me apart. I am his youngest aunt, and as such have the happy position of confidant when he can get no one better.

'Who's the Saint Hubert guy you were all het up over, auntie, and the Bartlett who fell to pieces? Let me in on the big idea, can't you?'

'Sir Hubert, William, not Saint. And Bartlett! Why William, Bartlett should be to you like Rollo's Uncle George; like the Lady from Philadelphia; like —'

But William dwells in the modern land of Lost Allusion, and had no idea what I meant. I doubt if he has ever heard of Rollo. His early youth was unenriched by the precepts of the inestimable Eric, who accomplished so much that 'little by little' was a byword in my young days. As for the conservative Sanford, and the more inspirational Merton, what message could they bring to this day of Adams's acceleration, Einstein's demonstrations in relativity, and the like?

As for my grandnieces and nephews, when, in the course of time, William

shall establish the next generation of our house, these dear little creatures yet unborn will probably think of me as a curious survival of the genus *Foo-Foo* (an animal much abhorred by their father that is to be).

If I were an educator of the young, which I'm not, there should be classes in allusion in every school, an' I had my say! Beginning in the primary department, I should work up through all grades, ending with post-graduate classes in all colleges.

As soon as the infant had emerged from the maternal instructions in onomatopœia, I should begin with such simple rudimentary allusions as

'Who called for his pipe and bowl?'

'The king of *what* country went up the hill and down again?'

'How much money had simple Simon?'

By an easy progression we would pass on to the list of articles necessary to place in the hunting kits of would-be capturers of Snarks, memorizing by the way bits of the table-talk of the March Hare and the Hatter, and the more obvious repartees of the Walrus to the Carpenter.

Every child of ten should be, by my method, able to differentiate between the Red Queen and the one who uttered the memorable words

'When Fortune's malice
Lost her Calais.'

And by eleven it should be a simple matter to write clear paragraphs on Flodden Field, Bosworth Field, that of the Cloth of Gold, and — if the musical education is being similarly carried on — Mojacs Field; though perhaps that would better enter into my high-school curriculum.

Along with botany should come simple arboricultural allusions enabling the student to tell in a few words where to find Deodars, the Eucalyptus, the Upas Tree, as well as to recall who sat under

the Tom-Tom tree, and where Ygdrasil grew.

In the collegiate and post-graduate courses there would be special facilities for all clergymen, lawyers, writers of scenarios, and advertising men. In these latter groups a knowledge of allusion is imperative. Everyone goes to the 'movies.' Everyone seems to read advertisements. What a chance to make the simple humanities an open book to all. Take Chaucerian propaganda, for example, in street-railway advertisement!

When that Aprile with his shou'res swete
Has come, buy Hawkshaw's rubbers for
your feet, —

with a little footnote stating that the original idea had been taken from Chaucer. No young person reading that would ever forget it, and all the world would be equipped as well as is anyone (except out-and-out English professors) to quote Chaucer!

A dear young thing, after hearing Alfred Noyes read about Prester John, slipped her arm into mine confidently, saying, 'You always know all kinds of queer things, Miss Nancy. Who was that *Proctor James* he was talking about?' Oh, the dear old be-thumbed copy of Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages!* I don't suppose any young people read that now.

I expect any day to go into some friend's nursery and find her offspring arranging their radios for a chat with some young sportsmen on Mars, in order to get the reports of the latest canal-race in that planet.

Before the war I should have said that England still preserved the tradition of educating her young along the lines of literary and historical allusiveness; but things are undoubtedly changing there as here, though not so fast.

Well, to each time its customs. It was a good old America, while it lasted

— the land where we capped quotations, and played Authors, and Logomachy, and made like tastes in books, pictures, and music the Open Sesame to the gates of friendship, and even love. It was a pleasant place, now blown into oblivion with *les neiges d'antan*, sunk with Atlantis, dead with the Dodo, flown with the Phœnix. At any rate, with these eyes and these ears, it was permitted me to see and hear the last of it!

'THE GROWING WORLD'

The Growing World came into our household in a mysterious fashion. One day, when the eldest born was still a baby, a tall old negress came to the door with a black book under her arm, and urged my mother to buy it. All the knowledge in the world lay between its covers, the negress said, and out of it a child could learn everything he needed to make him wise and famous.

My mother objected to agents, but she could not quite make up her mind to send the old negress away without at least glancing at the book. Perhaps she was attracted by the cover, with its gilt globe flanked by insets of a golden lady in a shepherdess hat, talking to a golden cherub who leaned fondly against her knee. As she looked at the cover, she may have dreamed of sunny afternoons to come, when she too would be feeding just such an eager little mind. At any rate she looked at the book, and finally bought it; and by the time my sister and I began to take an interest in our surroundings, my brother had learned to read and was able to spell out to us this invaluable guide to the universe opening before us.

The Growing World became the inseparable companion and instructor of our childhood. Why we loved it so, I cannot say. We were perfectly normal children. We reveled in *Mother Goose* and the *Jungle Book* and *Alice in Won-*

derland, and our *Swiss Family Robinson* finally fell to pieces from much reading. But when we grew tired of games, and all these favorites palled on us, there was always one sure resort. My brother would bring down the heavy black book, with its crabbed print, and would say, 'Now, girls, sit quiet while I read.' And we would sit spellbound by the low west window, while he chanted the marvelous adventures of Herr von Guldenhorn among the African race 'possessed of but a single pedicle'; or the story of Dahut the beautiful and wicked in the drowned city of Ys; or perhaps a chapter taken at random from a quaint romance that had wandered into the book, recounting the loves of handsome young Captain Devereux and the Lady Constance Delamere.

The style of *The Growing World* was absolutely unsuited to children. The ponderous Latinity of the articles makes me smile now as I read them over. But we were not critical. 'The Planetary System' must have been one of our favorite selections, for its pages are thumbed and worn. There was a thrill about that imaginary trip through the stars that our *Child's Astronomy* could never give us.

'Taking our stand on one of the planets, we wait till evening falls, and look eagerly abroad to mark the altered aspect of the heavens.'

A wonderful beginning that, putting us at once with our heads among the stars. Then what a solemn progress we would make, led by the unknown writer. 'There surely the old heavens will have passed away from over our heads, the old earth from beneath our feet. But no, as the stars steal out one by one from the darkness, there is the Little Bear with its Pole Star, and the Great Bear with its pointers; there are the bands of Orion and the sweet influences of the Pleiades. Past these we go, and on until the sun itself dwindle

down to a star, light fades behind us, and we find ourselves looking into the dark infinitude where God dwells.'

There were other thrillers in the book. My favorite was an article called 'Life in the Ocean Depths.' My sister was partial to the story of truffle-hunting dogs on the Riviera, and Bordéaux shepherds on their stilts. But we were catholic in our tastes, and there was a miscellany of paragraphs on the making of rubber, the intelligence of toads, the grief of the rhinoceros, German courtships, and London boot-blacks, that each in turn satisfied some particular mood.

The poetry we did not like, and we marveled at our aunts, who, when we could persuade them to read *The Growing World*, invariably chose one of these uninspired rhymes. If they wanted poetry, why could n't they read us about the forsaken merman, or that wonderful melancholy thing my mother read, about long dun wolds and Oriana? There was poetry for you; but the jingles in *The Growing World* were pitifully unworthy so great a book.

Of course, even among ourselves there were sharp differences as to the relative merits of various articles in the book. My brother had favorites for which we could hold no brief. He liked the story of the Earl of Rivers, dauntless before the loss of two front teeth in battle; of jolly Corporal Dick, who never said die, and whose bull-dog pluck somehow saved the day at Waterloo. Corporal Dick was my brother's favorite. His black eyes would burn as he intoned the story, and he seemed to grow taller before us. 'I'll be a soldier like that some day,' he would tell us; and we would hug our dolls closer and gaze at him with fearful admiration.

His taste in humor, too, was a puzzle to us. There was the story of Baron Munchausen's adventure at the fountain. The Baron, so the story ran, rode

into the city gates just as the portcullis was descending. Its sharp iron teeth came down just behind him; but he went on, unaware of anything amiss, until, as his horse was drinking at the fountain, he heard the noise of rushing water behind him, and discovered that he was sitting on only half a horse, the other half having been neatly sliced off by the portcullis. My sister raised a howl every time this ghastly anecdote became the lesson for the day.

'But I don't want the horse to be hurt that way,' she would cry.

'It's only a joke,' my brother would say, with a touch of severity.

'Then why don't it be funny?' demanded my sister; and to that, as near as I can remember, my brother never found an answer.

I don't remember just when we stopped reading *The Growing World*; but I think it was when my brother went away to school. The book itself disappeared; but its invaluable information still followed us wherever we went. The effeminate costumes of the Greek soldiery held no surprises for us, since we had already been introduced to them in *The Growing World*. We could enjoy our first trap-door spider on terms of lifelong familiarity with his ways, and we could even behold the gigantic alligators of the Florida Everglades without fear, remembering that they were 'infinitely more ferocious in appearance than in fact, and never aggressively hostile like their treacherous kinsman, the dreaded crocodile of the equatorial regions.'

Through all the years, too, our conduct has been guided by maxims of unimpeachable worth. 'In this world you are punished for mistakes of the head, in the next world for mistakes of the heart.' 'True bravery is to fear, and yet to stand one's ground.' 'True courtesy saith, "My pleasure is naught, my neighbor's pleasure all."'

Yes, there was surely magic about the old negress and the big black book she brought under her arm; and we find that we have not yet lost the precious talisman. Not long ago a box of my brother's books came home from a stormy journey around the Horn; and as he, returned from even stormier times on the Canadian front, opened them up before our eyes, out fell a shabby volume, its gilt globe dimmed, its golden lady lustreless with time. It was *The Growing World!* And who shall say its usefulness is gone?

A FOOTNOTE TO MR. NEWTON

The literary flavor of old London is now so fashionable that I should like to add, if that were possible, to Mr. Newton's pleasant chats in the *Atlantic*, but to add to them from another angle.

To the American who loves London, though he may not know it half so well as Mr. Newton or his friend Mr. John Burns does, the flavor, curiously enough, is caught more often and more poignantly outside and away from London itself. It may come, rich and strong and sudden, when the branding outfit rides up to the cook-house for supper; or it may, by very contrast, steal on you from behind that farther bush, which the camp-fire does not reach.

In 1914 I pulled in to the town of Mai-Mai-Chen (Buy-Sell Town), outside of Urga, after fifty-eight days of travel by caravan across the Gobi Desert. The town was set there by the Ming emperors of China as a trading-post of the Mongols, and as an outpost of Chinese civilization, to deal with the Mongol Emperor and Pope — the Huctuctu. Chinamen could not enter Urga across the river without a special permit, but in Mai-Mai-Chen they could set up shop. The nineteenth century added a Russian post, whence both Mongols and Chinese could be observ-

ed, and, if need be, controlled, by the agents of the Tsar.

My host there was the very accomplished and courteous Political Agent and Consul-General of Russia, one Mr. Müller. His English was as perfect as mine, and his companionship was refreshing after the two months of desert travel, in which I had been my own guide and my own friend, but had failed at times in being philosopher to the expedition.

The first evening was a short one, because I was travel-weary; and though I had bathed and dressed for dinner, I longed for sheets and for another bath. But the next evening, after the two Russian officers dining with us had left, we sat late.

At first, there was the inevitable fencing of two strangers for an opening. We scanned the world-politics, and I heard, unmoved, that a prince who was nothing to me had been murdered at Serajevo, a fact which might well mean war in Europe. I felt dimly that one ought to be impressed; but it was July in 1914, and one was simply too ignorant to be impressed. My host said that Austria would be up in arms, and that Germany would support her against Russia. I murmured that, in my opinion, this would be a pity. There we left the subject, except for an occasional reference to it which I made, out of a civil interest in something that seemed to matter to my host.

It was not long before England became the topic. Then of course, London, where Mr. Müller had spent some years as consul. Gradually, we warmed to it. Did I know the City, or only the West End? Pity to hear of the best houses by the Adam brothers being pulled down! Soho had rather lost its flavor for eating and drinking; but no doubt one could eat well for the same money elsewhere now. But the docks, now — did I know the docks?

It was desultory enough for a while, though I found myself interested and puzzled at the note of possession in the Russian's voice when he rambled east of Temple Bar. At last I plumped out with the question, how could he have got the flavor to roll under his tongue? I myself had a hint of it all, as an American with the usual Anglo-Saxon tradition, but for a Russian to feel it —

The Political Agent and Consul-General crossed his legs and sipped his coffee, which was served Turkish-fashion, in memory of other diplomatic posts in the nearer East.

'When I was a lad,' he said (and I made mental note of the Anglicism of that phrase), 'when I was a lad, I determined to go into the consular service and see the world. My uncle was then at the head of the Bureau in Petersburg and I applied to him for advice. He agreed to appoint me within a few months; and at the time agreed on, I called again to ask him to make good his promise.

'I never shall forget the bantering tone in which he asked me where I wanted to go; and the earnest way in which I answered, "Anywhere but England; I hate the English." He took notes at his desk, and soon dismissed me with the promise that I should have my sailing orders next day. Next morning a messenger came from the Bureau with the official pouch, in which was a note signed by my uncle and countersigned by the Premier. It read: —

"You will proceed as vice-consul in the service of His Imperial Majesty to Liverpool, England."

'Beneath it, scrawled in his own fist, were the words: —

"Go to England, my son, and learn to like the English."

My elderly host smiled in reminiscent fashion and puffed at his Havana. 'Well, I went, and before long I received a consulate in the Midlands, and

later I came to London, after several lean years in the Orient. At that time I came into the grip of the eighteenth-century English tradition. I walked all over that great map of a town; I bought books on the geography and history of it. I ate in odd places, and I learned to like the English way of doing things. From the eighteenth-century tradition I slipped gradually to the seventeenth, and then back. I think *Kit Marlowe* and *Moll Tearsheet* are more alive to me to-day than our old friend across the river — the Huctuctu and his princely Minister of Foreign Affairs. Did you know, by the way, that the whole basis of English neolithic archeology is nothing more nor less than a stone axe dug up in Fetter Lane?'

The mention of the Huctuctu and his Minister of Foreign Affairs jarred me. I did n't want Mongolia just then; I wanted urban London and a walk down Fleet Street. I pulled out my pipe, not being schooled to the cigar of the Havana, and my host reached across and took it from my hand.

'Yes,' he said, 'with it all came pipe-smoking as a matter of course. I too knew where to get my straight-grains and my bird's-eyes. I too scorned a silver mount. I experimented in sailor's shag, and in twist, and in marline, which I bought on the docks; and later I imported my Virginia leaf and rubbed it with Latakia, after the instructions of old Tupper, who has his shop on the High at Oxford. But now I fear that I am fallen from that high estate; one can't smoke a pipe at an official dinner, and my life has been too largely spent dining. But still that English pipe, with the Oxford maker's name, is good to see after all these years.'

He meditatively rubbed the old briar bowl along the leg of his immaculate dress trousers, with the loving hand of a connoisseur, before he handed it back to me.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Cornelia James Cannon, wife of Professor W. B. Cannon the biologist, contributed to the September *Atlantic* a paper on Philanthropy, which stirred much thought and comment. **Chauncey B. Tinker**, Professor of English at Yale, a collector of distinction and a superlative Boswellian, is taking a midwinter holiday in England. His present paper is a chapter in a forthcoming volume on *Young Boswell*, for which we promise long life and many friends. Chief Engineer now of one ship, now of another, **William McFee** is now with the S.S. Maniqui, outbound for Cuba. Happily he has the talent of holding the tiller in one hand while he writes with the other, and this is perhaps the most productive year of his career. Using an agriculturally unnautical simile, he writes: 'So far from letting the grass grow under my feet, there is no grass in sight.' **A. H. Singleton**, of Scarvagh House, County Down, Ireland, has improved the opportunities of this environment by collecting the old stories of the Irish countryside.

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Arthur Pound, of Flint, Michigan, as a newspaper writer and editor, has had unusual opportunities for observing the social effects of industry. In addition to his recent work in Flint, he was at one time editor of the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal*, and later, for several years, chief editorial writer of the Grand Rapids (Michigan) *Press*. His series, which has evoked great interest, will be included in a forthcoming volume dealing comprehensively and most suggestively with the effects of automatic machinery. The spirit of coincidence was the patron saint of the sonnet by **Katharine Lee Bates**: 'Could any birthday morning greeting be pleasanter or more appropriate,' she writes, 'than a note from the editor of the *Atlantic* accepting a sonnet on *Time*!' All who once read 'The Road to Silence' in the *Atlantic* need no further word of introduction to the work of **'Margaret Baldwin.'**

Dr. Carl S. Patton, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles, browses in 'Parker's,' and in other pleasant shops, for books not always of a theological stamp. **William O. Stoddard, Jr.**, sends us his contribution to the country's collection of Lincoln stories for the February anniversary season.

* * *

Frank Tannenbaum's critics, who have not denied his main charges, have complained that his papers are destructive only. Of the cell-system they are, it is true, destructive only; but that his views on prison reform are both positive and sane, we offer the present article as adequate proof. A further paper by an ex-warden of a well-known prison will appear shortly. **Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan**'s reputation as a poet has been long since established.

* * *

Waddill Catchings, of New York City, a member of the firm of Goldman, Sachs and Company, is a director of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, the Studebaker Corporation, the Underwood Typewriter Company, the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, the Cluett-Peabody Company, and several other large industrial corporations. He was Chairman of the War Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce. As President of the Central Foundry Company, the Platt Iron Works Company, and the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company, he has had experience as an employer. He was responsible for the establishment, about a year ago, of the Francis D. Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, the general purpose of which is the study of means whereby the economic activities of the world may be so directed, and the products so distributed, as to yield larger human satisfactions. **Wilfrid Wilson Gibson**, the distinguished poet whom Rupert Brooke affectionately dubbed 'Wibson' for convenience' sake, sends this poem from his home at Journey's End, in Malvern.

Frances Chapman, who knows both New England and the Middle West, is a contributor new to the *Atlantic*.

The author of 'No Courtship at All,' who for her own reasons withholds her name, is a successful professional woman, far removed from the spinsterland of Massachusetts.

For a long time connected with the liberal press in Germany, and with *Vorwärts* in particular, Hellmut von Gerlach recently attracted international attention by his analysis of 'The Spirit of 1914.' He sends this paper at the *Atlantic's* request.

* * *

Hector Bywater's recent volume, published in this country by Houghton Mifflin Company, has been highly praised by Admiral Sims and other competent critics. He represents the best British professional opinion. Victor S. Clark, editor of the *Living Age*, has just returned from making in person a comprehensive survey of Europe.

* * *

It is well to warn the Atlantic community against a gentleman acting as a traveling 'Vice-President' of the Atlantic Monthly Company, who asks accommodating friends to cash his cheques on the Shawmut Bank of Boston, and signs the name of the 'editor's brother, Arthur Sedgwick,' to them. The editor never had a brother Arthur, and feels no immediate need of one; but, apart from these supposititious family relationships, we advise our 'Vice-President' to get into a better business and the public to see to it that he does.

* * *

People look at prisons in two ways. Some look back at the crime and some look forward to reform. One of these points of view is well illustrated by the following letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Usually, a man is placed in prison because he commits a crime. There you will find the desperate murderer, the burglar; the thug; the professional killer, or gang-man; the embezzler, and all the other classes of criminals and crooks that infest society. These are enemies of mankind. Human nature, in some cases, finds it hard to resist the temptation to commit crime; that is why our prisons and jails are overcrowded. Therefore, in order to make crime less tempting, we have devised hard and strict punishment for

the man who breaks our laws. Confinement in prison is the usual procedure. Being a law-breaker, the first thing the prisoner does is to violate the prison regulations in some form. True, it may be a slight infraction; but regulations are made to be obeyed to the very letter, and any minor offense is a contempt for the whole. For this he is punished; usually by having some form of liberty taken away from him. This in turn, makes him all the worse; and he proceeds to break other rules. For this he is more severely dealt with — perhaps by whipping, solitary confinement, or some other punishment more brutal in nature. Very cruel, to say the least: but how else is the warden going to force the criminal to obey the laws?

Right here, we would like a suggestion from Mr. Tannenbaum. Mr. Tannenbaum seems to delight in showing up the lack of education he found in the wardens. Perhaps he would rather have a philosopher or social-welfare worker on the job! Desperate and hardened criminals cannot be handled with kid gloves; therefore, the best warden is the one who can keep order in his own house. We would like to have Mr. Tannenbaum describe his ideal prison warden for us.

Confinement in a cell is crueling to a convict, Mr. Tannenbaum implies. Yes; that is part of his punishment — perhaps the hardest to bear. But when that man committed his crime, he knew he would be placed in a cell, with iron bars and not too much sunlight. Knowing this, he took that chance. Therefore, he should be made to suffer for his crime. The theory back of all punishment for crime is to make it hard for the law-breaker. In order to discourage crime, the punishment should be swift and severe.

The author of this is not calling for undue harshness toward convicts. Their lot is hard as it is. But he is among those few million American citizens who believe that laws are made to be enforced; and that crime should be made as costly as possible; that prisons are places of punishment. He thinks that criminals should be treated as criminals; and that the prisons should not be turned into country clubs, as the author of 'Prison Facts' strongly implies. The very structure of the Constitution is based on law and order; and if this is allowed to be flagrantly and consistently violated, there will be no such thing as Government.

Very sincerely yours,
ARTHUR N. CONNER.

A worker in Massachusetts, a state which has made notable advance in prison reform, writes us as follows:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Undoubtedly Mr. Tannenbaum gives a correct version of what he saw in some state institutions; but in Massachusetts the key-note is not punishment, but reformation. Massachusetts, among other states, recognizes that there are far more fundamental things than punishment in trying to help a man become a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen. A visitor of the Massachu-

setts state institutions could find discipline, yes, and punishment for the man not amenable to rules and regulations of the community life, but never the horrors of the cage, flogging, or the underground cell. Massachusetts has substituted in her state penal institutions, industrial training, medical and psychiatric treatment, out-of-door exercise, and a resident chaplain interested in the work and play of each individual.

LUCY B. CRAIN,
Secty. Prison Committee.

To sum up the discussion: the real gravamen of Mr. Tannenbaum's charges is against the use of the cellular system. In frankness we may add that it is the editor's personal belief that fifty years from now we shall think of the prison in its cellular form much as we think of dungeons to-day.

* * *

Patriotism has been variously defined, but seldom so sensibly as in this note.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Do you not love this definition of 'patriotism' by a little five-year-old? During our recent enthusiastic reception to Marshal Foch, the little boy had asked many questions: *Why* the flags — *Why* the parade — *Why* Marshal Foch? After the parade he was making a little sing-song of the word patriotic — patriotic. I asked 'What does patriotic mean, Robert?'

'To tell the truth, and love parades,' came the instant answer.

IDA M. SCHERER.

* * *

'My Wife's Address-Book,' in a recent *Atlantic*, serves philosophers with a clue to uncharted areas of woman's mind, and the masculine race generally with a working hypothesis of System in the Home.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In our house it is not an address-book, but a filing cabinet. My wife was formerly a teacher of office practice in the largest commercial high school on earth, and to her the whole world is classified alphabetically, geographically, topically, or by the Binet tests. (The trouble of mere man is that he never knows which.)

She is a great systematizer. There is little to dust and nothing to mend when the morning filing is done. The cabinet now comprises some twelve sections, and stands in the kitchen — there is no other place to put it. At one time or another, I have found in it framed pictures, borrowed books ready to be returned, a pair of rubbers left behind by a guest, the head of my favorite mashie destined for a new shaft, and a copy of the *Atlantic*, filed under B because it contained an article by John Burroughs (on Thoreau), to which I had taken some caustic exceptions; but the poor man died before I got the reply

composed, so there was nothing to do — *but file it*.

The other day I wanted to refer to a previous gas-bill. I looked under G, then under U, for United Gas Company; then I dipped into the H's for Household Accounts, turned through B for Bills, and P for Paid. At last I called for the Queen of the File.

Her orderly mind gave answer: 'The boy who reads our gas-meter is named Joseph, and all the gas-receipts are filed under his name.' But I searched through J in vain. The lady herself came to the rescue. She shut that section in haste, pulled out the drawer marked D-C, and handed me the desired paper, all in a fraction of a second.

'Don't you remember,' she explained, 'that story you told me of the man who had given his son a name that began with C; and when everybody had failed to guess it, he said it was Choseph? I put Joe's gas-bills under C, to help me remember the story.'

I took some rather good pictures at the farm this summer and I thought I would have some extra copies printed. So I went to the file for the films. The F's seemed a sure bet for they included both *films* and *farm*. I was wrong, however, — but P covered both *pictures* and *photographs*, so I tried that file, still in hopes. It was only after this second failure that I tried a little character analysis, and decided that the answer was *Glen Uplands*, the name of our farm. My character was bad. I called for help. My character was restored. The swiftest lady in the world at getting things in and out of a file extracted the films triumphantly from the letter S. 'The only thing you took this summer,' she said, 'that you had never taken before was the old Swimming-Hole. So I put the whole packet under S.'

For some ten years there has been a planisphere in an old bookcase drawer, which it is my habit to get out from time to time, of a starlight evening, to refresh my recollection of the constellations. The other night the planisphere was missing. I suspected that the file had claimed it, and looked under P without any thought of possible error. No planisphere! Then I tried S for Stars, E for Evening, N for Night, and a Shout for Her.

'Did you file the planisphere?'

'Yes,' she said. 'It seemed needless to hunt through that old drawer for it every time you want it, so I put it in the file where you would know just where to put your hand on it.'

I assured her, in the words of Ruskin, that 'it was a noble thought but an erring one.'

In a twinkling she produced it from the L's. 'I noticed that it was published in London,' she said.

It is fair to say that in our office-organized household it is presupposed that the file-clerk will wait on all the members of the firm. It is only gratuitous effort when I indulge in these personal excursions. I can only add the fervent hope that, if the file clerk ever goes on a long vacation, she will take me with her.

W. W. D.

'How Wild can a Young Person be?' is a question that undoubtedly troubled Cain's parents. Nor have any subsequent generations been immune.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of the wild ways of the younger generation, I have just come across this remark in one of Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann (Cunningham's edition, vol. 4th v, p. 350), dated Nov. 18: 1771: —

'On the other hand, the young have new words, new language, new amusements; and one can no more talk their talk, than dance their dances.'

Respectfully submitted,
J. D. BURRELL.

* * *

Not long ago, the Contributors' Column exchanged a few lines of poetry with Mr. Christopher Morley on the subject of *nunc pro tunc*. Our un-legal use of the Latin tongue so disturbed one of the editorial staff of the *St. Paul Docket*, that he laid aside the work of preparing a syllabus for a Massachusetts case and dictated the following: —

Of humor this is quite a hunk,
But to the lawyer it is 'bunk,'
Because the handy 'nunc pro tunc'
In usage is quite firmly sunk.
Tunc does not mean to-morrow;
That is, the lawyer does not say
This Latin phrase in such a way.
It merely means he does to-day
What should have been done yesterday.
These merry rhymesters should straightway
A Black or Bouvier borrow.

We don't know how our accomplice Mr. Morley will feel about this; but for our part we apologize to the legal profession in a last outburst of melancholy song: —

In chastened mood we read this through
And looked up *Black in transitu*.
We've made an *ex post facto* vow
To cease from verse right here and now.
We know our rhymes were *ultra punk*,
And we plead guilty, *nunc pro tunc*.

* * *

A descendant and namesake of Captain Myles Standish once gave his name and address to a saleswoman in a Boston shop. 'Have n't you got a famous name?' said the clerk. 'Were you named after the Nantasket boat?' The following letter reminds us that the species of fame makes little difference. Captains, Conquerors, Poets, and Sages — all these are grass.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Searching for a low-priced edition, I inquired of the young woman at a certain counter of one of our leading department stores (known the world over as the up-to-datest of its kind), 'Have you Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*?'

'*Leaves of Grass*?' she pondered, '*Leaves of Grass*?' Then lightly motioned me to the other side of the aisle, with a gracious smile saying, 'All our garden and agricultural books are over there. If it's recent, I know you'll find it among them.'

Which reminds me of what Lord Tennyson said about Americans, most of them, being ignorant of even the name of the greatest poet their country had produced.

M. B. FEURER.

* * *

When youth is on the rampage, a certain conservatism among our adult classes is hardly reprehensible.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On a recent railway journey, the chair near me was occupied by a plain but estimable woman, whose solid worth was self-evident. After a few moments of desultory conversation, she asked me what I was reading. I told her that it was the *Atlantic Monthly*.

'Are the stories good?' was her next question. I replied that I enjoyed them.

Then, settling herself back in her chair with a sigh, she said, 'Well, I was brought up not to read yellow-back novels, and I don't believe I had better start in now.'

Sincerely yours,
MAY LADD SIMONSON.

* * *

A little pessimism now and then adds to the essential satisfactions.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We've been glad and sad. Why not strike one more note on the emotional gamut and be mad, or have you had enough?

RAGE

When I am mad
There seems to be
A raging bull
Inside of me —
He roars and rushes
In my head
Till everything
I see is red,
He is so strong
He makes me do
All sorts of things
I ought n't to,
And oh! the dread-
ful things I say
Before at last
He goes away.

ISABEL CHIPMAN.

